

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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IRELAND FROM A SCOTLAND YARD NOTEBOOK¹

BY CARL W. ACKERMAN

AFTER a journey through the south of Ireland, in the spring of 1920, I returned to my home in London to find the 'key' to Scotland Yard among the letters which had accumulated during my absence. It was in the form of a note, penned hastily by the famous Director of Intelligence: —

METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICE
7.5.20.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN.—

If you could call on me to-morrow at 11.30 I have something for you.

Sincerely yours,
B. H. THOMSON.

Buried beneath other letters was another note:—

G. R. 81, VICTORIA ROAD,
KENSINGTON, W. 8.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN,—

I think I suggested your calling at 11.30 to-morrow morning. If it would suit you equally well it would be more convenient if you came at 10.45.

Sincerely yours,
BASIL THOMSON.

These messages opened the great iron gates to Scotland Yard. From the

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of the Vatican when confronted with conflicting reports from British and Irish Catholics, caused such alarm in Whitehall that government officials and their supporters were sharply divided on the question of policy. One faction urged the vigorous and ruthless suppression of Sinn Fein by military measures and an economic embargo. Another demanded that Downing Street offer Ireland Dominion Home Rule and peace.

Mr. Lloyd George 'sat on the fence' while the *Morning Post* and former Prime Minister H. H. Asquith, leaders respectively of the war and olive-branch parties, denounced, ridiculed and chastised him for his fiddling while the south of Ireland kindled the fires which they feared might destroy the British Empire.

Shortly before the Easter holidays, when rumors were heard about the probabilities of another 'uprising' in Dublin and Cork, I made my first visit to the Emerald Isles, accompanied by Mr. John S. Steele who for more than ten years had represented leading American newspapers in London. Through the generous assistance of Steele I met, for the first time, Mr. Arthur Griffith, then Acting-President of Sinn Fein, the philosopher and dreamer who founded the Sinn Fein party; General Sir Nevil Macready, Chief Officer-in-Command of the British forces; Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, M.P., who refused to swear allegiance to King George and take his seat in Westminster; Mr. Fred Dumont, the American Consul in Dublin, members of the Catholic hierarchy as well as political agitators and sport-loving noblemen, who deplored the rebellion because it interfered with their recreation and incomes.

Instead of attacking British forces in the cities, the Irish Republican army burned and destroyed several hundred

police barracks and offices of tax collectors by firing and dynamiting them at night. By this means the I.R.A. launched its military campaign against the 'enemy,' and responsible British officials in Dublin and London realized for the first time that they were confronted by an organized, ably directed revolution pregnant with danger to the Empire, to Anglo-American relations and to the economic and strategic unity of the British Isles.

No one sensed the danger more than 'B. T.' Through his office in Scotland House, the house of mystery within Scotland Yard which was the G.H.Q. of Britain's political and economical secret information service, passed all secret reports relating to Ireland from the United States, Rome, Paris, and Ireland itself. Here they were read, analyzed, and recorded. Through Sir Basil Thomson they reached the Prime Minister, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and other Cabinet ministers. Convinced that the British Government and people would never agree to the absolute separation of Ireland from the 'Commonwealth of Nations,' and doubtful of the possibilities of suppressing the Sinn Fein movement by military measures, Sir Basil endeavored to arrange for an exchange of views between dependable representatives of the two belligerents.

At the meeting in his office on May 8, he expressed the opinion that, as a preliminary to any peace movement, it would be necessary for all parties to realize what he had learned after the most careful investigation — that the real leaders of Sinn Fein were not the men then in the public eye. He showed documents, which had been seized in Ireland, written by Irish Republicans, which indicated that a 'mysterious person' named Mr. Michael Collins, Commander-in-Chief of the 'Irish Republican Army' and Mr. Richard Mul-

cahy, Chief-of-Staff, were the powers behind the Revolution and that a group of five or six wealthy, influential Americans of Irish birth or extraction were the men in the United States who actually directed the political and financial policy of Sinn Fein.

Realizing the news-value of the material which Scotland Yard had accumulated, Sir Basil was asked to give his permission for its publication in the United States and England. Being intensely interested in the possibilities of helping to lay the foundation for a better understanding of the Irish problem through the press, the 'D. I.' handed me photostat copies of a number of confidential documents, among them the secret constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

Publication of this paper in the United States and England caused a storm in Irish and British circles. Mr. De Valera denied its authenticity, but admitted that there was nothing in it to which any Irishman would take exception. When General Macready came to London he gave me a statement vouching for the truthfulness of all the documents. This I sent to Sir Basil for final verification before cabling it to the United States. The original copy was, however, misplaced or lost and, after a duplicate was sent to Scotland Yard, the following note was received:—

CONFIDENTIAL

SCOTLAND HOUSE, S. W., 1.
17 May, 1920.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

I do not understand what has become of your first letter, as it has never reached me or you should have had your MS. back long ago. I have made one or two slight alterations which I have no doubt you will accede to, otherwise I think your cable is excellent. By the way, there is a question being

asked in the House of Commons to-morrow about the constitution of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, no doubt resulting from publication in America.

Sincerely yours,
B. H. THOMSON.

As the reactions from the first efforts to acquaint the American and British public with some facts, heretofore known only to the highest British and Irish officials, were so encouraging Sir Basil decided to rush his plans for a confidential exchange of views between representatives of the two peoples. His problem was to find a man who, possessing the confidence of both sides, had the tact and ability to negotiate. As a preliminary move he sent a long statement, one month later, with the accompanying letter:—

CONFIDENTIAL

SCOTLAND HOUSE, S. W., 1.
24 June, 1920.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

I suppose that the enclosed would be no good to you to use as the views of responsible people here? If not, perhaps you will return it to me.

Sincerely yours,
B. H. THOMSON.

Before I could publish the document Colonel Edward M. House, former President Wilson's great associate, arrived in London where he received an urgent letter from Sir Horace Plunkett pleading with him to assume the difficult and dangerous rôle of mediator between England and Ireland. Sir Basil was enthusiastic when he heard the news, and at the joint request of Colonel House and Sir Basil I went to Dublin to explore the possibilities of peace. With letters to Sir Horace, to General Macready and Sir John Ander-

son, Assistant-Chief-Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Griffith, and the American Consul whose relationship with all factions was a source of unstinted praise from the White House and the State Department in Washington, I arrived in Ireland on the thirtieth of June and discussed with each of these men the advisability of mediation.

This was the beginning of an almost endless number of journeys between London and Dublin which led to interviews in prison with Sinn Fein leaders, to the meeting between Mr. De Valera and Sir James Craig, the present premier of Ulster, to conferences with Mr. Collins and Sir Hamar Greenwood, and to the interview between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Martin H. Glynn, former Governor of New York, which resulted in the invitation from the Premier to Mr. De Valera to come to London and discuss the possibilities of peace. At the same time Mr. Steele was 'carrying on' negotiations between Sir Hamar Greenwood and other Sinn Fein leaders which resulted in the final negotiation of the truce last summer. Unknown to the outside world two American newspaper men were acting as the sole connecting links between Sinn Fein and Downing Street, with the ever-ready assistance and counsel of another American whose coöperation, for diplomatic reasons, cannot be recorded adequately and justly at this time.

There had been many peace feelers before this one initiated by Sir Horace Plunkett, but they had all fared badly because the negotiators lacked the confidence of either the Irish or British. In this instance, however, both sides acknowledged their faith in Colonel House. Macready, Anderson, and Plunkett said they would personally 'welcome mediation by Mr. House,' but they were skeptical about the attitude of Sinn Fein, believing that, no

matter what Mr. Griffith said, the 'murder-gang' and the 'extremists' would never agree to compromise.

II

Ireland at this time presented many strange sidelights to a foreigner. In one of the fine, old Georgian mansions in Dublin, after dinner one evening, I met a dignified but irate old lady, descendant of a proud and ancient Irish family, who was vigorously opposed to American mediation, because, as she explained in detail, all good Irish servants were going to the United States where Americans were corrupting them with high wages.

'Why!' she protested, 'Do you know that I give employment to twenty-eight servants and they leave me as fast as they can get money to cross the Atlantic! Only last week one of my maids, who had been with me three years, whom I paid £20 a year, board and lodging, whom the other servants called "Pony" because she did so much work, actually left me because some fool countryman of yours offered her £100 and free passage to New York?'

'Mediation?' she asked breathlessly. 'No! Not by an American!'

Possessing the traditional poise of the British people, General Macready weighed carefully what he thought might be the attitude of Sinn Fein before he voiced his own approval. Desiring peace, he believed that the Irish leaders should not be told that he, representing the 'enemy' (which he said with a smile), approved mediation; so he asked me to tell my 'Sinn Fein friends' that General Lucas, whom they had just kidnapped, was not really important to the British military organization and that 'for every general they capture, six more are waiting to come over.'

When his message was delivered to Griffith and Fitzgerald, they remarked

that 'one British general' was enough and that even a joke could be 'carried too far.'

Mr. Griffith, who was then the official spokesman of Sinn Fein in Ireland, declared he would personally accept mediation if Mr. House acted officially for the Wilson Administration. Other conditions were that Ireland be recognized as the 'Switzerland of the Seas.' He did not approve Plunkett's 'Dominion plan.'

Before I returned to London, Fitzgerald, the curly-haired diplomat of Sinn Fein, said he had seen Mr. Collins. I told him the British considered Collins the leader of the murder-gang and that they believed if Griffith talked peace the extremists would soon put him out of the way. Fitzgerald retorted that Collins was the cleanest, most capable and devoted member of the Cabinet, and that he had personally heard Collins denounce one of his associates at a Cabinet meeting for suggesting that all British officers and soldiers be massacred, as being 'unworthy of Sinn Fein.' I asked him how he explained the murders of British officers, and he answered that no 'enemy' was killed in Ireland excepting those doing 'dirty work,' — spying!

Summing up the attitude of Sinn Fein, which he desired me to present to Colonel House and the British Government, Fitzgerald said that everything I had been told by individual Sinn Feiners was not official and that I would have to await a report from him later of the attitude of Dàil Eireann. The Dàil alone had power to discuss peace.

Throughout my stay in Ireland I was followed by detectives from Dublin Castle and Sinn Fein G.H.Q. Although I had pledged my word of honor to both parties that I would not exchange information on any subject, excepting mediation, I was subjected to

the searching test of 'agents' so numerous that the jaunting-car drivers did a flourishing business carrying them hither and thither in following me from the private hiding-place of a Sinn Feiner to the protected walls of a British stronghold. On the cross-channel steamer plying between Kingstown and Holyhead I recognized a Scotland Yard detective whom I had met in London. I asked how many detectives there were on the ship.

'Well,' he replied, casually, 'several, I presume.'

Then he related an experience he had had the night before. Following a passenger who aroused his suspicion, he discovered that he changed his complete make-up on the ship, put on a false moustache, parted his hair in the middle, changed his suit and hat and landed in Ireland a totally different citizen from that he had been when he left England. Assisted by several 'Tommies' on guard at Kingstown, he detained the stranger for examination, showing him his Scotland Yard credentials. The visitor took from his purse a similar card, remarking with a laugh: 'By jove, you and I are in the same business!'

After my report to Colonel House and Sir Basil Thomson of the impressions gained from a hurried visit to Ireland, it was decided that steps should be taken to persuade both the British Cabinet and the Dàil to invite Colonel House. Within a few days Fitzgerald came to London. Sir Basil conferred with Mr. Lloyd George and, in the meantime, others 'sounded' Lord Reading, Viscount Grey, Lord Northcliffe, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Bonar Law, whom Mr. Asquith cleverly described as 'the other half of the Lloyd George shears.'

Accompanied by another member of the Dàil, Fitzgerald presented the following propositions: —

1. That any 'settlement' would have to include Ulster;
2. That only the Dàil had authority to speak for Sinn Fein and the British military leaders prohibited the Dàil from meeting;
3. That if mediation were undertaken by Colonel House he would have to represent officially the United States Government.

These unofficial, preliminary terms were communicated by Scotland Yard to the Prime Minister. It was explained that Mr. House was in no way acting for the American Government and had no intention of doing so; that his interest was only that of an American who desired a just settlement of the Irish problem.

Fitzgerald returned to Dublin. Through the influence of Scotland Yard and General Macready there were no raids by the Black-and-Tans, — until further notice! This was for the purpose of giving the Sinn Fein Parliament an opportunity of meeting without British interference.

In the very midst of these negotiations a number of British officers were murdered in Dublin. Sir Horace Plunkett was frightened and distressed. He despaired of mediation and declared that the British Cabinet would do nothing because Mr. Lloyd George was 'cowed by Sir Edward Carson.'

A few days later, however, a messenger brought the following letter:—

CONFIDENTIAL

SCOTLAND HOUSE, S. W. 1.

DEAR MR. ACKERMAN, —

I tried to get you on the 'phone. If an invitation is received by the personage we talked of, I have ascertained that an acceptance by him would be welcomed by responsible people here. I think that it is

intended by Mr. Kerr to get into touch with him to-night and let him know the position that would be taken up on this side, as a guide to any negotiations he might carry out.

Should you not hear anything from your friends over there within the next day or two, no doubt you will think of some way in which you can pick up the strings.

Sincerely yours,
B. H. THOMSON.

That night Mr. Philip Kerr, chief confidential secretary to the Prime Minister, called upon Colonel House and outlined Mr. Lloyd George's position. During the following days mediation was secretly debated by Sinn Fein and the conclusion was reached, to which the Sinn Fein adhered to the end, that there could be no negotiations except between accredited representatives of the 'Irish Nation' and official representatives of the British Government. No outside mediation would be accepted by the Dàil. In the meantime word leaked out that Mr. Lloyd George was contemplating mediation. Tory leaders launched a vitriolic offensive against the Government. They charged Mr. Lloyd George with the desire to shake hands with gunmen and forgive murderers! Being a political tight-rope walker, the Prime Minister balanced himself by voicing in Parliament his determination to deal only with the 'men who could deliver the goods.'

He believed, as did Scotland Yard and the military authorities, that it was useless to talk peace until Mr. Collins and his associates were ready to discuss terms. Sinn Fein leaders on the other hand said that Mr. Lloyd George had tried to trick them into mediation; that he was insincere, unscrupulous, and dishonest. They cited a story of an event which occurred in

Paris during the Peace Conference to the effect that, one day during a conversation between Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and a third member of the Council, the British Prime Minister was called out of the room. When he left, Clemenceau turned and said: 'There goes the biggest liar I know.'

III

Within the knowledge of Scotland Yard this was the first serious attempt which had been made to bridge the gulf between Ireland and England. Although the efforts to invite Mr. House to mediate had failed, much good had been accomplished. It was learned that the real leadership of the Sinn Fein movement rested in the hands of the so-called extremists: Mr. Collins, Richard Mulcahy, and their immediate associates. Despite the official position of Mr. De Valera, he did not have the influence in Ireland which he had had before he began his campaign in the United States. In Mr. Lloyd George's opinion, Mr. Collins was the only man who could 'deliver the goods,' and until his position was clear there could be no progress toward peace.

Fighting, raids, assassinations, hold-ups, bomb-throwing and intensified activities of the Black-and-Tans followed the collapse of mediation. Visiting Ireland again to report the developments for the newspapers I represented, I heard nothing but unqualified statements of determination to fight it out. Both sides were confident and uncompromising. The spirit of young Ireland was typified by the remark of an old woman newsdealer who sold me the morning papers with their sensational headings.

Glancing at these, while she made change, I read of the accidental death of an Irish boy who was blown to pieces by the premature explosion of a bomb

which he was making. Remarking to her how sad it was to read of deaths such as these, she quickly retorted: 'What a wonderful thing to die for Ireland!'

Reckless and courageous, the Black-and-Tans, who had the most difficult task of all police forces in Ireland, set about their work of suppressing the Irish Republican army, undaunted by criticism and unafraid of attack. They raided Sinn Fein clubs, schools, homes, and public places. Tramways were stopped and passengers searched for weapons. Whole sections of the city were surrounded. House to house searches were made for Collins and other leaders. Rewards were offered for the capture of these men, dead or alive. The 'war' was on! Even such a peaceful citizen as Sir Robert Woods, M.P. for Trinity College and a famous surgeon, loyal to Ireland and to the Empire, was held up and searched. As the youthful Black-and-Tan flourished a revolver in his face, while he felt his clothing for weapons, Sir Robert admonished him by saying: 'You should be more careful with that revolver: it might go off.'

'That's all right, old chap,' replied the officer, 'I can soon reload it!'

Returning to London I received a telegram from Mr. Fitzgerald, on August 18, asking me to come to Dublin at once. Four days later I left, after having had several talks about Mr. Collins with Sir Basil Thomson and Colonel J. F. C. Carter in Scotland House. The British military authorities had been endeavoring for months to apprehend him, but they always arrived at his newest hiding-place after he had departed. Sir Basil was extremely anxious to know what kind of a man he was; why he would not agree to independence within the British Commonwealth of Nations and wherein lay his strength with the Irish army and people.

I told Sir Basil that, the next time I went to Ireland, I hoped to interview Mr. Collins; but I wished beforehand to have the assurance of the British authorities that I would not be 'shadowed' or interfered with in any way. Accordingly code telegrams were sent to General Macready. Arriving in Dublin I went immediately to Mr. Fitzgerald's hiding-place, put my cards on the table, saying that I had the word of Scotland Yard that I would not be followed in case I could see Mr. Collins. Without being requested I gave him my word that I would not reveal to anyone the place, time or manner of a meeting with the head of the Sinn Fein army. This pledge was unnecessary because I was never asked by Sir Basil or General Macready at any time to reveal any confidential information which might lead to the identification or arrest of any Sinn Fein leaders.

In the afternoon of August 23, Mr. Fitzgerald called at the Shelbourne Hotel and together we went for a walk. At tea-time he suggested that we go to the home of a friend of his and we entered one of the beautiful old mansions on one of the ancient squares of the Irish capital. The maid escorted us to a small drawing-room on the second floor, in the rear, overlooking a small garden. Fitzgerald excused himself only to return within a few moments with a broad-shouldered, black-haired, smiling young Irishman, whom he introduced as 'Mr. Collins.'

Collins at this time was thirty-one years old. He was the directing genius of a volunteer army, estimated at 100,000 men. He was credited with 'supreme' authority in Sinn Fein councils. He was considered by the military authorities as the leader of the 'gunmen.' He was said to have been the one who defeated mediation. As Minister of Finance of Dáil Eireann he controlled all Sinn Fein funds.

'I see,' said Collins, who is to-day at the head of the Irish Free State, 'that you are publishing my private correspondence before it reaches me!'

Placing upon the table several clippings of my articles in American newspapers, especially those relating to confidential reports from Mr. De Valera, which Scotland Yard had seized from a Sinn Fein courier and given to me for publication, Mr. Collins added: 'You see, I know you better than you know me.'

For two hours Collins and Fitzgerald discussed every angle of mediation and peace 'within the Empire.' Mr. Collins said he had no confidence whatever in Mr. Lloyd George, and added that the basic fact which any British Government would have to consider before there could be peace was the unlimited and unrestricted right of Irishmen to rule Ireland. In the interview which he personally reread and corrected the following day, — the first public statement he had ever made, — Collins declared: —

1. There will be no compromise and no negotiations with any British Government until Ireland is recognized as an independent Republic.
2. The same effort which would get us dominion home rule would get us a republic.
3. We ask only that the American people recognize, through their Government, the Government of the Irish people which is already in existence.

Developing these propositions in greater detail Mr. Collins insisted that the Irish people would never stop fighting until they controlled the finances, the courts, the police, and the army of their own country. These three fundamental considerations, he added, would never be modified.

IV

The day following publication of the interview in the United States, Ireland, and England, Sir Basil submitted it to a third-degree examination. He asked whether I thought Mr. Collins really desired and expected a republic or whether the republic was merely a slogan and that he would compromise if the British Government accepted his fundamental propositions. I told Sir Basil what General Macready had said when he read the interview — that 'an Irishman always asked £100 for a horse if he expected to get £25.'

As Mr. Lloyd George was in Lucerne for a holiday, Sir Basil asked for a confidential written report and a copy of the interview for Sir Hamar Greenwood who was going to Switzerland for a conference with the Prime Minister. In the private report, it was emphasized that Mr. Collins had not closed the door to peace, nor even slammed it, but had submitted three extremely vital issues for the First Lord of the Treasury to decide: namely — Was England prepared to concede to Ireland her right to her own courts, her police, and her business administration.

The Director of Intelligence, knowing only too well Mr. Lloyd George's readiness to fight, did not wish him to get the impression that Mr. Collins was a man who would not deliver the goods if he had the opportunity. Sir Basil favored peace with Ireland as soon as it could be realized honorably by his own Government. He had contended from the beginning and had persuaded the Prime Minister to so state in Parliament, that Mr. Collins was the chief Sinn Feiner who could speak with authority. Now he had spoken! It was up to Mr. Lloyd George to act!

No one ever knows in advance what Mr. Lloyd George will do. In the opin-

ion of Sir Basil Thomson he could interpret Mr. Collins either as challenging him to a fight or inviting him to a public debate on the issues of Irish independence.

When two nations are at war, or when the leaders of two belligerent peoples are unable to meet personally, they frequently accept the press of their countries or of the United States as a forum before which they can present their views. Throughout the World War the American newspapers were the principal tribunes for discussion. The leaders of every nation availed themselves of the opportunity of presenting their views to the American people and indirectly to their own and their enemy publics. This is the great service which the modern newspaper renders to the public. This forum is world-wide in its scope. It is open to all. It is more influential than parliaments and its verdict is as decisive as any recorded vote of elected representatives of the people. Mr. Collins did not speak to me but *through* me to the citizens of his own country, England, and the United States because the interview was distributed throughout the English-speaking world.

Confronted with opposition from the Conservatives, who were 'insulted' by Mr. Collins's protestations that he would not compromise, Mr. Lloyd George decided temporarily to 'interpret' Mr. Collins's views as a 'slap in the face of British intelligence.' The Premier intended to test the Sinn Fein organization first by a much more severe 'third degree.' The Lord Mayor of Cork had gone on a hungerstrike in Brixton prison. His starvation campaign might be worth a game of political chess. Feelers were put out to see whether Sinn Fein would 'listen to reason' if Mr. MacSwiney were released. One of the Lord Mayor's nearest relatives herself wrote a confidential

note to Mr. Mulcahy asking him to call off the hungerstrike. This note was duly photographed by Scotland Yard before it reached Mr. Mulcahy without any Irish man or woman suspecting it. Scotland Yard agents had the habit of obtaining such confidential letters quite frequently. But Mulcahy and Collins, who alone had the power to issue orders to Irish volunteers, could not be reached by the pleas of relatives and they were immune from social and political pressure because of their methods of living. They could not appear in public and in consequence they lived 'underground'; traveled underground in the sense that no one ever knew how they moved from place to place and only a very few trusted associates knew where they could be located.

While Mr. Lloyd George and others moved their pawns in the game of chess for Mr. MacSwiney's life, Collins and Mulcahy refused to play, and the Lord Mayor passed away like many other volunteers who willingly gave their lives for the republic of their dreams.

This incident cut all the peace cables between Ireland and England. The British Labor party attempted mediation, but neither the Irish leaders nor the British Government wished for political reasons to give aid and comfort to any move by Organized Labor which might result in strengthening the Labor party politically.

V

From late September to the week before Christmas, when Archbishop Clune of Australia made his plea for a Truce of God, the rupture was complete. Both sides flooded the press with attacks; attempts were made to bomb the House of Commons; military activity in Ireland was multiplied and magnified. British officials declared that the ranks of Sinn Fein were tottering be-

cause of alleged differences between the Moderates and the Extremists. The campaign in the United States for the recognition of the Irish Republic worried Downing Street and disturbed the sleep of more than one American government official who knew not to what bottomless pit the agitation might lead. Thanks to the watchfulness of the American Consul in Dublin, whose reliability and judgment had been tested on many occasions, in Spain, in Italy, and in Ireland, at critical and historic moments, the United States Government possessed such detailed confidential information that the official relations between Washington and London were never disturbed by the incidents of the British-Irish controversy.

When reports began to appear about alleged differences between De Valera, Collins, and Griffith, the two latter gentlemen wrote to me at length in London, saying, 'Every member of the Irish Cabinet is in full accord with President De Valera's policy,' to quote from Mr. Griffith's letter, while Mr. Collins, in a long letter, denounced the writers of reports of differences between Sinn Fein leaders as 'British propagandists.' The essential part of his letter follows: —

DÁIL EIREANN

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE

MANSION HOUSE

DUBLIN

The statements are the statements of a man who sees things, not as they are, but as he would like them to be. They are the continuation of a campaign which dates from the Sinn Fein success at the Election of 1918. For months after that success the agents of English publicity wrote and rewrote that Sinn Fein was losing its hold on the Irish people. When the local elections of this year gave them a

rude shock they consoled themselves by saying, 'Sinn Fein will rapidly decline now when the people see that its representatives won't be able to work the local administration.' The propagandists were again given the lie, and now they have fallen back on the alleged differences between the leaders.

Everyone here at home knows well there is no difference, and knows equally well it is this fact that has been the great strength of our position. Anything which I said about 'no negotiations,' has been said more forcibly and much more ably both by President De Valera and by the Acting-President, Mr. Griffith. This talk of differences is an old policy with England. It is only to be expected at this time, when the situation becomes more and more difficult for her, and shames her more and more before decent people, so that she will leave nothing undone to break up the splendid solidarity of the Irish nation. Too often in the past she has deceived us in this fashion. Now she is desperate that she can no longer do it.

Frantic efforts are being made to show that certain individuals called 'Moderates' are making themselves distasteful to certain other individuals called 'Extremists' and that these Extremists are in turn standing in the way of a settlement. English propaganda will get its countless scores of journalists to write this up, in Ireland, in England, in Europe, in America, so that opinion may be prepared for the murder of Macready's 'half-hundred.' Whoever else is deceived, the Irish people and the supporters of the Irish cause will not be deceived. There

are no 'Moderates' and no 'Extremists.' We all stand together on our common Election Manifesto of December, 1918.

MICHAEL COLLINS.

30. 9. 1920.

Every member of the Irish Cabinet is in full accord with President De Valera's policy. When he speaks to America he speaks for us all. In seeking explicit recognition of the Irish Republic he is acting by and with the unanimous advice of his Cabinet, and if Americans of Irish blood and Americans with Irish sympathies loyally support our President, that recognition can undoubtedly be gained.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

Nevertheless there were differences, then as there are to-day, between Mr. De Valera and Griffith and Collins; but the common hatred of a common enemy solidified the ranks of Sinn Fein until Father O'Flannegan, who became Acting-President after the imprisonment of Mr. Griffith, sent his startling message to Downing Street. Mr. Griffith did not know that anyone knew that he, at that very time, had grave differences with his associates, and that he went to the office of a mutual friend late one night and asked protection from his 'own people.' But these differences were natural in view of the vigorous methods of suppression inaugurated by the Black-and-Tans, and in face of the split between the Irish advocates in the United States.

Throughout these developments Sir Basil Thomson was the calmest man in England. While the peace movement which he initiated early in 1921 had had a stormy voyage upon the seas of public opinion, his experience during the war had taught him that patience

and persistence led to ultimate success. He knew, too, from reliable confidential sources in Ireland, Australia, and Rome that the Christmas season would witness new developments which might lead the ship of peace into less turbulent waters. Although disappointed he was not discouraged. Like General Macready he had been in too many campaigns to give up.

There were others, however, who were on the verge of melancholy; among them, a kindly, white-haired American woman who had shared with her husband the days and nights of terror and uncertainty of two years of Dublin life. On the verge of a nervous breakdown, she called to him early one morning for his razor.

(Mr. Ackerman's second paper will deal with the Irish education of Mr. Lloyd George, and the American education of Mr. Michael Collins.)

'What in the world do you want with it?' he asked.

'I'm going to kill myself. Where is it?'

'Why, my dear, my razor won't help you. It's a safety.'

A few days later she met General Macready at dinner in the Royal Hospital on the outskirts of Dublin, where he lived with his family, and related the incident to the old officer.

'Well, Mrs. ——,' drawled the General, solemn and thoughtful, 'I shave with an old-fashioned razor. Every morning when I lather my face I take this old weapon in my hand and I say to myself: "Now, Nevil Macready, will you cut your throat or shave yourself?" — and I always shave!'

'ACCEPTING THE UNIVERSE'

BY ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

AN 'antinomy,' O my non-philosophical reader, is a contradiction between conclusions from two equally good premises. Thus, for example, did Kant the philosopher prove that space both is, and is not, infinite in extent; and that time both has, and cannot have, a beginning and an end — thereby getting a foothold, or excuse, for his world-shaking Critique of Reason itself! And even so can be shown, I ween, the self-contradictions of woman's nature and her present predicament. Is it too much to hope that a way may thus be pointed to a critique of — woman's world?

I

'The career open to talent' is now presupposed in our modern life; but 'the career open to women' is a condition sought, not yet attained. Women still greatly lack both opportunities and incentives, for the highest achievements, and are therefore still unable to bring their performance up to the level of their acknowledged abilities. And the basic inhibition still operating to suppress the powers of women is the persistent vicious alternative, marriage or career — full personal life *versus* the way of achievement.

Thus might be paraphrased the uttered views of more than one leader, or counselor, of women to-day. 'Women have not yet been offered anything approaching a like opportunity to that put before men,' says Dr. Simon Flexner. 'The scientific career means too often for them, if consistently pursued, the denial of domestic companionships and compensations which men easily win and enjoy. In how far this condition alone will operate to bar women from the higher pursuits and greater rewards of a scientific career only experience can show.'

Still more emphatically is it put by President M. Carey Thomas in a recent address: 'Everything leads us to believe that society cannot expect to benefit from the genius and ability of women as a sex until it gives its girls as well as its boys, its women as well as its men, the *same* opportunities and the *same* incentives to achieve distinction, and until all women of genius and talent, all women scholars and women teachers, and all women of every profession and every occupation . . . are permitted by public opinion and social sanction to marry and go on with their job, instead of being found fault with, threatened and, in many cases, actually deprived of their bread and butter for doing so.'

It would be unbelievable if it were not the fact, that, in all the years of battling for women's right to be educated and to have a voice in public affairs, this question of the ultimate destination of all women's talents should never have been deliberately faced. Suffragists of course met it in the cry, 'Woman's place is in the home'; but this was so palpably absurd as an argument against women's voting, that they were content to show its irrelevance and to pass it by. But the question of the full professional career for women in its relation to marriage; the principle of

the independence of work from status — why was it ignored? Did the army of unquestioningly celibate women, standing ready to enter the few openings available, make argument unnecessary? Or were the odds against women so heavy that the basic problem was instinctively postponed, until vantage-ground at least should have been won? I am inclined to think that the question was, at first, not even formulated; it was tacitly assumed that marriage barred or terminated a career.

Whatever the reason, it has been an extraordinary unanimity of silence. Even the two most recent, practical, and detailed treatises on women's work, — Filene's *Careers for Women* and Adams's *Women Professional Workers*, — in their notes on the advantages and drawbacks of special professions, do not speak of their availability in relation to marriage, still less compare them on that basis. An occasional bit of undesignated testimony, like the phrase 'openings occur . . . a woman editor marries and gives up her business career' (Filine), makes plain that the tacit reference is to 'unencumbered' women. In the last year or two, articles in women's magazines have been observable in a kind of pendular sequence: satires on people who think a woman can't combine a home and a job, alternating with fictional variations on the theme of *Mrs. Jellyby* and *Borrioboola Gha*.

The President of Bryn Mawr College seems to have been the first person in authority to take the bull by the horns — to state the issue clearly, and not as an issue, but as a principle: to wit, that the ultimate employment of women's talents must be in the specific fields of those talents, irrespective of status; also the first to face the issue in action, inasmuch as the practice of the Bryn Mawr College administration has for years admirably squared with this principle

by opening the way for its faculty women to continue their work after marriage. But that it is to-day the paramount — nay, the only — issue for women of ability and professional training — none of *them*, at least, need be told! If ever there were a question that needed thinking through realistically, it is this one of the professional career as a universal consideration in the lives of trained and able women.

II

Now, let it be admitted at once that equal or commensurate rewards and opportunities, incentives, and achievements of women are not to be expected in the present organization of society, until women do enter the field as fully and as freely as men do. Unmarried women, limited in numbers and in contacts with life, cannot charge the citadel of professional privilege in sufficient volume and momentum to carry it. Until all women of ability, in the sense in which it may be said of all men of ability, are in action, it is probable that few women will reach the highest, and the avenues will remain obstructed.

Secondly, let it be admitted that every woman should *have the right* to marry and go on with her job; ‘the right’ meaning a fair field and no disfavor from trustees, administrators, employers of whatever type, or from her social fellows. Not only the right, but the need, of every human being to live a normal, emotional life, as a general condition for full development of latent powers, is at least acknowledged. And the adjustment of any personal relations whatever to the requirements of a profession is as truly a right of the individual woman as it is a right of the individual man.

But when so much has been conceded, what does it amount to? Social and professional sanction of ‘the job after

marriage’ would be just so much watered stock. It has, and will have, no value until a vast amount of development work shall have given it value. I do not mean on account of the paucity of openings for women; but even if we suppose a perfectly fluid distribution or free trade in jobs, the gateways wide open — the *vis a fronte*; even so, the *vis a tergo* is completely wanting. I may have the permission of the universe to wag my ears, but the mechanics therefore have not been provided.

In plain words, the ‘job’ of the kind we are envisaging is at present a physical and mechanical impossibility for the young married woman ‘as a sex’ — for it is ‘the sex’ we are arguing about. For thirty years Mrs. Gilman has been inveighing against ‘the wicked waste of housework,’ without making, so far as I can see, a dent in the social mechanism. Nothing can be more absurd, to those actually at grips with the facts, than the usual references to labor-saving devices as making the professional work of married women possible. Hours of labor and physical fatigue of the housewife have indeed been reduced; but the *amount* of labor in the home is not the problem of the woman who, we are supposing, is entering on a professional career. It is the possibility of mental concentration, of long-sustained intensive application, of freedom from irrelevant cares and interruptions, which every professional *man* knows is a dire necessity, if he is to touch success. We did not need *Candida* to explain, what every woman knows, the amount of subterranean ordering, protecting, fending-off, which the ordinary career — for men — requires. This, the right to concentrate at need, no young married woman, who is making a home with her husband, can now command.

It may be theoretically possible; but an infinite deal of study, experiment, and social invention must precede.

Household operation must be so organized that the young couple in the average community, just starting up the professional ladder, may both give to their work the best of which they are capable. There is, for instance, any amount of facile talk going about on the subject of cooked-food services. Every unmarried feminist refers to them brightly as about to solve the professional woman's household problems. But the bald fact is that no such arrangements now exist. A number have been initiated, and all have dropped off, for different reasons, all excellent ones. Two or three coöperative day-nurseries for college professors' wives (I know of only one), a coöperative laundry or two, make up the tale for our thousands of would-be professional women. A few commercial undertakings of the kind exist, but these are quite beyond the means of young people with money success still to achieve.

There is probably no service which women of experience and intellectual background, like the Association of American University Women, could do for the younger generation, greater than the research and organizing effort necessary to solve the problem of the basic domestic functions for women professional workers — how a modest household can operate without the personal entanglement of the feminine member. 'Household Engineering,' so-called, contributes little here, for it deals only with the special technique of housework and assumes a resident engineer, the housewife herself; and it stops short of the self-propelling activity which alone can be useful to the woman we have in mind. Field-organization, not technique, is what is needed.

Mrs. Gilman took a shot at the idea in her *What Diantha Did*. She imagined, for the average small town, an establishment for visiting workers, the commercial undertaking of an educated and

intelligent woman. The Woman's Land Army of America in its brief career actually set up a type of organization something like what is needed. This was a real social invention, deserving the serious attention of students — which, by the way, in spite of a wide *réclame*, it never received. That the particular kind of service supplied was confined to the land does not affect the value of the object-lesson. The Woman's Land Army put into the field units for service which were economically self-sustaining, democratic, and within the means of the farmer. The technique of unit-management and feasible economical operation were being scientifically studied at the Wellesley College Training Camp for Land Army leaders in the summer of 1918. The pressing need of the farmer passed with the war; many of the early units failed, others were maintained by wealthy patrons; but of the hundred or more organized, a sufficient number survived, and were successful, to show that the idea was a sound one, and capable of creating a revolution in the status of land-workers.

Something like this, in method of approach and in type of organization, could be done for the basic household services — food, laundry, nursing, general housework. The economically feasible standards of size, of units, methods, costs, could be determined. Coöperative organization could bring further economy. But just as technique was, after all, the minor problem of the Land Army, so, for the household, the actual bringing into being of the needed groups is the *cruz*. There would have to be established, in actual operation, units for such service in every community harboring women professional workers.

It cannot, however, be too earnestly affirmed that, until this veritable revolution has taken place, and not in a few large cities, but generally, — a

revolution comparable to the introduction of the telephone,—it is premature to urge professional work on married women. Even though doors may be opened, they cannot go through them. More, it is unfair to the talented girl to offer her all the kinds of professional advice and information except the kind she is most in need of—a clear view of the actual 'state of the art' for married women.

'What is the Mission of the American University Woman?' was a question publicly put, with perhaps more sense of duty than sense of humor. I would answer as seriously, 'To work to clear the way, where it is now most obstructed, for every woman's full use of her university training.'

Is there an antinomy here? Women have learned the alphabet; the necessary and actual consequence is that they press to use to the utmost their natural talents. Yet their present disability is so complete that it amounts to a contradiction in principle. The forms of household mechanics, to which they themselves blindly cling, render that full use as yet impossible.

III

Imagine, however, this great work of research and organization done; suppose the mechanical conditions for women's professional work supplied. What of the personal element in marriage as it affects a career? Well, for the sake of the argument, we may assume that, with good-will and mutual accommodation, two separate careers are mentally and morally compatible in marriage. But two careers are often not physically compatible. Just as two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time, so one entity, the married pair, is not to be imagined as occupying two quarters of the globe continuously. The editor of a magazine

in New York might conceivably, let us say, be the wife of a college professor in New England; but suppose he gets a call to Tokyo? The institution head who moved on from chair to chair—such things have happened—would not be an eligible husband for a corporation lawyer who was building up a practice in a great city. Yet a relative mobility, freedom to make the best adjustments of location, is the *sine qua non* of success in a profession; and the force of this requirement increases, the higher in the scale we get.

Clearly, all those professions which require continuous operation in the same place would be extra-hazardous risks for the double-career marriage. And these, the static occupations, are beyond all comparison in possession of the field. Authors, artists, inventors, sailors—all the tribe of free lances of whatever kind—are indeed not affected, or only measurably affected, by the argument. If the feminine partner wants to set up a jungle laboratory, or a mountain observatory, we can imagine the author, though not the actor, as a husband for her.

But how many such foot-loose individuals are there against the millions bound to institutions: colleges, hospitals, libraries, laboratories; city, state, and federal administrations; fixed points like mines, railroads, publishers' offices, or clienteles it has taken years to establish?

No artificial sex-restriction need be invoked to explain the inhibitions of achievement, when two able individuals seek to build separate careers on a partnership of affection alone. The limitations of space and time are enough. Women ought to be able to marry and go on with their job—admitted as a principle; but the space-forms of their universe seem to contradict it. And this is the second antinomy.

Assuming, nevertheless, as we must assume, women's right and need to develop their powers, and their ability to apply common sense to the inevitable, we may at least expect a very marked limitation in the range of romantic possibilities. Marriage will have to become much more an affair of arrangement, with an eye to the exigencies of occupations, than we in America like to think it is now. It will become more and more necessary to marry 'in the profession,' as most actors, singers, and circus performers already do. A limited partnership in work will become desirable, and necessary, where the work is spatially conditioned. Thus, the chemist may take for mate another chemist, or a free lance, like a painter; but not a mining engineer, or a ranchman, on penalty of stultification for one of the pair.

It all sounds very humorous, does it not? Perhaps that is why no effort has ever been made to meet the issue intelligently and consciously, and why hundreds and thousands of talented women, who have married for love, 'with the world well lost,' have found the world of work lost to them, indeed. It should not be forgotten that the greatest scientist among women, Madame Curie, was one of just such a married partnership in work.

IV

And now, when we have come so far, I am ready to throw all my arguments away as irrelevant, impertinent, and incompetent! These be but minor antinomies, to be resolved by a critique, first, of Idols of the House; second, of Idols of Romance. But the supreme self-contradiction is in the intrinsic nature of the woman herself, as everyone knows after all. We have been rightly demanding the life of normal emotional activity and development as a neces-

sary condition of the full growth of women's powers. But we have spoken only of marriage; and marriage — so far as the argument is concerned — is meaningless without motherhood. Of course, there have been happy marriages without children, as there have been full lives without marriage. Nevertheless, any theory or regimen of life, which shall be relevant for able women as a sex, must have motherhood as an integral part.

The argument on which our discussion opened referred to a career for women in its intrinsic sense, in the sense in which women should compete with men — a sustained, intensive, creative or constructive effort, 'a permanent and serious business' (Adams). No one supposes that *men* expect to achieve without the most intense and most ruthless concentration. Are mothers capable of this?

Tolstoy has somewhere — in *Anna Karénina*, I believe — the picture of a man who is carrying a burden up a mountain. His arms and hands are occupied with the burden, and he cannot use them to help himself up. He stumbles, breathless and suffering. At last, he places the burden on his back and binds it safely. Now that his hands are free, he can help himself; he goes on and up stoutly.

Now, a man's forbidden love, says Tolstoy, is in the first case. He must carry it always in his arms, it prevents his normal activities, it prevents his helping himself. That is how I see the love of children. The mother always carries her children in her arms. It is not possible for her to shift the burden, even if she would. The father can carry them like a burden safely stowed away; he is free to forget them. The mother — never!

Leaving for the moment all that physical care for the child which no mother can or will entirely delegate; all

those household responsibilities which the needs of children infinitely multiply, and which, I repeat, are years away from being organized to allow real freedom; looking only at the mental conditions — I do not believe (subject to certain exceptions) that the highest order of achievement in any field requiring sustained, intensive, continuous thought or effort is possible to a woman who is a mother.

And there is no profession or high-grade occupation which does not require just this. Remember that we are considering, on our first supposition, not the mother whose children are out of the fold, but the young woman — the woman who is to marry relatively early, and 'go on with her job.' On that supposition, she is at once in the formative stages of her career, and the lower grades of her income, and the early years of her children.

It is not primarily a matter of the will, but a direct psychological disability. Physicians have noted that, for months after childbirth, the mother suffers from what is sometimes an even painful inconsecutiveness of mind — a felt inability for sustained attention for anything but the child itself. I should like to see detailed studies made for a period covering the early years of motherhood. I believe the results would show — what introspection certainly indicates — a relative failure in sustained attention.

But whether or no this is true as regards the elementary forms of mental activity, there is much testimony to the lapse of that spontaneous and ruthless absorption which preëminent achievement involves. The mother has suffered a transmutation of values; self-absorption in a task apart has become less possible to her.

I do not believe that the conditions are greatly different for the average able woman who has a job and is keep-

ing it. 'A job' means responsibility to hours, places, duties; a certain kind of concentrated effort which must be for times, or periods, — at the call of the work, — intense and protracted. Every executive or 'executive secretary' knows what I mean. The business or professional woman who is taking money for her work must be 'on call' for it. Innumerable must be the mental conflicts between preoccupation with her children and duty to her performance. Whether the children suffer or not, the quality of her work must suffer.

The woman professional worker will 'reserve time' for her children, we are told, and 'provide expert care for the rest of their waking and working hours' (quoted from a recent newspaper article by a well-known woman). Now, it ought not to be necessary, in these days of general knowledge of the mental hygiene of the child, to show what mother-love *in presence* means for his mental and moral health. The physical care may perhaps be 'organized'; though Dorothy Canfield never said a truer word than that the important times in a little child's life are when things are happening to him: baths, meals, walks, the putting-on of overshoes.

Recent studies in infant psychology suggest that the shocks of even the first year may be permanently impressed upon the growing child, determining his responses, modifying his vocational future. 'Expert care' is a weasel word; it means simply trained nurses and teachers. But the high type of person, who, as nurse or individual teacher, can to any degree replace the mother in 'the rest of his waking and working hours,' is certainly not to be provided (in addition to other house-service) by young-professional salaries — even if she were to be had, one to every professional family; which is not

the case, even in the largest cities or the most superior neighborhoods.

There is no mental or moral under-study for mother-love. Even if the mother could summon her whole energy of mind to outside work, the child whose mother is not *on call* is bound to lose. Shall we pity the tene-ment child, shut out on the streets by its working mother, for its lack of a warm shelter and hot dinner, and not see that the real deprivation for any child is of the mother herself, direct refuge and confidante and comforter?

I am not writing an anti-governess essay. I am simply showing that the requirements of successful work in a profession are just those which conflict with the deepest needs of children — and mothers.

This is where the average women professional workers fare worst in the argument. Their hours of work — eight-hour desk-jobs, appointments in business hours, daylight trips, the commuter's day — are precisely the worst possible, as assessed by children's needs.

It is far from being merely another practical difficulty: it is, on the contrary, symbolic of the whole situation, that the hour of getting off for school — the hour on whose adequacy, from the mother's side, the mental and physical health of the young child's whole day depends — is the hour which, by every other possible criterion, should be free from nervous tension for the professional.

As to this 'time reserved' — ask the professional mother, at the end of her commuter's day, how well able she is to enjoy, counsel, or correct her young children!

Nor is part-time work for married women at all the panacea it is heralded as being. For 'a career' in any full sense it is impossible. Miss Filene is right — 'anyone who wishes to succeed

in any line of work keeps irregular hours.' The critical periods which spell preëminence or failure are those of effort without stint or limit. Part-time, for anything but a routine job, is an ag-gravation. For a routine job, it is sub-ject to nearly all the disadvantages for the mother herself of the full-time job.

It is, of course, often said that the so-called 'woman of society' spends as many hours away from her children as the professional woman. But it should be noted that she has no engagement that is not revocable on the instant; she has no 'duty to her public,' no contract obligation of any kind. Moreover, the children's day falls largely without the hours of 'society'; so that the gayest young mother may, by a little effort, be with her children at all their strategic moments.

It all comes down to the paramount duty; and it seems to me that clients' or employers' recognition of what call must be paramount accounts for nearly all the alleged discrimination against women in the professions.

V

I said that there were exceptions to the principle of motherhood as an in-hibiting influence on a career. The exceptions occur, I believe, when the work is of a naturally intermittent or inspirational type, — even the scientific imagination works in flashes! — and when the children are demonstrably safe and near. The woman writer, painter, sculptor, musician, home-teacher, private investigator, student, or consultant of whatever kind, who can work always within call of her children, is in the happiest case. What a heartening incident is that of George Sand, writing her first novel in a Paris garret, with her boy and girl playing about her feet!

The actress, the woman physician,

the farmer, the occasional lecturer—all those who absent themselves by appointments adjusted to children's hours, or on a light and flexible schedule, like the college teacher—come next among the exceptions.

But beyond these, of the two hundred or so 'Careers for Women' listed, all but two or three would indeed be unavailable for mothers.

One has but to cite the exponents of successful careers, as quoted in Miss Filene's book: publicity—"not confining but intensive"; public stenographer—"one must be ready to work continuously thirty-six hours if it becomes necessary in some special case"; private secretary—"irregular hours"; executive secretary (irregular hours)—"should be a member of every committee of the organization"; community-centre work—"are n't enough hours in the twenty-four"; supervisor of physical education—"no limit to the amount of time required for making plans, holding meetings, attending games, meets, demonstrations, etc.>"; employment-management consultant—"traveling, all kinds of sacrifice of personal life and comfort"; political organizer—"no eight-hour day"; 'the good Sunday editor never thinks of clocks'; 'the lawyer controls her own hours; but, if she is going to make her profession worth while, her hours will be long and her perseverance never ending'; dean of women—"longer hours, shorter vacations, nervous strain."

There are eminent women who have actually combined happy families with high professional achievement outside the home. But these cases present, on analysis, a fortunate combination, say, of flexible working hours with independent income, or with a partnership of affectionate and self-devoted female relatives—a kind of happy chance which is not an intrinsic condition of

normal family life, or one on which it is possible to base a philosophy of women's work. If no *man* without an active mother or unmarried sister could become a geologist or a court-pleader, or the field secretary of a welfare organization, we should have a situation somewhat analogous.

The normal family, professional or not, must stand on its own feet. The paradox is that the only universally possible assistance is paid assistance. That certainly does not offer the emotional insight with children, responsibility, *and continuity*, which alone can free mothers effectively. Family affection and assistance does sometimes give it. But the possibility of such assistance is pure chance.

It would seem then, that, while women are forced by a normal principle of growth to seek to use fully the abilities which their education has set free, a natural and original principle in turn saps their effort at its spring. Women are both inevitably impelled to, and interdicted from, marriage, children, and careers.

What can one say but that Woman, like Space and Time, being subject to so complete an antinomy, requires like them to have the conditions of her world somehow transcended!

'I accept the Universe!' cried Margaret Fuller. 'Gad! she'd better,' was Carlyle's retort, so much acclaimed (by men). But I think she was, for women, o'erhasty.

VI

The only solution I can now see of the problem of a career for a creature with a natural paramount interest elsewhere is quite in the line of Kant's denial of space (already overpassed by Einstein).

Why not deny, erase, transcend the whole notion of a career, with its connotations of competition, success,

rewards, honors, titles? Might it not have an epochal effect on the progress of science, if one half of the able people in the world should consciously, explicitly, and proudly refuse to compete? What an illuminating phrase dropped by Madame Curie: her husband 'had been so deep in science that he had not paid the necessary attention to his career'!

Is it then to this vague, utopian precept that our promised realistic analysis has brought us? Certainly, it is only by greater vagueness that the myth of women's equal competence (not ability) has been maintained.

The woman's antinomy will be thrown up ever more clearly as increasing numbers seek careers. Perhaps to try the other way will hasten the day when 'the method of contest and survival' will disappear.

For the present, the practical application of the principle would be in a deliberate, purposeful making-over of the conditions of women's work. Many desk-jobs, much appointment and consultation work can be adjusted to family life. Piece-work, emergency, substitute, overseers', directors', and allied jobs will increase, and will take the place of office-work.

I think that the possibilities open here to a recognized intention would surprise us. But the great transformation would be through the marriage partnerships in work already forecast. The flexible schedule and mutual replacements of such a partnership would open up nearly all lines of work to a mother. How much it would make for companionship in marriage is clear enough, but beyond the scope of this argument.

The chance to work, and learn, and earn, would still remain if married women were explicitly to forego 'the career.' It is not to be expected or desired that women should now stifle the energies they have at last discovered and proved.

But this I know, that, unless we are to have as our next generation a race of dry, cold, warped, inhibited little creatures, we have got to make some such changes as I have suggested in the lines of women's actual occupation. The philosophy of the whole thing has got to be changed.

Suppose all women of ability could plan for love and children and 'each for the joy of the working'! But then women would have *all* the really desirable things!

THE FOSSIL MAN OF RHODESIA

BY G. ELLIOT SMITH

I

THE recent discovery, at the Broken Hill mine in Northern Rhodesia, of a hitherto unknown species of man is an event of peculiar importance to the student of the early history of the human family and its wanderings. The addition of one more to the two or three species of the genus *Homo* with which we were previously acquainted is in itself a noteworthy incident; but its interest is enormously enhanced by the bizarre features of the newly discovered member of our family, and the fact that the continent of Africa, famous among the ancients as the purveyor of surprises, — *semper aliquid novi ex Africa*, — has at last begun to reveal some of the secrets of her extinct types of mankind, which she has so closely guarded in the past.

The Broken Hill of Northern Rhodesia has attracted considerable attention during the last fifteen years, in spite of the inaccessibility of the locality, which is some 300 miles north of the Zambezi. Mr. Arthur E. V. Zealley gave an interesting account of the mine and its history to the South African Association for the Advancement of Science in 1912, from which I quote the following statement. 'Few localities in the world can be of such interest to the mineralogist as these remarkable deposits of lead, zinc, and vanadium. The variety and the extreme beauty, no less than the rarity, of several of the minerals render its study immensely attractive, and the unique association of mineralized bones, the implements, and other evidences of

human occupation of the caves in the deposit further increase the interest in the mines that have been opened up.'

Nearly fifteen years ago Messrs. F. P. Mennell, E. C. Chubb, and Franklin White called attention in several journals¹ to the evidence of early human occupation afforded by the stone implements and the broken and worked animal bones in the caves. But although hundreds of tons of animal bones had been removed from the mine since then, no human bones were seen until last summer, when parts of the skeletons of two human beings were found.

Before mining operations began at Broken Hill there stood, on the spot where the open quarry-like excavation is now found, what the Dutch colonists call a kopje (or hillock), nearly sixty feet high, tunneled from west to east by a natural cave more than 120 feet long, the walls and roof of which consisted of dolomite and silicate of zinc; while on the floor was piled up, to a height varying from four to twelve feet, a vast collection of animal bones, so strongly impregnated with the salts of zinc and lead as to be worth mining. Many hundreds of tons of these bones had been taken out of what for fifteen years has been famous as the 'Bone Cave,' and put into the smelters, along with the mineral deposits found in the kopje itself, which has now been de-

¹See especially *Geological Magazine* for October, 1907, p. 443.

molished; and the excavations had been carried down 90 feet below ground-level. In the course of this work the blind end of the Bone Cave was reached last summer and the human remains found.

If it were not for the fact that originally there had been a cleft in the roof of the cave just above the place where the skull was found, we might have drawn the conclusion that the men or women whose bones were found in the depths of the cave had already met their death before the hyenas made it a dining-hall and began the accumulation of the vast collection of animal bones, which represents the work of, perhaps, many centuries. But the cleft does leave open the possibility of the human beings having fallen into the cave at a more recent period. However, the fact that all the bones which have been examined represent animals of species that are still alive in Africa shuts out any possibility of determining the age of the human remains. In addition to this, the incrustation of the surface of the human bones with salts of zinc and lead has protected them from the action of the soil, so that, in the strict sense of the term, they are not fossilized. Although the bones are not mineralized or, strictly, fossilized, the custom of human palaeontologists makes it not incorrect to refer to these bones as 'fossils.' If the investigator is grateful for this protection of the texture of the bony remains, he has to lament the absence of even the slightest indication of their age, which the state of fossilization might have afforded, had the circumstances been other than they were.

The upshot of all this is that the condition of the human remains, and the remarkable circumstances under which they were found, do not give us a scrap of information as to the date, either absolutely or relatively to other human fossils, when the Rhodesian

species of man lived and became extinct. To determine his place in the human family, we are thus thrown back entirely on inferences from the anatomy of the remains themselves.

The bones that have been recovered consist of the almost complete skull (without the lower jaw), a sacral bone and tibia and the two ends of a femur, and a small fragment of the upper jaw of a second individual of the same type. According to Mr. William L. Harris, a metallurgical chemist employed at the mine, who saw the human remains when they were first brought to light and photographed them in the place where they were found, practically the whole skeleton was discovered, and was encased in a metallic cast of the surface of the body; but the negro miners destroyed most of the bones and broke up the cast, which would have been a unique and invaluable record of the actual bodily form and proportions of an extinct type of mankind. The skull is that of a comparatively young adult who had suffered severely from dental caries. The form of the sacrum suggests that it formed part of a female skeleton.

It was Mr. Harris, whose account of the Bone Cave and kopje I have quoted above, who communicated to the *Sunday Times* of Johannesburg the first account (September 25, 1921) of the finding of the Rhodesian man. He also sent to a well-known European Press Agency his collection of photographs of the skull, and a very lucid and intelligent account of their significance: but it is a dramatic illustration of the lack of knowledge and appreciation of simple anthropological facts, that even so startling an object as the grotesque face of this fossil made no impression on the mind of one of the leading disseminators of information to the world at large; for he returned Mr. Harris's manuscript and photographs, with the comment that he had no use for them.

I have referred especially to this remarkable incident because it helps us to understand the dangers to which priceless remains of early types of man are exposed, unless by happy chance some enlightened man is on the spot to save them from destruction. For this reason, it is incumbent on those who appreciate the tremendous significance of such relics to neglect no opportunity of educating the public to realize the meaning of human paleontology, and to understand the importance of rescuing the rare fragments of extinct forms of the human family, which may be found by accident, and through ignorance be lost again forever.

II

I have already explained that the circumstances under which the Rhodesian remains were found afford no indication, not the merest hint, of their age or the place of their possessor in the human family. Any inference that attempts to settle these problems must, therefore, be based upon the features of the bones themselves.

The obtrusive fact, which no one can fail to notice, is the appearance of the face, revealing as it does a form that has never been seen before. It is certainly the most primitive type of face that is known among members of the human family. But in making this statement I must guard against a misunderstanding that has repeatedly arisen in the discussion of the Rhodesian skull during the last few weeks. In referring to it as the most primitive human *face* at present known, I do not mean to suggest that the Rhodesian *skull* is the most primitive type of human being so far recovered. Two members of the human family are known from fossilized remains, found in Java and England respectively, which are vastly older than the Rhodesian man, and so profoundly

different from all other members of the family that they are not included in the genus *Homo* — the new genera, *Pithecanthropus* (Dubois) and *Eoanthropus* (Smith Woodward), respectively, having to be instituted for their reception. But the face of neither of these fossils has been recovered, although the possession of the lower jaw of *Eoanthropus* makes it possible for us to restore with confidence the general form of the face.

This, however, does not affect the accuracy of the statement that the Rhodesian skull provides us with the most primitive example of an actual human face — and a most remarkable one it is. It is more definitely primitive and brutal than that of any other human being, living or extinct, that is at present known. The enormous eyebrow ridges are bigger, even, than those of the most archaic member of the human family, the Javan Ape-Man; and in the extent and form of their lateral extensions, they recall the condition found in man's nearest simian relative, the gorilla.

There is no groove at the side of the nose, to indicate the boundary between it and the face, such as one finds in all races of modern men, even in such flat-nosed individuals as the Negro, the Mongol and the aboriginal Australian. This merging of the nose in the face, to form what, in other animals, would be called a snout, is a peculiarly significant mark of the beast, which is known elsewhere in the human family only in the extinct fossil species from Europe known as Neanderthal man. But the nose of the Rhodesian man was definitely more ape-like than that of Neanderthal man. The lateral margins of the nasal aperture extend vertically downward, toward the teeth, as happens also in the gorilla, in which this arrangement is associated with the widely outsplayed margins of the nostrils that is so distinctive a feature of

man's nearest simian relative. Perhaps also the Rhodesian man had a wide nose, in comparison with which the Negro's or the Tasmanian's would seem narrow. Yet the presence of a nasal spine on the Rhodesian jaw indicates that, in spite of the simian resemblances in the nose, it had the distinctively human features of a horizontal edge of the nasal septum and a definite tip to the nose.

Another remarkable feature of the enormous facial skeleton is the vast size of the palate and teeth, and especially the extent of the interval between the nose and the margin of the upper jaw. Although the jaw is so extensive and the teeth so large, the canine teeth did not project in the ape-like manner of those of Piltdown man (*Eoanthropus*) and the fossilized proto-Australian found at Talgai in Queensland.

The form of the brain-case, and the peculiarly distinctive features of the brain that it once contained, corroborate the inferences drawn from the face, that the Rhodesian species was the most primitive member of the genus *Homo* at present known, but not the most primitive of the human family, which of course includes the vastly more ancient and lowlier genera, *Pithecanthropus* and *Eoanthropus*. The long straight shin bone and the fragments of the femur afford a very clear demonstration of the fact that Rhodesian man is separated by a very considerable hiatus from his nearest relative, the extinct European Neanderthal man. But I must defer the reference to this until a later page.

III

The bones found in Rhodesia, however, have a far wider and deeper significance to the student of mankind than these statements suggest. The recovery of a long-lost and strangely exotic

cousin is an experience that excites our curiosity; and the opening-up of a new continent for the human palaeontologist awakens visions of what this ancient domain of the human family may provide for future anthropologists. But the immediate problems that the study of the features of the skull and limb bones brings up for discussion involve comparisons with all the other types of mankind, and a comprehensive testing of the opinions previously put forward to interpret the significance of all the fossil remains of man and their bearing on the history and migrations of the human family.

A newly discovered species comes to have value and importance only when the effort is made to put it in its proper position in its family, and to determine the part it played and the light its structure and associations throw upon mankind as a whole. In an attempt such as this to interpret the significance of the new discovery, it is necessary, above all else, to define this setting — our present knowledge of the family circle of the *Hominidae* into which a long-lost cousin has to be introduced and assigned his appropriate place. Hence the discussion of the significance of the newly found fossil must inevitably involve some reference to the history of mankind as a whole.

However obvious and profound are the differences in physical structure and intellectual achievement which distinguish the various races of mankind, the one from the other, anthropologists regard all human beings at present living on the earth, whether their skin is white or black, yellow or brown, as members of one and the same species (*sapiens*) of the genus *Homo*. But these modern men represent the survivor of one of probably many species and genera of the human family, all the rest of which have, at different epochs in the past, succumbed in the struggle for

survival in competition with the one successful member of the family, *Homo sapiens*.

The extinct members at present recognized consist of two species of the genus *Homo*, in addition to *Homo rhodesiensis*. These are Neanderthal man (*H. neanderthalensis*) and Heidelberg man (*H. heidelbergensis*). The Neanderthal species lived in Europe long ages ago, when the climatic conditions were vastly different from what they are now; and when a great many animals, such as mammoths, woolly rhinoceroses, and cave bears, which have long been extinct in Europe, shared the Atlantic littoral of that continent with man. The Heidelberg man is so vastly more ancient and more primitive in structure than his Neanderthal successor in the Rhine Valley, that no doubt can be entertained of his right to specific distinction. In fact, Bonarelli may ultimately be justified in his suggestion that even a genus distinct from *Homo* should be created for the reception of Heidelberg man; he has proposed the name *Palæanthropus* for this hypothetical genus, retaining of course the specific name *heidelbergensis*. But so far only the lower jaw of this form is known, — although there is a rumor of the finding of the thigh bone, — and the evidence is too scanty to justify a final decision as to whether the genus of the Heidelberg man should be *Homo* or *Palæanthropus*.

The settlement of this problem may have a very direct bearing on the interpretation of the Rhodesian man's place in the human family. For the Heidelberg jaw so nearly fits and harmonizes with the Rhodesian skull as to suggest the conundrum whether the skull recently found in the heart of Africa may be a relic of the same species as the individual who, countless ages ago, left his remains in the Mauer Sands near Heidelberg. It is only a possibility, and

a very unlikely one at that; but it should not be lost sight of in the final determination of the rank and affinities of the Rhodesian species of fossil man. Both the Rhodesian and the Heidelberg fragments reveal certain affinities to the Neanderthal type, and are more primitive. It is not unreasonable to hint at their possible identity.

But if there is any doubt as to the justification for the creation of a special genus to include the Heidelberg man, there can be no such element of uncertainty regarding two other members of the human family, the so-called Ape-Man of Java (*Pithecanthropus erectus*), whose fossilized remains were found at Trinil, on the banks of the Solo River,² by Dr. Eugen Dubois in 1891, and the Dawn-Man (named *Eoanthropus dawsoni* by Dr. Smith Woodward) discovered by the late Mr. Charles Dawson at Piltdown in Sussex (England) ten years ago.

The peculiarities of structure of these two fossils are so definite and pronounced as amply to justify the creation of the two human genera, *Pithecanthropus* and *Eoanthropus*, quite distinct, the one from the other and from the genus *Homo*. They represent far and away the most primitive members of the human family known to us at present. Their features are so archaic that many paleontologists still regard *Pithecanthropus* as an ape, and the jaw of *Eoanthropus* as a chimpanzee's. But no competent anatomist who has examined the actual remains (and not merely models) of these two genera can entertain any doubt that both of them should be included definitely within the human family.

Many other fossil remains of man have been found, besides the two or three genera and the two or three species

² British and American writers usually mistake the Javanese word *Bengawan*, meaning 'river,' for the river's name, which is Solo.

so far mentioned; but all the rest belong definitely to one or other race of *Homo sapiens*, and therefore do not call for enumeration in our list of extinct species.

The few broken fragments of these extinct members of the human family which have so far been recovered probably represent only a small minority of the many experimental types discarded by Nature, before she succeeded in fashioning the supreme species capable of outstripping the rest in the competition for intellectual supremacy. Without undue modesty, we who belong to that species have labeled it *sapiens*.

IV

The vast continents of Africa and Asia represented (or perhaps it would be more correct to say that one or both of them included) the domain of primitive man during the early history of the human family, and the laboratory in which, for untold ages, Nature was making her great experiments to achieve the transmutation of the base substance of some brutal ape into the divine form of man. Until the Rhodesian remains came to light, no fragment of an extinct type of man had come from Africa; and Asia had provided, from Java, — which, at the end of the Pliocene period, was the extreme southeastern corner of the vast continent, — the fragments of one skeleton, *Pithecanthropus*, the most archaic member of the human family. But no trace whatever of human remains has yet been found in the central Afro-Asiatic area, the real cradle of the family. Only the broken fragments swept out to its periphery, Far-Eastern Asia, South Africa, and Western Europe, have so far been recovered, to give us some slight clues as to what was happening in the really vital spot.

The vast geographical area that separates Java from Europe, and the

incalculable span of time that intervened between the epochs of *Pithecanthropus* and the fossil men of Europe, represent a tremendous hiatus in the early history of the human family. Behind the veil of all these hidden centuries, it is well within the bounds of reasonable conjecture to picture the wide stretch of Southern Asia and Africa as peopled by a variety of weird caricatures of mankind, roaming far and wide to satisfy their appetites and avoid extinction. In this competition, the distinctive characters of man were fashioned in the hard school of experience. All that we can learn of the tremendous drama that was being enacted in this laboratory of mankind is based on inferences from a skull-cap and femur from Java, a skull and tibia from Rhodesia, and an assortment of bones from Western Europe!

But if we know nothing of the wonderful story of man's journeyings toward his ultimate goal, beyond what we can infer from the flotsam and jetsam thrown upon the periphery of his ancient domain, it is essential, in attempting to interpret the meaning of these fragments, not to forget the great events that were happening in the more vitally important central area, — say from India to Africa, — and whenever a new specimen is thrown up, to appraise its significance from what we imagine to have been happening elsewhere, and from the evidence it affords of the wider history of man's ceaseless struggle to achieve his destiny.

Nature has always been reluctant to give up to man the secrets of his own early history, or, perhaps, unduly considerate of his vanity in sparing him the full knowledge of these less attractive members of his family, who too obviously retained the mark of the beast.

Thus, during the thousands of years after the members of our species came into being, they remained in ignorance

of the fact that, before the species *sapiens* emerged, the earth was occupied by other species and other genera of mankind. In fact it is only seventy-four years since the first fragment of one of these other species was found at Gibraltar; and not until many years afterward was the momentous significance of this discovery appreciated. In fact, the importance of the fossil skull found at Gibraltar in 1848 was not fully realized until parts of the skeleton of another representative of the same species was found, in 1856, in the Neanderthal cave near Düsseldorf in Westphalia. The latter, unlike the former, happened to come into the hands of a competent anatomist, who was able to appreciate the tremendous meaning of the evidence it provided; and in course of time it was made the type of a species of mankind (*Homo neanderthalensis*), differentiated from that (*Homo sapiens*) to which we ourselves belong.

In the years that followed, further remains of members of this species were found at Spy in Belgium (1886); at Krapina in Croatia (1899-1905); in France at Le Moustier and La Chapelle-aux-Saints (1908); at La Ferrassie (1909-1912); at La Quina (1911); and in Jersey (1910).

From the investigation of this large series of specimens we have learned that, at one time, Europe was inhabited from Gibraltar to Germany and from the Channel Islands to Croatia by a heavily built and brutal type of mankind, with a flat head, sloping forehead, very prominent eyebrow ridges overhanging large orbits, and a very large heavy face, with a defective development of chin. These men walked with half-bent knees and slouching gait, the coarse head being pushed forward on a thick and massive neck, so as to make the profile of the head, neck, and body into an uninterrupted curve, so marked-

ly different from the graceful alternation of curves that constitutes one of the charms in the form assumed by the truly erect figure of modern man.

The discoveries made at Spy (and confirmed at Krapina and the various sites in the Dordogne Valley) revealed the fact that these uncouth members of the human family occupied Europe many millennia ago, at a time when there were living along with them the woolly mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the reindeer and the bison, the cave bear, and many other animals that we regard as utterly alien to Europe. Moreover, we have learned to associate the Neanderthal species of man in Europe (though not necessarily elsewhere) with a particular type of stone implement that has long been known and distinguished as Mousterian, from the village of Le Moustier on the banks of the Vézère, where the type-specimens were obtained by Lartet and Christy in 1860-1863.

Only since so large a series of representatives of this species have been discovered and studied, has it become possible fully to appreciate the significance of the discovery made at Gibraltar, in 1848, when Europe was in the throes of a political and social upheaval which threatened widespread revolution. Whether or not the need for putting the defenses of this British fortress in order, to prepare for the threatening contingencies, was responsible for the recovery of the first-known member of another species of man, is not certain. But it was found by an artillery officer, at a time when soldiers were preparing for the coming storm. When the distinctive features of the Neanderthal species were defined, it was recognized that the Gibraltar skull must be allocated to it; and the differences between them were explained as sexual, the Neanderthal specimen being male and the Gibraltar skull female.

But the recovery at La Quina of a female skull, not only of the same species, but also of the same race, as the man from the Neanderthal cave, shows that the difference between the La Quina and the Gibraltar women is something more than a mere sexual distinction. For there is a marked contrast between the forms of the two female skulls, from La Quina and Gibraltar respectively, and the latter is definitely the more primitive of the two. But there is no justification for reviving the old and discarded name *Homo calicus*, suggested by Falconer, or for following the Italian anthropologist, Sera, in regarding the Gibraltar woman as the sole representative of a species distinct from (and more primitive than) the true Neanderthal species. It is more in accordance with the evidence, to regard the Gibraltar fossil as a member of the Neanderthal species, but as belonging to a different and more primitive race (the Calfic) of that species.

I have entered into this question at some length, because the fact of the discovery of the most primitive member of the Neanderthal species at the very threshold of Europe, near the chief gateway from Africa, is not without significance in the discussion of the Rhodesian skull, the possible affinities of which to the Neanderthal species is now the subject of controversy among anthropologists.

The outstanding feature of the Rhodesian man's traits is the suggestion of a half-developed Neanderthal man, with some of his peculiarities grossly exaggerated, while others are lacking, or replaced by primitive features that more nearly approach the type of modern man.

When Charles Darwin discussed the evolution of man, he was inclined to regard Africa as the likeliest place for the original home of mankind. It is generally recognized that the two

African anthropoid apes, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, are more closely akin to the human family than the other anthropoids, the orang and the gibbon, whose geographical domain is now restricted to the Far East; and it seemed to be more likely than not that, in the migrations of man's nearest relatives from their birthplace, perhaps in Northern India, the ancestors of the human family may have accompanied those of the gorilla and chimpanzee when they made tropical Africa their home. These, however, are mere conjectures which future discoveries may or may not confirm. But with regard to the anthropoid apes themselves, the fossil remains of the little *Propliopithecus*, found in the Egyptian Fayum ten years ago, reveal the fact that, ever since the anthropoid apes first came into existence (probably at the end of the Eocene period), Africa has been a part of their domain, if it was not their original home.

I call attention to these considerations, to suggest that the evidence now at our disposal affords some slight justification for the speculation that Africa may have been the area of characterization, or, to use a more homely phrase, the cradle, both of the anthropoid apes and of the human family. In any case, it is probable that Africa played an important part in the early history of man and his ancestors.

But hitherto no fossilized remains of early types of man have come to light in Africa, to substantiate these assumptions. Some months before the declaration of war in 1914, the announcement was made of the finding of a fossil human skull at Oldoway, in what was then German East Africa; but from the imperfect accounts that have so far been given, it seems that this type of man does not differ from the African Negroes of the present time. A much more important discovery of fossilized human

remains was made a year earlier (in 1913) at Boskop in the Transvaal. The Boskop man cannot be regarded as a member of any of the races still living in Africa; but he belongs quite definitely to the species *Homo sapiens*, and in some respects is akin to the earliest members of that species found in Europe, often called the Cro-Magnon race.

Investigation of the extinct peoples of Europe has directed attention to the probability that the earliest members of the human family found in Western Europe must have come there from Africa.

For various reasons, in addition to the fact that the Bushmen, Hottentots, Pygmies, and other Negroes are among the most lowly races of mankind, Africa is eminently the place where one might expect to discover the remains of still more primitive types of the human family.

V

The peculiarities of the Rhodesian discovery are not exhausted by the statements that the skull reveals a hitherto unknown type of face and skull, and represents the first traces of a species other than *Homo sapiens* from Africa. For the circumstances under which they were found, and the condition of the remains, are altogether different from those of any of the other famous discoveries of fossilized remains of man. The peculiarities of these circumstances I have already explained.

The claim that Rhodesian man is more primitive than Neanderthal man does not necessarily imply that the individual whose remains were found at the Broken Hill mine was alive in the remote times of the glacial epoch in Europe or had not survived to a period ages later than the period of the fossil men of Gibraltar, Neanderthal, and the Dordogne Valley. The animals with which Neanderthal man was associated

in Europe became extinct there when that type of man disappeared from Europe: but many animals closely akin to them are still living in Africa; and it is quite conceivable that an early type of man also may have survived in Africa, as the elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and hyenas have done, for many centuries after their European relatives had been wiped out of existence. It may have happened that the Rhodesian species lived on in South Africa, free from human competition, until the Boskop race, or the ancestors of the Bushmen, made their way down the Dark Continent.

So far, I have referred only to the face of Rhodesian man, and the very positive evidence it affords of the primitive (that is, definitely pre-Neanderthal) type. It has been claimed that such an inference is rendered untenable by the characters of the brain-case and the leg bones. Let us consider the question thus raised for discussion.

In many respects the features of the skull more closely resemble those found in *Homo sapiens* than those of *Homo neanderthalensis*. Hence certain distinguished authorities have suggested that Rhodesian man is later than Neanderthal man, and intermediate in type between the other two species. Even if the primitive characters of the face of the Rhodesian skull were not fatal to such an argument, it would not be convincing, because it does not take into account the fact that, in many respects, the skull of Neanderthal man is highly specialized and further removed from the primitive condition than modern man's skull is. The particular features of resemblance of the Rhodesian and modern skulls are precisely these primitive features which the Neanderthal man lost through too early specialization. Just as the gorilla and the other apes became differentiated from man's ancestors by too hastily adopting

specializations of habit and structure, which destroyed many primitive features retained in the living members of the human family, so the dominant species of the latter has retained many primitive characters that were modified or lost by his unsuccessful Neanderthal cousins. But the possession of such traits by the more primitive members of the family does not mean that the latter are post-Neanderthal in time and development. Its significance is quite the reverse: these primitive characters have been lost by Neanderthal man, never to return, either in them or any forms derived from them.

But, quite apart from this consideration, the brain-case of the Rhodesian skull does retain a number of characters definitely more primitive than those of either *Homo sapiens* or *Homo neanderthalensis*. This is not the place to discuss the technical details of these anatomical features, which are most strikingly displayed in the architecture of the base of the skull. But there is one aspect of the study of the brain-case to which attention must be called, because it is of fundamental importance in the interpretation of Rhodesian man's peculiar significance. The skull provides precise information concerning the size and general form of the brain and its various parts, which has a very direct bearing on the determination of the rank of its possessor in the hierarchy of the human family.

Charles Darwin fully appreciated the fact that the fundamental distinction between man and all other living beings is the immeasurably superior intellectual power of man. But since his time, like so many other obvious facts, this important aspect of anthropology has not received the attention that its importance merits. The intellectual supremacy of man was attained by virtue of certain structural changes in the brain, which can be studied and, in some

measure, understood. The matter of primary importance to anthropologists is to estimate the significance of these variations of cerebral form and proportions, because they afford more precise and directly relevant criteria of human rank and affinities than any other anatomical evidence can provide. In the case of the Rhodesian remains, presenting as they do certain features of a more or less paradoxical nature, the cast of the interior of the brain-case becomes of special importance, because its peculiarities afford unequivocal evidence of decisive value in settling these difficult problems.

Ever since the discovery of the remains of the Javan Ape-Man, *Pithecanthropus*, there has been a difference of opinion among leading anthropologists as to whether the creature was a gigantic ape, a primitive member of the human family, or a creature that was intermediate between the apes and man — that is, a so-called 'missing link.' Speaking generally, it may be said that most German anatomists inclined toward the first point of view, the British toward the second, and the Dutch, — as perhaps one might regard as appropriate to their geographical position, — the third, or intermediate, possibility. But no one who has seen the cast of the interior of the brain-case, and is capable of interpreting its obtrusive peculiarities of form and proportions, could have any hesitation in deciding that *Pithecanthropus* was truly a member of the human family, if a very lowly one. The capacity of the brain-case of the Javan specimen was probably about 950 cubic centimetres (that is, about 100 cubic centimetres greater than Professor Dubois's estimate), which brings it within the range of variation even of *Homo sapiens*; whereas 650 cubic centimetres is the biggest record for an ape, even of a gorilla twice the body-weight of a human being.

Moreover, the endocranial cast of *Pithecanthropus* reveals a localized and precocious expansion of those areas of the brain which we associate with the power of articulate speech, that is, the ability to appreciate, in a far greater degree than other animals are capable of, the auditory symbolism of sounds, and to reproduce them as a means of communication with its fellows, not merely as signals expressive of emotional states, such as most animals can impress upon one another, but also as the means for transmitting information and ideas, and attaining the communion of knowledge and belief that is man's exclusive prerogative. There are grounds for believing that the acquisition of true articulate speech was one of the essential factors in the emergence of man's distinctive characters; and the form of the endocranial cast of *Pithecanthropus* suggests that the Javan Ape-Man possessed this hallmark of human rank, and the right to be included in the human family.

The same distinctive features are recognizable also in the somewhat larger endocranial cast of the Dawn-Man of Piltdown. The peculiarities of the brain of Rhodesian Man can best be summarized by the statement that it is intermediate in type between those of the Piltdown and of the Neanderthal men. It is distinctly larger than the former, but smaller than the latter. The process of development revealed by comparing the endocranial cast of the Piltdown skull with that of *Pithecanthropus* is carried a stage further in the Rhodesian brain. The expansion has involved other areas; but there are still territories in the upper parietal, prefrontal, and inferior temporal regions of the Rhodesian brain, which are singularly ill-developed as compared with the corresponding parts of the brains of either the Neanderthal or the modern species of man.

It is of special interest to note that the defective areas of the brain are those parts which attain their maturity latest in the developmental history of the modern human infant, and are especially associated with the discrimination of the form, weight, and texture of objects as they appeal to the sense of touch, with the power of learning highly skilled movements with the hands, and, in a general sense, with the higher intellectual functions. The part of the brain which has been found to be highly developed in several modern men distinguished for musical genius is remarkably small, and simply folded, in the Rhodesian brain. This brain, in fact, was deficient in those parts by which the high degree of foresight, discrimination, and refinement of modern men is determined and made possible.

VI

The evidence afforded by the brain thus corroborates the inference drawn from the peculiarities of the face and the skull, that the Rhodesian man conforms to a type definitely more primitive than that of the Neanderthal species.

But there is one feature of the remains found at Broken Hill that has raised some doubt as to the correctness of this inference. The leg bones found with the skull are longer and straighter than the corresponding bones of members of the Neanderthal species. The short, thick, and curved leg bones of Neanderthal man, which indicate that this ungainly type of mankind walked with a shuffling gait and bent knees, are often regarded as survivals of man's more simian ancestors. The condition of the neck vertebrae and the skull of Neanderthal man corroborates the conclusions drawn from the leg bones; for they complete the picture of the slouching posture by showing that the

head was thrown forward on the thick massive neck. Instead of being truly erect, the body was carried in a stooping attitude, the line of the back passing, by a gradual curve, along that of the neck to the brutal flattened head.

The length and straightness of the Rhodesian leg bones and the features of the base of the skull have been claimed as evidence that the man of Broken Hill walked upright, and had therefore lost the mark of the ape which survived in Neanderthal man's posture. If the Rhodesian man has really lost this simian trait, which Neanderthal man has retained, how, it may be asked, can the former be regarded as a more primitive type than the latter? Is Dr. Smith Woodward right in claiming that the Rhodesian man walked erect, and represents a phase of evolution later than the Neanderthal type? These are the problems that have to be threshed out during the coming months. All that I need say on the matter now is, first, that the base of the skull (and especially the position of the *foramen magnum*) is not in such close agreement with that of modern man as has been supposed; and, secondly, that the leg bones present peculiar features which differentiate them from those both of modern man and Neanderthal man.

In the discussion of this extremely difficult and highly technical problem, the question of the significance of the thigh bone found along with the skull-cap of *Pithecanthropus* will have to be threshed out once more. If the leg bone found in the same formation as the skull at Trinil really belonged to *Pithecanthropus*, and the specific name *erectus* given to the Javan Ape-Man by

Professor Dubois is a correct description of its posture, the recognition of this fact will have a very direct bearing on the estimation of the significance of the Rhodesian man's posture. For, if the most ancient and primitive member of the human family walked erect, the (assumed) erectness of Rhodesian man cannot be fatal to the claim to regard him as primitive. In the meantime, the evidence provided by his face, brain-case, and endocranial cast, seems to me to point conclusively to the fact that, in the bones found in the Broken Hill mine, we have the remains of a type of mankind definitely more primitive than all the known members of the human family, with the exception only of *Pithecanthropus* and *Eoanthropus*, from Java and Piltdown respectively.

The Rhodesian remains have now found a resting-place, beside those from Piltdown, in the Natural History Department of the British Museum at South Kensington; and under the competent direction of Dr. Smith Woodward the difficult problems which will arise in the investigation of their anatomical features, and the interpretation of their significance, will be accomplished with care and sobriety of judgment. Within the next three months Dr. Smith Woodward and his collaborators hope to have ready for publication by the British Museum a comprehensive monograph presenting the evidence relating to the many-sided problems roughly outlined here; so that everyone interested in the history of the human family will then have the materials upon which to base independent conclusions as to the meaning of the extinct species of mankind from Rhodesia.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

BY B. S. ROWNTREE

I

WAR is shorn of its glory. Men who have fought on many battlefronts, whose well-won decorations show that cowardice is only a name to them, are yet profoundly convinced that such a catastrophe as that which overtook us in 1914 must be made impossible in future. In short, we are gradually awakening to a realization of the fact that for civilized communities to settle their differences as if they were super-hyenas or super-jackals does not reflect much credit on the intelligence of the human race. And so that intelligence is gradually ceasing to develop the science and machinery of war, and beginning to develop the science, and perfect the machinery, of peace.

God knows that men have struggled against this development. They have adopted every artifice and argument to persuade themselves that war is a magnificent thing; that true greatness of character is impossible without it; that all the virtues which go to build up a virile race have their origin in the war-spirit. Only a demonstration so overpowering that it came near to ending the civilization of Europe has persuaded them of their error.

To-day, men are thinking peace. They are thinking it in Washington, they are thinking it in Geneva, they are thinking it in Paris, Rome, and London. Nations are anxiously seeking to discover means by which they can settle such differences as may from time to time arise between them, on a

basis of right rather than of might. This constitutes the hope for humanity.

This development in international relations leads us to believe that the time has come for those who are responsible for the conduct of industry to think industrial peace, and to set it before themselves as an ideal, to be realized, not in some far-distant century, but now. Its realization is perfectly possible. The perpetual industrial warfare from which the whole world suffers, and which we euphemistically call 'unrest,' can be ended in your lifetime and mine.

The trouble is that, hitherto, both Capital and Labor have regarded industrial unrest as inevitable, and have accepted it just as they accept rain and sunshine, summer and winter; whereas it is not inevitable — on the contrary, its existence is a serious reflection on the ability of those who are responsible for the management of business. I believe profoundly that it is possible practically to secure industrial peace without any fundamental changes in the basis of industry. It is possible to-day; it may be impossible to-morrow. The war has had a profound effect on the psychology of the workers. It has shaken them out of their ruts, it has broadened their outlook, so that to-day they are not prepared to accept industrial conditions just as they find them. They are asking many questions that they never asked before. Even the basis of industry is being questioned,

and the social and economic developments in Russia and Germany are being watched with close interest.

Now I hold no brief for capitalism. I would gladly see it abolished to-morrow if I were sure that it would at once be replaced by some system which would better serve the interests of the community as a whole. But I see no such alternative, and I am convinced that, whatever the ultimate basis of industry may be, the right course at present is to work for improved conditions within the capitalistic system. It is, however, important to recognize that many workers — and their number is by no means confined to men holding 'Bolshevist' opinions — are profoundly dissatisfied with some of the conditions in industry to-day, and are determined to remedy them. If they can do so without upsetting the capitalistic system, they will be quite content; but, if they cannot find a remedy in one way, they will find it in another. I think it important to emphasize the changed psychology of the workers, because I have observed that many employers are trying to persuade themselves that the labor problem of to-day is that of 1914. To act on such an assumption is to court disaster.

II

Now, let us ask on what terms industrial peace can be secured.

It cannot be secured by 'keeping the workman in his place.' The day for that kind of thing is past. Popular education and political democracy sealed the doom of industrial serfdom, and the war put the last nail in its coffin. The attempt being made by some employers, to take advantage of the present industrial depression to 'teach the workers a lesson,' suggests the short-sighted cunning of the opportunist rather than the wisdom of the states-

man. Nor, if we are wise, shall we attempt to secure industrial peace by establishing a balance of power between Capital and Labor, in a state of equilibrium so delicate that neither party dares take the risk of upsetting it. Such an expedient is too dangerous, and contains no basis of permanence.

There remains only one way to establish industrial peace: it is to remove the occasions of industrial war. That sounds like a mere platitude; but is it not extraordinary that so little constructive thought is being given to working out this remedy?

No one can carefully observe modern industry without being struck by the difference between the way in which the average employer approaches the solution of technical difficulties in his business and the way in which he approaches labor difficulties.

I have just visited a large number of factories in the United States, and I have been amazed by the high degree to which research departments have been developed. There are magnificent laboratories, with every kind of apparatus, and staffed by the ablest men of science. They are not only investigating the immediate difficulties presented by manufacturing processes, but are spending years in the exhaustive investigation of scientific problems perhaps only remotely connected with the practical work of the factory. Why do they do this? Because they want thoroughly to explore the why and wherefore of any factory process. Modern industry cannot afford to do things by rule of thumb. True progress depends on accurate knowledge and understanding.

But when the heads of these factories pass from the technical to the human problems of industry, the scientific spirit seems to leave them. Their dealings with 'Labor' are comparatively crude and unscientific, and are characterized by the very 'rule-of-thumb'

policy which is so rigorously avoided in connection with technical problems. There is none of the spirit of the explorer, of the research student, in the dealings of the average employer with labor problems. He is inclined to take things for granted — to accept theories which he has never examined.

He employs certain stimuli, out of which the virtue has long departed, in order to produce certain desired reactions; and because he does not obtain them, he grows impatient and finds fault with the workers. If he were working with iron or rubber instead of human beings, he would act quite differently. He would say, 'I want to obtain certain results. I have employed certain means but have been unsuccessful. I must hand this problem over to the laboratory, to find out where I am wrong.' Then his experts would patiently work on the problem, not blaming the iron or rubber, but seeking out just how it should be treated to secure the desired result.

Now, the point I want to make is that we shall allay industrial unrest only if we approach the problem in the patient, scientific spirit that we adopt in other departments of industry. The 'reaction' we desire is that Capital and Labor, instead of spending a large part of their energy in fighting each other, shall devote it all to wresting from nature the wealth she is always willing to yield up to honest effort.

We must not only ascertain and establish the basic conditions necessary to secure industrial peace, but we must establish right human relations in all our dealings with the workers.

III

I believe that our examination must cover the following items:—

1. Wages.
2. Hours of work.

3. The worker's economic security.
4. The worker's status in industry.
5. The financial interest of the worker in the profits of the industry in which he is engaged.

Wages. — Minimum wages should be based on human needs. Wages above the minimum may be left to the higgling of the market:—

The minimum wage of a man should be such as will enable him to marry, to live in a decent house, and to maintain a family of normal size in a state of physical efficiency, leaving a reasonable margin for contingencies and recreation.

The minimum wage of a woman should enable her to live in similar comfort, providing for herself alone.¹

Now there are to-day, in America as well as in England, large numbers of men and women of normal ability whose wages fall below this standard, though the proportion of these is higher in England than America. So long as this continues, there is no hope of industrial peace.

The first duty of the employer who is studying the question scientifically is to ascertain, for his own locality, what money-wage is necessary to enable workers to live in accordance with the above standard. How many employers have done this? Is it not obviously the first thing to do? Limitations of space prevent me from discussing how such an inquiry can be made; but the information can easily be obtained.²

¹ I am referring here to minimum wages — the wages below which no man or woman of normal ability should be employed. I do not discuss the question of equal pay for equal work as between men and women. Minimum wages must be based on normal conditions. It is the normal condition for a man to marry and have a family; whereas normally a woman-worker is responsible only for her own maintenance.

² *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, for July, 1913: vol. xlv, p. 111.

The Human Needs of Labor, by B. S. Rown-tree.

It may be urged that it is futile to discuss any means of securing industrial peace which involves an addition to wages. As to this, I will make two observations. First: if there were *real* industrial peace,—not merely a suspicious abstention from open hostility, but the kind of peace that leads to cordial coöperation,—wages might be increased without a corresponding increase in the cost of production. Secondly: I do not suggest that wages should, in all cases, be immediately advanced. The advance, if necessary, can be made gradually, as circumstances permit. The point of importance is that the workers shall know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the employer, on his own initiative, recognizes his responsibility in the matter, and is straining every nerve so to increase the efficiency of his business as to enable him to pay an adequate minimum wage. If they are convinced of this, they will be willing to wait. What leads to unrest is indifference on the part of the employer to the human needs of the workers, and his refusal to raise inadequate wages save under the pressure of a strike or the threat of a strike. Such employers often protest that to raise wages will ruin their business. But the strike succeeds, wages are forced up, and the business continues to provide adequate profits. Is the anger of the workers surprising?

Hours of Work.—Workers should have sufficient leisure to enable them completely to recruit their energies after the day's work, and to express their personalities in their own way.

In America, and perhaps even more in England, we have established a normal working-week of reasonable length; but there still exist factories and even industries where the twelve-hour day is worked. It is no adequate excuse that the period spent in the factory does not consist of constant labor, but

includes many spells of leisure. The point is that, when a man has to be on duty so long in a factory, his life can consist only of 'bed and work.' He cannot live like a normal citizen. It is a fairly safe rule that the claims of citizenship should take precedence over those of industry; and, where this rule is continuously broken, dissatisfaction and consequent unrest are sure to result. Wide experience points to forty-eight hours of work a week as a reasonable standard, and any deviation from it should be justified by special circumstances.

The Worker's Economic Security.—In approaching the discussion of the economic insecurity of the worker's life, we come to that condition of modern industry which, probably more than any other, contributes to industrial unrest.

I do not think that employers generally have in the least realized how heavily a sense of insecurity weighs on the worker's mind. Of the three main sources of insecurity,—unemployment, illness, and old age,—the first is the one that causes the worker the deepest concern.

As I write, there are millions of men and women who are out of work. Their unemployment is due, not to any fault of theirs, but to world-movements which they are powerless to control. When the trade depression struck America and England with the suddenness and force of a tropical tornado, millions of workers were simply 'laid off,' and left to shift for themselves till their services should be needed again. Meanwhile, industry is not concerned with them. The individual worker may have a wife and children at home; wages may not have been high enough to enable him to save—it is all the same. Industry has no word of comfort. Perhaps the foreman was sympathetic and said, 'I'm sorry, Jack, but we've no

orders in. I can't help it. Let you know when anything turns up.' But his sympathy availed nothing.

Think of the whole situation — the agony of breaking the news at home; the hopeless trudging-round, looking for work, in a world where there were scores of applicants for every job; the piling-up of debts with the landlord, the grocer, with every tradesman who can be induced to extend credit to a man without a job; the pawnshop; then short rations, the wife and children getting paler and thinner; the empty stove, the empty purse, the heart empty of hope.

That is the abyss on the edge of which the worker lives. I know a couple — a bricklayer and his wife. They are charming people, and their home is a delight to enter, so full is it of simple refinement. The man is a first-rate worker — no 300 bricks a day for him! But, during the present period of depression, his wife says that she dreads to see him coming home on pay-night, lest he should bring the news that he has been 'laid off.' Ah, yes; it may be easy for an employer to say, 'I've had to lay off 500 "hands"'; but the words are fraught with sombre meaning to each of the 'hands' laid off, and to his wife and bairns.

I wish the community realized what a tragedy unemployment is. It is a standing marvel to me, with what indifference this great evil is regarded by the man in the street, and with what a spirit of fatalism by the workers.

A spirit of fatalism — yes, that is true. But the evil engenders a deep sense of injustice. It drives the iron deeper into the heart of the worker than any other ill that besets him. There is profound bitterness in the thought that his labor (and therefore himself, since he cannot be separated from his labor) is mere chattel, to be bought and kept while needed, and, when no longer

needed, to be thrown away like an empty tomato tin. That thought makes the promises of the revolutionist orators sound inviting, and is the chief cause of industrial unrest.

Effective steps to deal with the menace of unemployment must be taken before peace can be hoped for in industry. We must, as a community, adopt every possible means of lessening the volume of unemployment. I have not space even to outline some of the measures which might prove useful in this connection, but will say only, first, that there is no panacea for the cure of the evil: it must be attacked from many sides. Second, that when the utmost has been done to lessen the volume of unemployment, there will still be a considerable proportion of it left to deal with; and the problem of removing the menace of unemployment from the minds of those for whom work cannot be found can be met only by some scheme of unemployment insurance.

I have met in America a curious objection to unemployment insurance. It is partly due to grossly exaggerated accounts of the abuses which have attended its introduction in England. Of course, when, by a stroke of the pen, eight million workers are insured against unemployment, just at the beginning of the worst trade depression from which the world has ever suffered, some abuse is sure to occur. It takes time to build up the machinery necessary to check it; but to say that the Unemployment Insurance Act in England is a failure is to betray ignorance of the facts. Nothing has occurred in England to indicate that the policy is unsound, whereas much has occurred to justify it. But of course the fifteen shillings for which the British worker is insured, though much better than nothing, is quite inadequate to remove from his mind the menace of unemployment. Much more than that is required.

Careful calculations made by an unofficial committee in England show that by setting aside, year by year, a sum equal to about $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of the wages-bill, it would be possible to insure all adult workers for half wages during unemployment, with an additional 10 per cent for a man's wife and 5 per cent for each dependent child under sixteen, up to a maximum of 75 per cent of the family wages.

There are no reliable statistics of the average amount of unemployment in America, but there is no reason to suppose that it is higher than in England. Is it not worth a sum equal to $3\frac{3}{4}$ or 4 per cent of the wages-bill to remove forever the menace of unemployment from the worker's mind?

'Ah, but,' I have heard some employers say, 'nothing could be more demoralizing than to pay men when they are not working!'

Of course, we must guard against any danger of abuse in a scheme of unemployment insurance; but it is not difficult to devise effective administrative checks. The best form of check is to make the scheme a coöperative one, the premiums being paid partly by the employers and partly by the workers; and then to leave the responsibility of administering the fund primarily in the hands of the workers. Given a well-thought-out scheme, with proper safeguards, there is no fear of abuse on a serious scale. I have seen one or two individual factory schemes working admirably in the States, and a scheme giving unemployment benefits of 50 per cent of the average wage to single men and women, and 75 per cent to married men with three children, is proving satisfactory in my own works in England.

At any rate, it is certain that any danger there may be from this source is insignificant compared with the danger of inaction. I repeat once more that

the menace of unemployment is the most potent cause of industrial unrest.

The Worker's Status in Industry. — Earlier in this article I referred to the changes, resulting partly from education and partly from the experiences connected with the World War, which have affected the outlook of the workers, causing them to ask many questions, among others: 'Why should we always be regarded as the servants of Capital?'

I can imagine some capitalist saying, as he reads this, 'Really, what are we coming to? Am I no longer to be master in my own house?' But I beg him to be patient, and to remember that we are trying to examine the problem of labor scientifically, without any feeling, and, above all, without any preconceived ideas.

Certainly, we employers have always assumed that we were masters, and the workers servants. But is that quite fair? What is the bargain that Capital makes with Labor? Is it not essentially this: 'My capital is useless to me without workers who will use it and make it fruitful. Your labor can effect but little without my capital. Let us coöperate, and we will share the product?' But does this necessarily imply a relation of master and servant?

Briefly, what the workers ask to-day is that they shall have a definite share in determining the conditions under which they shall work. They don't like to come into the factory some morning and find, posted on the wall, some new shop-rule, vitally affecting their lives, in the framing of which they have had no part.

I think that a minority of them go much farther. But the great majority of workers do not ask to share in the control of the financial and commercial sides of industry. All they ask is to share in determining the working conditions.

This demand is being widely made,

and I have been struck by the readiness with which employers are recognizing its justice and are trying to meet it. Everywhere shop councils are springing up. Evidence shows that this new claim on the worker's part can be met, without weakening discipline or lowering efficiency.

I would utter only one word of warning. Some employers are trying to put off the workers by giving them a voice in determining what I may term 'welfare' matters. But this is not what they are asking for. On the other hand, I have seen a factory where all shop-rules are drawn up jointly by the workers and managers; where the workers are consulted before foremen are appointed; and where anyone punished, by dismissal or otherwise, for a breach of discipline, has a right of appeal to a committee consisting of two members chosen by the workers, two by the directors, and a chairman agreed upon by the four. Here the workers have a real share in the legislative, executive, and judicial sides of works-administration; and the scheme works admirably. In other factories, I have seen even more democratic methods of administration working well.

If we would secure industrial peace, let the watchword of the management be: 'How far can I invite the coöperation of the workers in the industrial side of works-administration?' — not, 'How little of my power need I give up?'

The Financial Interest of the Worker in the Profits of the Industry in Which He Is Engaged. — I come now to the last item in the account that we must meet if we would purchase industrial peace. I have included it only after much consideration, and in the face of long-held prejudice. But a very detailed inquiry into the results of profit-sharing, *where it has been given a fair trial*, has convinced me that I must lay aside my old bias.

The workers say: 'Why should we do our very best, as you are constantly urging, when the chief result, so far as we can see, is to increase the dividends of shareholders whom we have never seen and for whom we care nothing?'

It is useless to try to persuade such a questioner that the interests of Capital and Labor are really the same; and, as a matter of fact, they are not fully the same.

But the position would be quite different if an arrangement were made under which, after labor had received its standard wage, and capital the standard interest on secured capital, *plus* a reasonable premium to cover risk, any surplus profit should be divided between Capital and Labor in a previously agreed proportion. Under such a scheme a manager would be justified in urging everyone to give his best, of brain as well as brawn.

I know all the arguments against profit-sharing; I have used them for years. But a close examination of the facts has convinced me that this means of developing coöperation between the two parties in industry is an essential condition of lasting peace.

IV

These then are the items in the account which we must meet if we would purchase industrial peace: reasonable wages; reasonable hours; reasonable economic security; an improved status for the worker; a share to the worker in the profits of industry.

Some of us have tried one of these methods, others have tried others; and we may have been disappointed. I do not think that we shall achieve full success until we try all five together.

Employers in America have sometimes said to me: 'Ah, yes; that's all very well in England, but our problem is different.' Of course, there are su-

perficial differences, and of course the administrative methods of applying a principle will differ in the two countries; but I am convinced that, fundamentally, the problem of securing industrial peace is the same in England and America, and that the solution in both cases will be found on the same lines.

I recently visited a factory in America, where all the five points I have mentioned were being adequately dealt with; and the results were all that could be desired. So far from the experiments proving costly, the output per man-hour had increased by 25 per cent; and although the workers were getting 50 per cent of all profits after capital had been paid 6 per cent, the president of the company told me that he thought the stockholders were better rather than worse off than they would have been under the old régime.

One word in conclusion. It is necessary, first of all, to establish basic conditions in industry which are just, and which take full account of the changed outlook of the workers; and, secondly, to see that all administrative acts are carried out in the right spirit. We may have a machine perfectly adapted to its work, which may fail to function because the engineer does not thoroughly understand how to manipulate it. Similarly, an overbearing foreman or manager, while conforming to the letter of admirable regulations, may com-

pletely spoil their spirit. And an ideal code may yield disappointing results because it is clumsily administered.

Those of us who are responsible for 'dealing with Labor,' as we somewhat crudely express it, cannot too often remember that there is no such thing as 'Labor.' The working force consists of a number of individuals, each having a personality different from all the rest. They are as sensitive as we are to encouragement and discouragement, as easily roused to anger or suspicion, as easily roused to loyalty and effort.

Put the *best* man in the works in charge of labor, the man with the wisest head and the biggest heart. Don't minimize the labor side of business. That is the mistake we have made in the past, and for which we are paying bitterly to-day.

And lastly, let us not forget a warning uttered by Tolstoy:—

'It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron, without love; but one cannot deal with men without it; just as one cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees, you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men.'

THE MARQUIS GOES DONKEY-RIDING

BY ADELINE ADAMS

I

My great-grandmother was by no means an accomplished French scholar. Was yours? And even in English, my great-grandmother's spelling was far from faultless. In those well-thumbed receipt-books of hers, written by her own hand, and still beautifully legible, you will note that she sometimes doubles the *t* in butter, and sometimes not; she generally gives an *h* to sugar, and seldom allows an egg more than one *g* to stand on. But the far-flung fame of her cooking did not suffer in consequence. And had her prowess in languages and in orthography been equal to her skill in the household arts of her day (spinning, weaving, brewing and the like), my cousin Felix might never have known the joyous adventures of a collector of Lafayette silver. For, frankly, it was my great-grandmother, who, owing to a slip in her French, first sent the marquis on his donkey-riding. Lafayette in Egypt! Cousin Felix never rested until he got to the bottom of the matter.

Felix Bradford, you must know, is one of the great color-manufacturers of the age. Tube-colors, of course. There's more in the business, and perhaps less in the tubes, than one would expect. But Felix is a thoroughly good sport; and twenty years ago, finding that he was making a comfortable income from the art of painting (other men's painting), he decided to become a collector of something besides money. Colonial silver, for example; and he hoped to

include among his treasures the lost Lafayette porringer, from which, as a child, he had often been spiritually fed.

He had never seen that porringer, though our grandmother Bradford had frequently described its glories, and had told us just how, at the age of eight, she had lost the better part of it forever. It had been ordered in Paris, by her seafaring father, a petty officer under Paul Jones. Very likely the museums would not call it a porringer, for it was larger and finer than most vessels in that class; besides, it had a cover. Grandmother Bradford, sinful little child though she once was, had not lost the cover. Felix, as a boy, had often seen it and even handled it, delightedly running his fingers over its fluted silver dome, topped by a flaming torch wrought in silver, with touches of gold inlaid among the flames. He had an exquisite joy in caressing that silver-gilt finial. Sometimes, to vary his beautiful imaginary pain in being burned by it, he would wet a thumb-and forefinger before touching it, though he knew Grandmother Bradford did not approve the gesture. Evidently Cousin Felix was early marked for some important contact with the fine arts.

Felix was a little boy of six when that great American awakening, the Philadelphia Centennial, showed the world, as by a lightning-flash, just how backward we were in matters of art. It was annoying, but it had to be admitted, that all those peoples across the water

(who, we strongly suspected, did not keep the Ten Commandments nearly so well as we did) were our superiors in the creation of beauty.

From that time onward, Felix felt the influence of our shamed national gropings in art, and groped with the best. I say nothing for his early pencil copy of a work called Pharaoh's Horses, a copy finally completed after prodigious efforts on the part of an anaemic Saturday-morning drawing-teacher to keep him at the job for many weeks. Nor can I endorse the lady's method, the first important step of which was completely to cover a steel engraving of Pharaoh's Horses with tissue paper, a small square portion of this being torn off at the beginning of each session, to disclose the exact amount of horseflesh that must be completed within the two hours. Somehow, the square inch that Felix happened to be producing at any given moment never seemed in itself to be far wrong; yet the more inches he completed, the less right his copy looked. This vaguely troubled both teacher and pupil, but neither of them knew what to do about it, except to press on. Houdon's celebrated maxim, '*Copiez, copiez, copiez toujours*,' has never, I hope, had a more literal and ruthless application. For years thereafter, Felix could not look upon a 4-H pencil without active loathing.

But even Pharaoh's Horses, for all their fiery eyes and swelling neck-veins, could not quite trample the life out of Felix's love of the beautiful. On rainy holidays, with a plate of ginger cookies at hand, he still liked to peer inside grandmother's corner cabinet, where she kept the 'bug china,' the mandarin teacups, the thin silver teaspoons, the curiously elaborate sugar-tongs, and the sugar-bowl with a castle on it. If there were no other boys about, he would gladly listen to the old lady's story of the Lafayette porringer, with its engraving

of the marquis on donkey-back. Lafayette in Egypt! It was a tale to invite dreams.

Grandma Bradford had two quite different ways of talking. When she spoke of modern things, or read a paper at the Ladies' Circle, she used her modern manner; but when she talked of old-time things, she generally dropped into a style to correspond.

'There I set on the front porch,' she would say, 'eatin' my cold porridge out of the porringer. I was the only girl, and they allus called it I was some indulged. But I guess folks would n't call it that nowadays! 'Twas a hot evenin', and Aunt Carline hed company, and they wanted to talk by theirselves, so she let me set out on the porch with my supper. And when I got it et, I put the porringer up onto the porch jest as careful as I could, and begun playin' with Rover. He was a real young dog, Rover was; a puppy, you might say, but a big dog, too. I dunno how 't is, but dogs don't seem to *come* as big now as they did then! And fust thing I knew, he lep' up onto the porch, and got that porringer into his maouth, and rushed off downhill, me racin' after him. And that was the last our family ever saw of it. And Rover never stopped till he got to the brook; it was roarin' turrible, the brook was, 'cos it had be'n a rainy summer; and the more I called, the more he did n't hear, but kep' a-runnin'. And he run and he run, all along the brook-side, till he got to the path that led square up to the Ellicksenders' house, and there he turned up sharp —'

Grandma paused for breath, and let Felix take up the familiar tale.

'And the Ellicksenders' house,' recited Felix, with gusto, 'was no better than a den of thieves.'

'Yes, and jest then I heard Aunt Carline callin', and back I flew to the haouse. And when she said, "Why, Lydia Fairlee, where is the rest of the

porringer?" oh, my, wa'n't I scairt? I hope it will be a lesson to *you*, Felix, the way I was too scairt to tell the hull truth. I was scairt o' bein' punished, so I told a part-truth, which is a near-lie, same as some boys I know of.'

Felix reddened, and deemed it wise to advance the story as hurriedly as possible. 'You told her you put it up onto the porch, careful as anything —'

'Yes, but I did n't dass tell her Rover hed snatched the porringer, and was carryin' it straight as a streak o' lightnin' to the Ellicksender boys. No, sir, as long as I was in my right mind, I never owned up a syllable of it to anybody!' A note of sinful triumph rang in the old lady's voice. "'T wa'n't till two years later it all came out. I hed scarlet fever, and was dretful deleterious, and raved a lot about Rover and the porringer and the Ellicksender haouse; so Aunt Carline knew at last jest what had happened. That sickness spared me the rod, I guess!' Grandma chuckled at the thought of this immunity, but at once recollected herself. 'No, Felix, 't ain't any use. Be sure your sin will find you out.'

Again Felix squirmed away from any impending moral, mentally making a note to the effect that he must study ways to avoid scarlet fever, if not actual sin.

'But of course, 't was too late then to accuse the Ellicksenders. And one o' them, the wust one, hed died in jail, anyhow; so you see, Felix, if he *did* take that porringer, his sin found *him* out, too. The youngest boy turned out real good, it seems. Grew up to be a minister, real celebrated, too. Some younger 'n me, he was.'

But the career of the boy who 'turned out real good' had no vital interest for Felix. His thoughts wandered toward the 'wust one,' the one who died in jail. Not that he himself wanted to die in jail: far from it. But he certainly did

not want to grow up to be a minister, either; and he hoped in his secret heart that there might be some middle course. A most determined little fellow was Felix. That day, while listening to one half of the porringer story, and repeating the other, he made up his mind that, when he should reach man's estate, he would get to the bottom of this Lafayette business.

Very delicately he twirled the silver cover over his palm, as if it were a kind of sacred top too fine for human nature's daily play. He flicked it lightly, connoisseur-fashion, with his handkerchief. For a second, he was almost sorry that the handkerchief, from its nature and uses, had to be so grimy. Then he heaved a sigh for beauty vanished. I have often thought that, if Cousin Felix had gone into poetry instead of paint, he would have made good in that, too.

'Too bad there's no bottom when there's such a beautiful top! Say, Grammer, show us the drawing you made when you were little.'

Nothing loath, Grammer unlocked one of the small drawers of her cabinet, and took from it a packet of ancient letters. In the heart of the packet was a square of brownish paper, on which was traced a circle about six inches in diameter, with two projecting lace-like ears. One might call it a plan view of the bowl of the porringer. Little Lydia Fairlee had drawn it by the simple expedient of laying the object upside down on the paper, and penciling around the outline. Evidently the pierced handles had attracted the child, for these had been drawn with great care. In the space beneath, she had done her own hand, by the same process. Many a time Felix had fitted his own five fingers over that symbol. Once his hand had been a rather good fit, but of late, it had been growing steadily beyond bounds.

'Yes, sir,' Madam Bradford was say-

ing, 'that's the drawin', and I can assure you I was well cuffed by Aunt Carline for usin' up her paper. Those days, folks did n't throw paper arround the way they do to-day. I suppose, ef I'd be'n a child these times, I'd 'a' had Sattidy drawin'-lessons, and I hope I could 'a' profited by 'em. But nobody ever gave me a chance at Pharaoh's hosses.'

Felix grinned, guiltily.

'Anyways, your great-grandfather saved up that drawin' pretty car'ful! We found it among his papers. And when I'm through, I shall leave it to you, along with the silver cover. You're the one that loves lovely things.'

Felix was too well used to that reference, 'when I'm through,' to feel it very deeply, other than as a part of the porringer story. But he was an affectionate child, and there being no spectators, he gave his grandmother the kiss she wanted. Then he fitted the cover over the drawing, as he had often done before.

'And there was a picture of Lafayette on the side of the bottom part?'

Madam Bradford suddenly switched to her most modern style of speech. She often took a sly pleasure in disconcerting her hearers by making these lightning changes.

'An engraving is the correct term, I believe.' There was a world of prunes and prisms in her tone. 'An engraving upon silver, executed in Paris. And underneath it was engraved, all in the French language, "Lafayette in Egypt." Your great-grandmother, who was quite a French scholar for those days, used to translate it for me. Very Frenchy writing it was, too; very Frenchy and flourishy. And in the picture, I mean the engraving, there was Lafayette on donkey-back, plain as anything, all wrapped up in a big cloak, and right alongside was a man, his body servant, I expect, urging the don-

key on. I can see it in my mind to this day. If I was a drawer, I could draw it for you.'

Felix sighed again, a sigh of yearning and disillusion. Somehow donkey-riding, even in Egypt, and with a body servant, seemed to him rather tame work for Lafayette. He himself would have preferred for his hero something in more heroic vein. He knew from a picture in his geography that donkeys went with the Pyramids and the mouths of the Nile. Of course, donkey-riding is well enough, in an everyday sort of way; but was Lafayette an everyday sort of man? In his heart Felix felt it a pity that the marquis had n't had a 'go' at Pharaoh's horses, or their descendants. Once, in church, the minister had read out in a great voice something about a Bible horse, whose neck was 'clothed in thunder.' That Bible horse, Felix reasoned, would have been just the mount for Lafayette! For a moment, the little boy's mind even harbored a doubt as to his great-grandmother's French scholarship.

'Grammer, are you sure it *was* a donkey? Do you remember the ears?'

Madam Bradford replied with a majesty that withered all doubt. 'I do. If I was a drawer, I could draw those ears for you. Lafayette in Egypt.'

II

To-day, Cousin Felix himself hardly knows at what age he began to fit various facts together, with an accuracy damaging to the Lafayette myth. If, as family tradition had it, the porringer had been ordered in Paris by our seafaring ancestor, in the year 1779, was it really likely that, at that date, Lafayette's exploits, either warlike or otherwise, either in Egypt or elsewhere, were already so noised abroad as to be stock subjects for the silversmith's skill? Absurd! 'Any Sophomore would know

better,' reasoned the youth Felix; 'even a Harvard man.' But by the time Felix had taken his degree at Yale, and was beginning at the bottom round of the paint business, his interest in the vanished porringer had become dormant; for many years thereafter, his business career, his new home and growing family occupied his mind, to the exclusion of childish trifles.

Nevertheless, at the destined hour, his collector's passion overtook him, and was thenceforth to remain with him. He began to haunt auction-rooms, private collections, museums. Pictures, books, furniture — he loved them all; but Colonial silver was his chief desire. He read much, studied much, and even wrote a little, now and then, upon this subject paramount. And, though he scarcely owned it, even to himself, the missing part of the Fairlee porringer was the central object of his quest. As the years rushed on with gathering speed, the by-products of this pursuit became very considerable: his collection vied with that of Lockwood or of Halsey or of Clearwater. Silver tankards and platters were his; also silver braziers and caudle-cups and chocolate-pots, silver ladles and buckles and patchboxes. But porringers were really his long suit, he said. Of these, he possessed enough to lend a score to various museums, and yet to keep in his own cabinet a more than sufficient number (all of the middle period) to serve as soup-bowls for his famous dinners of twelve.

Naturally, his delight in what he had merely whetted his longing for what he had not. Whenever his birthdays impended, as they continued to do with annoying annual precision, his wife and the elder children (especially young Felicia) would once more set out hunting for 'the Lafayette bottom'; and failing always in their search, would, in despair, purchase some costly and in-

adequate substitute for the thing they sought. Indeed, 'Father's feeling for antique silver, you know!' had made him no niggard with modern gold, and his offspring, even in their early youth, had their many-leaved, rigorously inspected check-books. Nor could I ever see that they were in any way the worse for this indulgence.

Felix smiled happily enough when, on the morning of his fifty-first birthday, young Felicia bounded into his study, and plumped down upon his table an ill-favored bulbous tankard of somewhat baroque design — a piece which she jubilantly declared was 'a genuine John Cony,' but which was really, as our wise expert whispered to himself in the midst of his outspoken praise and thanksgiving, 'no more a Cony than I am a king.'

'No use, Dad,' said young Felicia, shaking a wise blonde head, in her funny little perpetual morning-glory way. 'Mother and I have given up the Lafayette bottom for keeps. We've searched high and low for the old thing, from Salem, Massachusetts, to Baltimore, Maryland, and so have you. Nothing doing. *I* don't believe there ever *was* a Lafayette bottom, anyway!' This last with the air of uttering a superb and daring heresy, possibly epoch-making in the annals of silver-collecting in America.

'As for that,' replied Felix, whose self-imposed rôle it was never to turn a hair at the opinions of youth, 'I have n't believed it myself, this long time.'

Felicia started indignantly. 'Why, payrent, payrent! What do you mean by such — recalcitrating? I thought you staked your life on that Lafayette business!'

'I'm afraid you have n't been keeping up with the times,' retorted the parent. 'For the past ten years, at least, I've discounted the tale. I've been putting two and two together, and

I really don't see the sense in trying to make a baker's dozen out of it, do you?"

"Oh, well, if you're bringing it down to cold mathematics, Father, I rather think you're going to miss some of the joys of your job!"

"On the contrary, my dear Flicky, the joys will be all the keener."

"Well, I wish you'd explain your change of base."

"I have n't made any change of base. And have n't I told you a hundred times that the true collector should never venture out of doors without being armored in doubt? Why, from the time of dear Grammer Bradford's maunderings about Lafayette in Egypt, when I was a little boy in a wine-colored plaid shirt, I had my misgivings about the tale. It's the doubt that makes the chase interesting. Of course, all us Bradfords know that our Fairlee ancestor was with Paul Jones on the ship Ranger in the harbor of Quiberon, in 1779, when that ship received the first national salute ever given to the American flag in Europe."

Flicky stifled a yawn behind her preposterous dinner ring.

"So far, so good. Next, we have reason to believe that our seafaring grandsire got up to Paris that same year, and there ordered the Fairlee porringer, the cover of which I now possess, the bowl being mysteriously dog-lost."

"Yes, dog-gone lost, forever and a day."

Felix fingered the scrolled thumb-piece of the supposed John Cony. "But did n't you ever stop to think, my dear, just what Lafayette was up to, those days? He was only twenty when he came over to us, in 1777. Is it at all likely that he'd ever been in Egypt before that time? Not enough to notice, I'll be bound! No, I can't think he was celebrated enough in 1779 to warrant having his exploits, real or imaginary,

engraved on the side of a porringer, to make a household word of himself."

"Another illusion overboard," cried Felicia, hopefully, as if pleased with a parent's progress. But she departed, thoughtful.

"Do you know," she announced to her mother, afterward, "Dad does n't really swallow that Lafayette stuff, any more than you and I do?"

"Of course not, dearie!"

"Well, of all the gay parental deceivers, you two are the limit! You'll be saying there's no Santa Claus next!"

Flicky flounced off in a dudgeon not wholly pretended. She was thoughtful, too. As her parents' interest in the quest waned, her own waxed stronger.

"The old dears got a rise out of *me*, all right," she confided to Jimmy Alexander, a Princeton boy who had succeeded in wresting forever from Yale Felicia's sworn allegiance, originally granted to Harvard, and for a brief hour wavering between Amherst and Columbia.

"So much depends upon where you spend your summers," Felicia had once ingenuously remarked; and, not without some anxiety, her parents had made a similar observation. However, it was with a certain feeling of relief that Felix and his wife had compared notes upon the subject of Jimmy Alexander. Weighed in the balance with every other collegian in Flicky's career, the young man triumphed conspicuously. Incidentally, he had an interest in old silver, an interest which even the skeptical Felix believed was genuine.

The fount and origin of that interest would have been clear to our cousin the collector, could he have overheard Flicky and Jimmy in the arbor, after a game of tennis.

"I'll beat you to it," Flicky was saying. "You find me that Lafayette bottom, and your fortune's made with Father. He tells us now, after all these

years, that he does n't believe there *is* such a thing. But all the same there's a look of holy faith shining behind those shell rims of his. Say, Jimmy, did you ever notice how blue Father's eyes are? They're the eyes of a believer, every time!

Jimmy was too much engrossed with Felicia's eyes to spare a thought for Felix's. But the girl's suggestion about the Lafayette bottom caught his fancy. An up-and-coming lawyer, such as he intended eventually to be, ought to be able to hunt down a silver bowl; or rather, what is more to the point with lawyers, to get someone else to do it.

'My aunt Amanda at Lost River,' he mused aloud, 'has quite a little collection of such trifles, and I'm sure she'd be glad to advise —'

'Your aunt Amanda, at Lost River!' hooted Felicia, the morning-glory willingly assuming the rôle of owl. 'O Jimmy, you innocent, don't you suppose Father has been up hill and down dale, from Lost River to Newfoundland Bay, looking for that bowl? Don't you know that half the dealers in New York are out with bloodhounds seeking stuff for Father's cabinets to devour? Your aunt Amanda indeed! And Lost River! Huh!'

Jimmy was nettled, but not defeated. 'All the same,' he retorted stubbornly, 'my aunt Amanda is just as good as anybody's else, and in fact a lot better than most; and there's as good fish in Lost River as you can buy in all New York. And furthermore, if you don't mind my mentioning it, my aunt Amanda is an authority on Early American silver. You probably are not aware of the fact that it was she who wrote the famous Blakeney monograph! Amanda Alexander Blakeney is her name.'

Flickey was taken aback for a fraction of a second. 'A. A. Blakeney? Why, we were brought up on her! I

thought it was a him, I did, really! Dad swears by his Blakeney.'

'Then why should n't we Dodge up to Lost River,' urged Jimmy, appeased, 'and see Auntie about it?'

Felicia's eyes shone, but her words were circumspect. 'Of course, we could Dodge it in your car, or Ford it in mine; but had n't we better get Father and Mother to take us up in the family ark, with Priscilla and the children — ?'

'Not on your blooming passport! Where do I come in, with a deal like that? If anything results, does little Jimmy draw the prestige? No, no; I want to perform the quest by myself — with you, of course. Can't ask anyone else, my runabout won't stand for it. After all, I'm furnishing an aunt; and I think I ought to have something to say.'

'I'll see how Mother feels about it,' vouchsafed Flickey. She added to herself, 'I'll wear my pink-and-white stripe, with the rose blazer. But perhaps not the earrings — you never can tell about earrings.'

III

Late one July afternoon, Amanda Alexander Blakeney had ensconced herself, with *Queen Victoria*, in a shady corner of the terrace, and was looking forward to an hour of tranquil enjoyment with Lehzen's caraway seeds, and Lord M. To her vexation, the very first paragraph was punctuated for her by footsteps on the brick walk; and, peering through the pine boughs, she spied a gay young pair who had evidently just descended from a car, left in quite the wrong place in her courtyard.

'I hope,' she said to herself, 'it is n't another brazen couple come to ask if this is a "gift-shop-'n'-tea-house," and can they have something wet. Well, they'll hear from me, and —'

A brisk voice broke in, man-fashion. 'Hello, hello, Aunt Mandy! Any-

thing wet for the weary prodigal nevvy?

'Well, of all things,' replied the great museum authority on silver, beaming with pleasure upon her favorite Alexander nephew. Lord M. was readily enough forgotten in the vivid presence of the young people, and the subject of silver readily enough approached with the arrival of a tea-tray laden with various products, reflecting credit alike upon the collector and her cook. Mrs. Blakeney was a childless widow, distinctly pretty, with a young face framed by abundant white hair. In her fresh lilac gown with its touches of old lace, and in her daintily buckled slippers, of a Victorian slenderness, she was, as Felicia afterward declared, 'a regular storybook fairy-godmother person.' Old silver was her love, her life, her knowledge. Everybody's silver was of interest to her; she was always ready to talk, or even to hear others talk, concerning caudle-cups or apostle spoons, or saltcellars, or tankards.

She gave a delicately amused attention to Flickey's chatter of her father's quest for the Lafayette bottom. The young girl naturally felt that her hostess's interest was due, in part, to her own pleasing vivacity in telling the story of the child Lydia, the Fairlee porringer, Rover, and the evil Ellicksenders. At the mention of that name, Ellicksender, Mrs. Blakeney started, and even changed color; one would have said that a feeling of indignant protest surged over her when the 'den of thieves' was blithely insisted upon by young Felicia; but the lady did not interrupt.

'And the fun of it is,' Felicia continued, stimulated by the fact that Jimmy was admiring her within an inch of his life, while even Mrs. Blakeney was spellbound, 'the fun of it is, Father still has the drawing his grandma Bradford made when she was a little girl. You know she made a drawing of the Lafayette bowl just by laying it down on

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paper and tracing around it, as young things do!'

One would have supposed that the speaker was a thousand years removed from such simplicities.

'But that is n't all,' added Flickey, taking from her beaded bag a folded paper, and passing it to Mrs. Blakeney. 'What must Father do but go ahead and have half a dozen copies made of that old drawing, perfect in every detail; and he has given one to each of us children, Mother included, so that, wherever we are, we can always be prepared to find a porringer bottom that will fit exactly, if there is such a thing. Regular Bradford-family-identification tag, I call it. Of course Father has the top; but we've never had any luck in finding the bottom, though Mother and I have hunted and delved and dug. Sometimes the circle would be right, or almost right, but the handles—oh, dear! We've looked at *gorms* of handles, all of them terribly wrong.'

She paused a moment to wonder whether she had been talking too much; she did not wish to appear the raw young feminine ignoramus in the eyes of a person so delightful as Aunt Amanda, who, as Felicia now saw, was studying that drawing, and with a kind of passionate earnestness, too. The expert's face was itself a study: doubt, amazement, recognition were to be seen struggling there. The polite interest had become acute.

Flickey, jubilantly aware that as usual she was making a success of her conversation, was inspired to further efforts. In imitation of her father's most discriminating manner, she continued, 'Of course, from the collector's point of view, we don't attach any undue importance to the Lafayette myth, and—'

'Neither do I,' observed Mrs. Blakeney, with unexpected decisiveness. 'If you'd both care to come and look at

some of my things, perhaps you'll see why not.'

The girl and boy followed the lady into her gray-paneled drawing-room, fresh and delicately fragrant with the spice of July pinks nodding from crystal vases. It seemed to Felicia that she had never before entered a room that was at once so simple and so sophisticated, so withdrawn from the world, yet so inviting to a guest. Mrs. Blakeney, no less than Felicia, carried a beaded handbag; but Mrs. Blakeney's, Felicia subsequently reported to an attentive father, made her own look like thirty cents.

Mrs. Blakeney's bag held a key, with which she opened a highboy, gleaming discreetly from a nook just beyond the fireplace. Its shelves were laden with treasure; and Flickey, although long inured to the surprises that a collector can spring upon his family, exclaimed with joy before those marshaled riches. For Felicia, like her father before her, was fated to pursue beauty; even her girlish mistakes — her collection of athletic collegians, for example, her amethystine earrings, her overwrought, overworking dinner ring in all its preposterousness — resulted from her thirst after loveliness rather than from her vanity. Jimmy himself was to her largely one last pure product of the beautiful.

In Mrs. Blakeney's drawing-room, before the highboy and its spoils, her eyes filled with tears of thankfulness for beauty. She felt that the ranks of silver vessels beaming and gleaming upon her had in some mysterious way gathered into themselves, and greatly multiplied all over their surfaces, all possible beauty from all known worlds, only to reflect it back upon those who were fortunate enough to be near. Not only the faded rose of the hangings and the dim gray of the paneling and the dusky orange outline of the spinet were reflected winkingly from those silver

shapes: it seemed to her that the very fragrance of the pinks and the breath of summer itself were wafted to her by silver voices. Flickey sometimes passed for flippant; but this was not her flippant day. Indeed, she was startled out of a mood that was partly pleasure and partly prayer by Aunt Amanda's matter-of-fact remark, —

'My French stuff, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I keep it locked because, — oh, well, there are just a few trifles, — Jimmy, reach me down that top piece, will you, please? The one at the right of the alms-basin.'

With a certain grave excitement, Mrs. Blakeney had already placed Felicia's drawing upon a little table; she smoothed out the folds of the paper, especially those that crossed the lace-like handles. Then, with but a casual glance at the delicately wrought bowl that Jimmy put into her hands, she set it, with dramatic exactness, over the outline traced by the child Lydia.

Each one of the trio felt for a moment the touch of a bygone day. There could be no doubt whatever that the lost piece of silver was found. Unless, indeed, as the young lawyer's mind profanely suggested, those old boys made such things by the gross, like the green spectacles that Moses bought! But the surmise was too grotesque for utterance. Even with his slender knowledge of the silversmith's art, he could discern that the Fairlee porringer was no machine-made product. It had been created by many touches, but by few hands; perhaps by only one pair of hands, and that a master's.

Felicia's eyes (not wholly untrained, however subject to occasional error) rested admiringly, even reverently, on a master craftsman's work. She turned toward Mrs. Blakeney.

'I feel just as if you had taken down a receiver, and asked me to listen into it, and that I heard a voice say, oh, ever

so long distance: "This is little Lydia speaking."

Jimmy, too, was thoughtful. "But where does Lafayette come in, I wonder? Lafayette in Egypt?"

Aunt Amanda smiled, picked up the bowl, and pointed out, just below the rim, a tiny engraving of a long-eared beast, bearing a cloaked figure, while another personage trudged at the side. Palm trees and a pyramid completed the scene. How strange that anyone, most of all a God-fearing Fairlee, could ever have failed to recognize the Bible story of Mary and Joseph, fleeing with the Child! Many curves and scrolls enclosed this specimen of the graver's art, and among these could be discerned, in the floury French writing of which Grandma Bradford had often spoken,

LA FUITE EN EGYPTE.

For a collector, Mrs. Blakeney was certainly sportsmanlike, yes, magnanimous. We called it broad-minded when she gave to Jimmy Alexander's bride, as a wedding-gift, her 'Flight into Egypt' piece; an object so tenderly cherished by her that she had never even made mention of it in any of her monographs, but had kept it unspotted from the world, in her own collection. She had always, and with reason, considered it an Alexander heirloom, to which she was justly entitled, through the bequest of her grand-uncle, Judge Alexander. She knew, however, that the Alexanders, like most of us, had had ups and downs; she knew that one branch of the family had been prolific in

good-for-nothings, some of whom had fallen so low as to misspell the family name for a whole generation, writing it Ellicksender, when they wrote it at all. Though she doubted the justice of calling the humble Ellicksender home a 'den of thieves,' she nevertheless believed it probable that Judge Alexander's 'La Fuite en Egypte' porringer had come into his family's possession in some vague, unexplained way, rather than by purchase. For Judge Alexander's father, Dr. Phineas Alexander, that pillar of the Presbyterian faith, had originally been a mere Ellicksender, so-called; he it was who had 'turned out real good,' and so had failed to win the interest of either Felix or myself, in our childish days. As Mrs. Blakeney said, 'The ironies of Time certainly do iron out everything, if you wait long enough'; and it was Dr. Alexander, *alias* Ellicksender, who had lifted up the fallen fortunes of his family to their former lofty place in American history.

Felicia is really a kindly little soul. When I went to see Cousin Felix after the wedding, I was not surprised to find that, on the ground of safety first, she insists that the Lafayette bottom shall remain, during her father's lifetime, remarried to its fluted, flame-topped cover. The *écuelle* is easily the pride of the collector's heart. 'Of course, I have costlier pieces,' quoth Felix, 'but none so dear to me as this.'

We grinned at each other as he repeated his boyhood's gesture, wetting a thumb and forefinger before he touched the flame.

POEMS

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I. THE MEETING-PLACE

THERE fell a sudden spring-time clutch
Upon my heart to-day;
It was Dame Nature's mystic touch
To hale me forth to play.
Her feet were clad in dancing shoon,
She wore a wood-green gown;
She seemed to breathe a silver tune
That wrapt her, foot to crown.
She piped me forth with deep intent,
To weave a magic art;
With bud and bloom, and lovely scent,
She stabbed me to the heart;
With dandelions gleaming white,
With lambs that skipped about,
With every green and growing sight,
She made my joy gush out.
And so we came in love together
To where my garden lay,
Drunk with the heady draught of weather
That is the gift of May.
So dear it was, that darling sight,
I spoke what I believe:
'I sometimes think, in my delight
That God walks here at eve.'

There ran a ripple through the breeze,
The flowers drew together,
A hint of mirth was in the trees,
In nest and bird and feather.
'There was another long ago,'
I think the flowers cried,
'Who in a garden did not know
The Wonder by her side.'
Breathless I turned to Nature's face,
She bent on me her eyes.
Oh, still and lovely meeting-place!
Oh, leap of wild surprise!
Oh, utter joy! Oh, love complete!
I eagerly fell down;
I sought to kiss the shining feet,
To clutch the wood-green gown.
But He was gone — my Lord withdrew,
The garden bowed its head.
'You did not know? *We* always knew,'
The smallest blossom said.

II. THE LITTLE TRUMPETERS

I MET the herald jonquils
Amid the grass to-day,
They trooped, the little trumpeters,
In glad and green array;
Each held a golden bugle,
And each a spear of green,
They said that they were messengers
From April's misty queen.

Spring gave a swift direction,
A hidden countersign, —

Mayhap it was the blue bird's pipe,—
 They straightened up in line;
 There came a rushing whisper,
 A mystic sudden breeze;
 It tossed their little horns on high,
 Their trumpets to the trees.

They blew a golden message,
 A shout of love and spring,
 A tip-toe blast of just one word —
 A word for stars to sing;
 They tossed their living trumpets,
 The word they blew and blew —
 And the word, O Lord of Life, the word
 Was You! You! You!

EDUCATION

BY AGNES REPLIER

I

READERS of Jane Austen will remember how Mr. Darcy and Miss Bingley defined to their own satisfaction the requirements of an accomplished woman. Such a one, said Miss Bingley, must add to ease of manner and address 'a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and the modern languages.' To which Mr. Darcy subjoined: 'All this she must possess, and she must have something more substantial in the improvement of her mind by extensive reading.' Whereupon Elizabeth Bennet stoutly affirmed that she had never met a woman in whom

'capacity, taste, application, and elegance' were so admirably and so formidably united.

Between an accomplished woman in Miss Austen's day and an educated man in ours, there are many steps to climb; but the impression conveyed by those who now seek to define the essentials of education is that, like Miss Bingley and Mr. Darcy, they ask too much. Also that, with the notable exception of Mrs. Gerould, they are unduly influenced by the nature of the things they themselves chance to know. Hence the delight of agitators in draw-

ing up lists of ascertainable facts, and severely catechizing the public. They forget, or perhaps they never read, the serene words of Addison (an educated man) concerning the thousand and one matters with which he would not burden his mind 'for a Vatican.'

With every century that rolls over the world there is an incalculable increase of knowledge. It ranges backward and forward, from the latest deciphering of an Assyrian tablet to the latest settling of a Balkan boundary-line; from a disconcerting fossil dug out of its prehistoric mud to a new explosive warranted to destroy a continent. Obviously an educated man, even a very highly educated man, must be content, in the main, with a 'modest and wise ignorance.' Intelligence, energy, leisure, opportunity — these things are doled out to him in niggardly fashion; and with his beggar's equipment he confronts the vastness of time and space, the years the world has run, the forces which have sped her on her way, and the hoarded thinking of humanity.

Compared with this huge area of 'general information,' how firm and final were the educational limits of a young Athenian in the time of Plato! The things he did not have to know fill our encyclopedias. Copra and celluloid were as remote from his field of vision as were the Reformation and the battle of Gettysburg. But ivory he had, and the memory of Marathon, and the noble pages of Thucydides. That there were Barbarians in the world, he knew as well as we do. Some, like the Ethiops, dwelt so far away that Homer called them 'blameless.' Some were so perilously near that the arts of war grew with the arts of peace. For books he had a certain delicate scorn, caught from his master Plato, who never forgave their lack of reticence, their fashion of telling everything to every reader. But the suave and incisive conversation

of other Athenians taught him intellectual lucidity, and the supreme beauty of the spoken word. 'Late and laboriously,' says Josephus, 'did the Greeks acquire their knowledge of Greek.' That they acquired it to some purpose is evidenced by the fact that the graduate of an American college must have some knowledge of Plato's thinking, if he is to be called educated. Where else shall he see the human intellect, trained to strength and symmetry like the body of an athlete, exercising its utmost potency and its utmost charm? Where else shall he find a key to all the philosophies which have moulded the minds of men?

A curious symptom of our own day is that we have on one hand a strong and deep dissatisfaction with the mental equipment of young Americans, and on the other an ever-increasing demand for freedom, for self-development, for doing away with serious and severe study. The ideal school is one in which the pupil is at liberty to get up and leave the class if it becomes irksome, and in which the teacher is expected to comport himself like the kind-hearted captain of the Mantelpiece. The ideal college is one which prepares its students for remunerative positions, which teaches them how to answer the kind of questions that captains of industry may ask. One of the many critics of our educational system has recently complained that college professors are not practical. 'The undergraduate,' he says, 'sits during the four most impressionable years of his life under the tuition and influence of highly trained, greatly devoted, and sincere men, who are financial incompetents, who have as little interest in, or understanding of, business as has the boy himself.'

It does not seem to occur to this gentleman that, if college professors knew anything about finance, they would probably not remain college professors. Learning and wealth have never run in

harness since Cadmus taught Thebes the alphabet. It would be a brave man who should say which was the better gift; but one thing is sure: unless we are prepared to grant the full value of scholarship which adds nothing to the wealth of nations, or to the practical utilities of life, we shall have only partial results from education. And such scholarship can never be generally approved. It is, and must forever remain, says Augustine Birrell, 'in the best and noblest sense of a good and noble word, essentially unpopular.'

The educational substitutes, now much in vogue, are many and varied, and, of their kind, good. They can show results, and results that challenge competition. Mr. Samuel Gompers, for example, writes with pardonable complacency of himself: 'When I think of the education I got in the London streets, the training acquired by work in the shop, the discipline growing out of attempts to build an organization to accomplish definite results, of the rich cultural opportunities through human contacts, I know that my educational opportunities have been very unusual.'

This is, in a measure, true, and it is not the first time such opportunities have been lauded to the skies. 'If a lad does not learn in the streets,' said Robert Louis Stevenson, 'it is because he has no faculty of learning.'—'Books! Don't talk to me of books!' said Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. 'My books are cards and men.' It will even be remembered that old Weller boasted to Mr. Pickwick of the tuition he had afforded Sam by turning him at a tender age into the London gutters, to learn what lessons they could teach.

Nevertheless, there is an education that owes nothing to streets, or to human contact, or to games of chance. It was not in the 'full, vivid, instructive hours of truancy' that Stevenson acquired his knowledge of the English

language, which he wrote with unexcelled vigor and grace. This is one of the few things which Mrs. Gerould, who is not an exacting taskmistress, holds to be imperative. No man, she says, can fairly be called educated who cannot use his native language correctly. 'He may have a Ph.D. from any place you like; but if he confuses adverbs and adjectives, he is not an educated man.'

Must he also be able to pronounce his words correctly, I wonder? This is a very delicate point, which no one seems disposed to elucidate. One of the most highly educated women I ever knew, who had been honored by a fair number of degrees, and who had turned her scholarship to good account, could never pronounce the test word, America. One of the ablest and most influential lawyers I ever knew, a college man with an imposing library, came no nearer to success. The lady said 'Armorica,' as if she were speaking of ancient Brittany. The gentleman said 'Amurrica,' probably to render himself intelligible to the large and patriotic audiences he addressed so frequently and so successfully. The liberty allowed to youth may be held accountable for such Puck's tricks as these, as well as for the grammatical lapses which Mrs. Gerould deplores. A superintendent of public schools in Illinois has decided on his own authority that common usage may supplant time-worn rules of speech; and that such a sentence as 'It is I,' being 'outlawed' by common usage, need no longer be urged upon children who prefer to say, 'It is me.'

II

Because the direct products of education are so limited, and the by-products of such notable importance, we permit ourselves to speak contemptuously concerning things which must

be learned from books, without any deep understanding of things which must be learned from people armed with books, and backed by the authority of tradition. When Goethe said that the education of an Englishman gave him courage to be what nature had made him, he illuminated, after his wont, a somewhat shadowy subject. William James struck the same note, and amplified it, not too exhaustively, in *Talks to Teachers*: 'An English gentleman is a bundle of specifically qualified reactions, a creature who, for all the emergencies of life, has his line of behavior distinctly marked out for him in advance.'

If this be the result of a system which, to learned Germans, lucid Frenchmen, and progressive Americans, has seemed inadequate, they may revise, or at least suspend, their judgment. And Englishmen who have humorously lamented the wasted years of youth ('May I be taught Greek in the next world if I know what I *did* learn at school!' said one of the liveliest of their number) need no longer be under the obligation of expressing more dissatisfaction than they feel.

In the United States the educational by-products are less clear-cut, because the force of tradition is weaker, and because too many boys are taught too long by women. The difficulty of obtaining male teachers has accustomed us to this anomaly, and we have even been heard to murmur sweet phrases concerning the elevating nature of female influence. But the fact remains that a boy is destined to grow into a man, and for this contingency no woman can prepare him. Only men, and men of purpose and principle, can harden him into the mould of manhood. It is a question of character, which great by-product of education cannot be safely undervalued even in a busy and clever age. 'It was always through enfeeblement of character,' says Gus-

tave Le Bon, 'and not through enfeeblement of intelligence, that the great peoples disappeared from history.'

And this truth paves the way for an assertion which, however controvertible, is not without strong support. Of all the direct products of education (of education as an end in itself, and not as an approach to something else), a knowledge of history is most essential. So, at least, it seems to me, though I speak with diffidence, being well aware that makers of history, writers of history, and teachers of history have agreed that it is an elusive, deceptive, and disputable study. Yet it is the heart of all things, and every intellectual by-path leads to this central theme. Most firmly do I believe with 'the little Queen-Anne man' that

The proper study of mankind is man;
and how shall we reach him save through
the pages of history? It is the founda-
tion upon which are reared the super-
structures of sociology, psychology,
philosophy, and ethics. It is our clue
to the problems of the race. It is the
gateway through which we glimpse the
noble and terrible things which have
stirred the human soul.

A cultivated American poet has said that men of his craft 'should know history inside out, and take as much interest in the days of Nebuchadnezzar as in the days of Pierpont Morgan.' This is a spacious demand. The vast sweep of time is more than one man can master — as Mr. Wells has recently shown; and the poet is absolved by the terms of his art from severe study. He may know as much history as Matthew Arnold, or as little as Herrick, who lived through great episodes, and did not seem to be aware of them. But Mr. Benét is wise in recognizing the inspiration of history, its emotional and imaginative appeal. New York and Pierpont Morgan have their tale to tell; and

so has the dark shadow of the Babylonian conqueror, who was so feared that, while he lived, his subjects dared not laugh; and when he died, and went to his appointed place, the poor inmates of Hell trembled lest he had come to rule over them in place of their master, Satan.

'The study of Plutarch and ancient historians,' says Mr. George Trevelyan, 'rekindled the breath of liberty and of civic virtue in modern Europe.' The mental freedom of the Renaissance was the gift of the long-ignored and reinstated classics, of a renewed and generous belief in the vitality of human thought, the richness of human experience. Nearly fifteen centuries have passed since the last Roman legionaries left Britain; yet who can reach any clear conception of Englishmen unless he call to mind the centuries of Roman rule which stamped its seal upon them. Back of the tenacity of the Saxon, the daring of the Dane, the pride of the Norman, there still survives that sense of values, that respect for law and order, which were the gifts of Rome.

Apart from the intellectual precision which this kind of knowledge confers, it is indirectly as useful as a knowledge of mathematics or of chemistry. How shall one nation deal with another in this heaving and turbulent world, unless it knows something of more importance than its neighbor's numerical and financial strength — namely, the type of men it breeds. This is what history teaches, if it is studied carefully and candidly.

How did it happen that the Germans, so well informed on every other point, wrought their own ruin because they failed to understand the mental and moral make-up of Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans? What kind of histories did they have, and in what spirit did they study them? The Scarborough raid proved them as

ignorant as children of England's temper and reactions. The inhibitions imposed upon the port of New York, and the semi-occasional ship which they granted us leave to send from it, proved them more ignorant than kittens of America's liveliest idiosyncrasies.

In the United States an impression prevails that the annals of Asia and of Europe are too long and too complicated for our consideration. Every now and then some educator, or some politician who controls educators, makes the 'practical' suggestion that no history prior to the American Revolution shall be taught in the public schools. Every now and then some able financier affirms that he would not give a fig for *any* history, and marshals the figures of his income to prove its uselessness.

Yet our vast heterogeneous population is forever providing problems which call for an historical solution; and our foreign relations would be clarified by a greater accuracy of knowledge. To the ignorance of the average Congressman and of the average Senator must be traced their most complacent blunders. Back of every man lies the story of his race. The Negro is more than a voter. He has a history which may be ascertained without undue effort. Haiti, San Domingo, Liberia, all have their tales to tell. The Irishman is more than a voter. He has a long, interesting, and instructive history. It pays us to be well informed about these things. 'The passionate cry of ignorance for power' rises in our ears like the death knell of civilization. Down through the ages it has sounded, now covetous and threatening, now irrepressible and triumphant. We know what every one of its conquests has cost the human race; yet we are content to rest our security upon oratorical platitudes and generalities, upon the dim chance of a man being reborn in the sacrament of citizenship.

III

In addition to the things that it is useful to know, there are things that it is pleasant to know, and pleasure is a very important by-product of education. It has been too long the fashion to deny, or at least to decry, this species of enjoyment. 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,' says Ecclesiastes; and Sir Thomas Browne musically bewails the dark realities with which 'the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us.' But it was probably the things he did, rather than the things he knew, which soured the taste of life in the Hebrew's mouth; and as for Sir Thomas Browne, no man ever derived a more lasting satisfaction from scholarship. His erudition, like his religion, was pure profit. His temperament saved him from the loudness of controversy. His life was rich within.

This mental ease is not so much an essential of education as the reward of education. It makes smooth the reader's path; it involves the capacity to think, and to take delight in thinking; it is the keynote of subtle and animated talk. It presupposes a somewhat varied list of acquirements; but it has no official catalogue, and no market value. It emphatically does not consist in knowing inventories of things useful or otherwise; still less in imparting this knowledge to the world. Macaulay, Croker, and Lord Brougham were men who knew things on a somewhat grand scale, and imparted them with impressive accuracy; yet they were the blight rather than the spur of conversation. Even the 'more cultivated portion of the ignorant,' to borrow a phrase of Stevenson's, is hostile to lectures unless the lecturer has the guaranty of a platform, and his audience sits before him in serried and somnolent rows.

The decline and fall of the classics has not been unattended by controversy. No other educational system was ever so valiantly and nobly defended. For no other have so many masterly arguments been marshaled in vain. There was a pride and a splendor in the long years' study of Greek. It indicated in England that the nation had reached a height which permitted her this costly inutility, this supreme intellectual indulgence. Greek was an adornment to the minds of her men, as jewels were an adornment to the bodies of her women. No practical purpose was involved. Sir Walter Scott put the case with his usual simplicity and directness in a letter to his second son, Charles, who had little aptitude for study: 'A knowledge of the classical languages has been fixed upon, not without good reason, as the mark of a well-educated young man; and though people may scramble into distinction without it, it is always with the greatest difficulty, just like climbing over a wall instead of giving your ticket at the door.'

In the United States we have never been kindly disposed toward extravagance of this order. During the years of our comparative poverty, when few citizens aspired to more than a competence, there was still money enough for Latin, and now and then for Greek. There was still a race of men with slender incomes and wide acquirements to whom scholarship was a dearly bought but indestructible delight. Now that we have all the money there is, it is universally understood that Americans cannot afford to spend any of it on the study of 'the best that has been known and thought in the world.'

Against this practical decision no argument avails. Burke's plea for the severity of the foundation upon which rest the principles of taste carries little weight, because our standard of taste is genial rather than severe. The influence

of Latinity upon English literature concerns us even less, because prose and verse are emancipated from the splendid shackles they wore with such composure. But the mere reader, who is not an educational economist, asks himself now and then in what fashion Milton and Dryden would have written, if vocational training had supplanted the classics in their day. And to come nearer to our time, and closer to our modern and moderate appreciations, how would the 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,' and the 'Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat' have been composed, had Gray not spent all his life in the serene company of the Latins.

It was easy to define the requirements of an educated man in the year 1738 when Gray, a bad mathematician and an admirable classicist, left Cambridge. It is uncommonly difficult to define them to-day. Dr. Goodnow, speaking last June to the graduating class of Johns Hopkins University, summed up collegiate as well as professional education as the acquisition of the capacity to do work of a specific character. 'Knowledge can come only as the result of experience. What is learned in any other way seldom has such reality as to make it an actual part of our lives.'

A doctor cannot afford to depend too freely on experience, valuable though it may be, because the high prices it asks are paid by his patients. But so far as professional training goes, Dr. Goodnow stood on firm ground. All it undertakes to do is to enable students to work along chosen lines — to turn them into doctors, lawyers, priests, mining engineers, analytical chemists, expert accountants. They may or may not be educated men in the liberal sense of the word. They may or may not understand allusions which are current in the conversation of educated

people. Such conversation is far from encyclopaedic, but it is interwoven with knowledge, and rich in agreeable disclosures. An adroit participant can avoid obvious pitfalls; but it is not in dodging issues and concealing deficits that the pleasures of companionship lie. I once heard a sparkling and animated lady ask Mr. Henry James (who abhorred being questioned) if he did not think American women talked better than English women. 'Yes,' said the great novelist gently, 'they are more ready and much more brilliant. They rise to every suggestion. But' — as if moved by some strain of recollection — 'Englishwomen so often know what they are talking about.'

Vocational training and vocational guidance are a little like intensive farming. They are obvious measures for obvious results; they economize effort; they keep their goal in view. If they 'pander to cabbages,' they produce as many and as fine cabbages as the soil they till can yield. Their exponents are most convincing when they are least imaginative. The Dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration says bluntly that it is hard for a young man to see any good in a college education, when he finds he has nothing to offer which business men want.

This is an intelligible point of view. It shows that, as I have said, the country does not feel itself rich enough for intellectual luxuries. But when I see it asserted that vocational training is necessary for the safety of Democracy (that lusty nursling which we persist in feeding from the bottle), I feel that I am asked to credit an absurdity. When the reason given for this dependence is the altruism of labor, — 'In a democracy the activity of the people is directed toward the good of the whole number,' — I know that common sense has been violated by an assertion which no one is expected to take seriously. A

'life-career course' may be established in every college in the land, and students carefully guarded from the inroads of distracting and unremunerative knowledge; but this praiseworthy thrift will not be practised in the interests of the public. The mechanical education, against which President Lowell has protested so sharply, is preëminently selfish. Its impelling motive is not 'going over,' but getting on.

Mrs. Gerould has modified her emphatic dictum, 'Education is something that is done to you,' by a saving clause: 'It takes a much better quality of mind for self-education than for education in the ordinary sense.' This no one will be disposed to deny. Franklin had two years of schooling, and they came early in life. Whatever was done to him was finished before he was eleven. He had 'cultural opportunities' richer even than those enjoyed by Mr. Gompers, and he had a passion for knowledge. Vocational training was a simple thing in his day; but he glimpsed its possibilities, and fitted it into place. He would have made an admirable 'vocational counselor' in the college he founded, had his counsels not been needed on weightier matters, and in wider spheres. As for industrial education, those vast efficiency courses given by leading manufacturers to their employees, which embrace an astonishing variety of marketable attainments, they would have seemed to him like the realization of a dream — a dream

of diffused light, of general, perhaps universal, intelligence.

And there is where we stand to-day. The elimination of Greek from the college curriculum blurred the high light, the supreme distinction, of scholarship. The elimination of Latin as an essential study leaves us without any educational standard save a correct knowledge of English, a partial knowledge of modern languages, and some acquaintance, never clearly defined, with precise academic studies. The scientist discards many of these studies as not being germane to his subject. The professional student deals with them as charily as possible. The future financier fears to embarrass his mind with things he does not need to know.

Yet back of every field of labor lies the story of the laborer, and back of every chapter in the history of civilization lie the chapters that explain it. Education gives to a student that fraction of knowledge which sometimes leads to understanding and a clean-cut system of opinions. The great and combined facts that he has mastered permit him to approach other great and combined facts with discernment. The process is engrossing and, to certain minds, agreeable and consolatory. Man contemplates his fellow man with various emotions, but not possibly with unconcern. 'The world,' said Bagehot, 'has a vested interest in itself.'

JUDGMENT DAY

BY ANNIE W. NOEL

SHE sat in her own room, knitting in the sun. She was cold, even in the sun, and tired. She dropped her hands in her lap, where they lay like fallen leaves. They were thin and withered, and she remembered how old she was. Her thoughts, too, drifted like falling leaves. She was so cold. It must be October.

'It is June,' said a voice behind her.

She did not turn; she held her breath, for fear He would go. It was God's voice. She had almost heard His voice two or three times lately. He was standing behind her.

'Have you been outdoors to-day?' asked the voice. And she knew He was disappointed. In fact He was gone again.

She rose to go outdoors, and while groping with her hand in her bureau-drawer for a handkerchief, she drew out a broad blue ribbon. She had kept it for many years, having bought it because she loved it. Her mother had liked her best in pink, her husband had wanted her to wear brown. Then other people said black, because it is worn for the dead. This was a shining ribbon, like a strip cut from the sky. She smiled as she saw it.

'I made that blue ribbon,' He said.

'Yes,' she answered softly, waiting, not turning. He loved it, you could see.

'And I made you loving blue.'

'Yes.'

'Then, don't you see,' He explained, gently as if He had remembered He was talking to a very old woman, 'that I might mind your never wearing it?'

She was sorry for Him. She had not

even thought of Him. She took the blue ribbon and knotted it carefully in her dress.

She went down into the garden. And it was June. She held her breath, afraid it might go. She was startled to see it. June! The sky — the air — the earth. No wonder He had wanted her to see it. His June. And she had been sitting indoors.

On the way to her seat under the apple tree she met the bread-man. He had his favorite rolls in his basket.

'But you never buy them.'

She listened, startled, for she thought it was His voice; but it was only the bread-man.

Out under the apple tree she sat, and broke bread, and ate. It was His she remembered, given for her. Yet all these long years she had bought what others liked, not what God had given to her. Her old hands trembled with penitence as she ate.

Would there be, even in Heaven, anything lovelier than this June day? Her gaze went on, past the garden, to the fields and trees and sky beyond. Yet as she looked she doubted. Was this June day not just a part of Heaven?

'No, indeed.' He spoke again. 'It is yours. Yours. Your June on earth. I made it lovely on purpose.'

And again she saw how her doubt had hurt Him.

Yet now, even as she sat under the apple tree, a strange uneasiness growing within her drew her to her feet. She looked about her with a kind of alarm that was almost terror. She was

cold. It was too shady under the apple tree.

Besides, she was not in the right place.

She went back to her room and sat in her chair. That was not the place. She lay down on her bed. It felt good for a minute, but presently she saw that it was not the right place.

She went back to the garden, and wondered at it as she passed through — at its strange, unfamiliar look that almost terrified her. She hurried as best she could through the garden and out into the fields beyond.

She paused and looked about her, a little reassured. The field looked more familiar. She recognized the daisies in the grass with a sigh of relief, and walked more slowly.

Yes, there were the daisies. This was more like the place. Little, round, serious daisies in the tall grass brushed softly against her knees as she went — very slowly.

On beyond was a clump of young trees that looked familiar. Perhaps that was the place.

It looked like the place, if she could reach it.

With slow, difficult steps she crept toward it, reached it, and with a cry of joy she recognized the daisies in the grass again.

She recognized the tall grass itself. And the straight young trees.

Following their trunks up, with her eyes, she saw, full of joy, the great blue sky stretched out over her. It was the place.

It was the place. And she let her tired body down on the grass under the trees. She watched the slender grasses about her. She watched the round, sweet, white daisies in the grass. Surely there would be nothing prettier in Heaven than those. She would like to take some with her, to show to those who came from other worlds. But she found she could not even raise her hand to pick them, she was so tired. Yet they stood all about her, near and friendly.

It was the place.

'I made it,' He said from somewhere in among the clump of young trees.

'Yes,' she answered, gratefully, glad that He, too, was there.

It was the place to leave her tired body. It lay so heavily in the grass now, that she knew she could never lift it again.

She was glad to leave it there, as she passed on.

'The earth was lovely,' she told Him as she saw Him.

'I am glad you loved it,' He answered, welcoming her.

NOW THAT I HAVE 'PLAYED' FOR TWO YEARS

BY EDWARD W. BOK

Two years ago I wrote a piece for the *Atlantic*, in which I told that I had retired from business and was going to 'play.' My immediate friends were curiously puzzled at my 'foolish,' 'unwise,' 'impracticable' course; but their perplexity was clear as crystal compared with the letters I received from *Atlantic* readers. It was a veritable chorus of 'You'll get tired of it,' and 'You'll be back within a year.' Some conceded me even shorter terms of probation. An eminent physician wrote me a long fatherly letter, in which he traced my mental and physical disintegration step by step; in fact, month by month. I kept that letter on my desk for a year, consulting it on the first of each month, so that I might prepare for the particular phase of physical ailment or lack of mental capacity which was to descend upon me in that month.

Thus I began my 'playtime' under the most exhilarating circumstances.

The writers who were more nearly correct in their diagnosis of the case reminded me that I had written from theory, which was, of course, a fact. It happened to be a theory well-grounded in conviction. But a theory it was. 'Wait until you carry your beautiful theory into practice: then there will be another story to tell. Only, naturally, you will take good care not to tell it.'

So, despite this prediction from a son of the West, I beg leave to report.

The period of theory having passed into two actual years of practice, folks ask: 'Well?' And they all expect the

answer: 'You were right. It did n't work out. Man was made for business'; and so forth, and so forth.

The truth is, it *has* worked out: in actual practice the experiment has exceeded the theory.

But not as these folks figured it out, or as, even now, they suppose. The trouble with these writers two years ago was exactly the same trouble which ails them now: they had not, nor have they yet, my view of 'play.' They interpreted the word as meaning golf, the saddle, travel, leisure, idleness. I did not. I admit that in the back of my head I had a hope for some leisure. In fact, I translated that hope into building a new study in my home, in which I pictured myself as spending long, happy days writing and reading. The lady who years ago took her husband for better or for worse — and got both, as the man said — looked at the completed study, approved it; but in the back of her head there was the thought associated with her husband's leisure: 'What in the world am I going to do with a man hanging round the house all day?'

Her comment, after two years, is: 'Why in the world did you build this study? You are never in it.' And to men: 'If you want leisure, don't retire from business.'

To that extent my theory has not worked out. The study stands unoccupied six days a week; the happy days of reading and writing in comfortable seclusion have not come; the problem, 'what to do with a retired husband,' has

solved itself by not presenting itself for solution.

I have played golf less than ever; I have not been in the saddle once; I have read fewer books; I did get in three months of travel, and I did write a book.

'Then just where does the "play" come in?' is the natural question. And in the answer lies the answer to the doubt so often expressed by scores of business men, who instinctively feel a desire to retire from affairs, but ask, 'What should I do to keep myself busy?'

The question is not so much *what* to do, as it is *which* to do. The variety of actually vital things for a man of health and executive ability to do is beyond all calculation, and no one can realize the extent, interest, and variety of these matters until he places himself before his fellow men in a position where his time will permit of taking on new interests. My two years of retirement have made it possible for me to say to any business man: 'It makes no difference in which particular business you have been; if you retire, you will have more really worth-while red-blooded jobs offered you than you could carry out if there were forty-eight hours in every day.' And so absolutely will these opportunities be suited to his taste and fitted to his ability, that his problem will be purely one of selection. Far too often is the mistake made that a business man, absorbed all his life in business, would be like a fish out of water in any position save that which calls for purely commercial knowledge or ability. The fact of the matter is that every interest, outside of purely commercial affairs, is a practical question, and must have a business basis and conduct in order to function successfully. The main trouble with so many of our organized movements is that they lack exactly this essential practical management and business

organization, which the man of affairs can supply. The same knowledge of men and management is equally essential in a great civic organization and in a steel corporation; and it is only in proportion as this ability exists in the man at the top that the organization is successful.

It is all work: exactly the same work, the same call upon the capacity for organization, the same knowledge of human nature in the selection of men, the same call for soundness of judgment, wise decisions; the same responsibility. Even greater is the responsibility; for, in a business of his own, the man is to a large extent spending his own money; in a position of civic responsibility also, he is often spending his own, but more largely he is spending the money of others. Instead of dealing with iron, textiles, leather, commodities, and the welfare of his employees, he is now functioning with human beings almost entirely, and this brings the thrill which is missing in inanimate commerce.

No business man, feeling the call in his heart to retire, need think for a single instant that his hands will be empty or his brain remain inactive; nor need he feel that the same capacities which made him successful in trade are not adapted to the interests which will be presented to him. The one great point of caution and wisdom is that, in his sudden feeling of freedom, he will miscalculate and attempt too much. There is where, I am free to confess, I went wrong, and am still going strong — too strong for comfort or fullest efficiency. The temptation is to take on too much. For in this wonderful world outside of business, a man cannot drive any more horses with efficiency than he can in the world of commercial affairs.

Now, the element of 'play' in a world in which there is just as much work as in the business world lies in the

psychological joy that everything is self-imposed: all is of one's own choosing, with the instinct naturally pointing to the thing we most want to do, not to the thing that we must do, whether we like it or not. If there is a world that is like an oyster, it is this world outside of business; where one can choose the kind and size of the oyster, and open it as he wills. This is not work. Work is where one works for self; for one's own material advancement; for and from necessity. The other work is 'play,' in that one works for others. Someone will say: 'I don't see the distinction.' No one can, until it is actually felt and experienced. But the difference is there; as distinct as night from day; as marked as sunshine is from rain. A man does not feel the same when working for others as when he works for himself, and this is not empty theory or, what we choose to turn up our noses at nowadays, idealism. It is an actual physical fact.

Interesting and varied as were my duties previous to retirement,—and few positions are more absorbing than that of the editor,—I can truthfully say that never have I felt physically stronger, or more mentally fresh, than at the end of these two years of self-retirement. The notion that an active business man will deteriorate if he retires is, of course,—with the inevitable laugh removed from it,—an idle statement and not worth a moment's consideration. Cyrus W. Field did not deteriorate; nor did George W. Perkins, nor the host of other men who gave up the chase for money for the game of the other fellow. The American public shows no sign of believing that Herbert Hoover is deteriorating.

The trouble with the average business man is that he cannot let go. From habit he has for so many years gone to his desk, that he has become part of it. It has become his shrine, and so assidu-

ous is his worship at it that he turns it into his own execution block. Scores of executives, altogether too long in the harness, are actually convinced—in their own minds—that, if they were to pull out, the wheels of the machine which they have constructed would either creak perceptibly, or cease turning altogether; whereas, the simple truth is that, in nine cases out of ten, they would revolve infinitely faster and more smoothly.

I have known several business concerns, where the best thing that ever happened to their interests was the absence—generally enforced—of the heads, for three or six months: never did the machinery work more smoothly: never did the ledgers show a larger volume of business and a better profit. One would imagine that these executives would learn from such experiences, but, oddly enough, the explanation, to themselves and to others, is always that such a result might be shown for a limited period, but that in the long run the business would naturally feel their absence. And all the while the under-executives fondly wished—to themselves, of course—that 'the old man might have remained away a while longer'!

Puck was right: 'What fools these mortals be!' How important we are to ourselves! It is positively pathetic, to how few men comes the realization that they have reached the 'saturation point.' And yet these same men could be powerful factors in new positions: a regeneration would come to them with selfless interests which, in their old positions, would be ever denied them.

So many men have said to me during these two years: 'I know. I know you are right. My wife agrees with you. I ought to stop. I mean to stop, too. But I am not quite ready.' Such men will never be ready. A business man said to me: 'Heavens! you would n't want me

to leave my business in lean times like these? This is the time of all times when my experience is needed: my guidance valuable.' That was a year ago. His line of business happened to be one of the few which have recently prospered, and so, three months ago, when he told me how busy were his works, I said: 'Well, why don't you retire now?' He looked at me amazed, forgetting his previous remarks, and answered: 'What! Leave my business now, when it is coming with a rush? Why this is the time of all times when they need my experience to show them how to handle the volume.'

The time is never right to such a man. He cannot see that his business could work for him for the rest of his life without his working for it, with executives, younger and closer in touch with modern currents, straining at the leash, eager for more responsibility, and equally able to command.

It is true that I have met men during these two years who have retired from business, and have gone back, and gladly, within a year or two, when the novelty of the changed condition wore off. But in every case there was a distinct reason that does not apply to the average intelligent man.

Of course, if a man retires from active affairs and deliberately devotes his time to idleness, he will soon exhaust the calendar of interest. And it is right that he should. The world is too busy for retired men of that calibre. But I have yet to meet one man who has let go of business in the right spirit,—and I have both met and heard from a number during these two years,—who for one moment regrets his action or has the slightest desire to go back into the harness.

'How does, and how can a man, retired from business, spend his time?' is asked.

Concretely, I should say a great deal

of it — too much, alas! — is spent in convincing people why he cannot write this, or speak here, or associate himself with this or that organization, or make an appointment in a day already on a half-hour schedule, or become interested in what every writer believes to be the greatest menace to American life, or what another deems sure 'is the one solution to present world conditions.' Nor is my own experience, I find by comparing notes with other retired men, any different from the overtures that come to any man the moment his community knows that his mind is free from business pressure. Of course, a number of these suggestions are unworthy of consideration: I never quite realized before the bewildering number of disordered minds. But after these are all weeded out, the ratio of thoroughly worthy and desirable opportunities is beyond belief. It is a veritable case of holding one's horses lest one be committed, before he realizes it, to something which engrosses all his time, to the absolute exclusion of even the most minor personal interests. Nor is this to be wondered at when one scans the horizon, and realizes, not only how busy the world is, but how numerous are the problems that cry aloud for solution.

When I retired from my business, I had no set plans, and determined to have none, save that I had promised to write a book. But it was months after my freedom came to me that I could even reach this one definite plan in mind. My vacation was a brief one, of just two days, when I was plunged into one of the most engrossing tasks I ever attempted, and which consumed my energies for weeks. And so it has been for two years, and I fully expect it will be so, if not worse, for the years ahead. The variety is endless. In my own case, my lines tend more to literary, musical, civic, and educational interests. But the opportunities in every activity that

the mind can conceive of are equally great, so that no man need feel for a moment that something will not be suggested to him, which will fail of fitting his particular ability or reflecting his special taste. But the thrill which he will feel most is that priceless sense of freedom with which he can consider, select, and assume. The pressure of obligation exists, but it is different. He is not a paid executive: he is an executive of his own free will. If he enters an untried field, where the structure he is asked to raise begins at the very foundation, the novelty of romantic adventure comes full upon him; and as he blazes untried paths for others to follow, he gets a constructive sense that the new paths he created in business failed to produce.

'All of which,' says the practical business man, 'you can do, and still remain in business.' None of which you can do, and stay in business. I tried it, and I know, and so knows every man who has ever had the two experiences. No man can serve two masters wholly or fully: one or the other must suffer. Besides, the service is not full unless fully given. The problems outside of business to-day call for exactly the same concentration and single-mindedness as do the problems in the business world. They are equally large of scope and wide in momentous potentiality. It is one thing or another: there is no medium road to the man who would feel the real joy of service. That comes only from complete renunciation of the one and a full devotion to the other. You may experience pleasure from the half-time effort, but not that deep inner satisfaction which comes only to the man who serves singly and solely.

So, I respectfully report to all doubting Thomases:—

'Tired of it!'

Tired of what: one's priceless freedom?

'A theory that won't work out!'
If all theories would only work out so well!

'Ready to go back?'

To what: the bondage of the dollar and the single-mindedness of the trader?

No, my friends, there is a clearer air than all this, albeit no one has more respect for a man pulling his weight in the world of affairs than I have. But not on and on and on; when he has done his work; when he has accomplished and accumulated; and when, as he was given a chance in youth, it is for him to remember it is his duty to give others and younger men the same chance. No man is a good citizen until he has done his part in the world of business for which every man is created; but, by the same token, no man stamps himself as a good citizen who remains in business when he has accomplished, and refuses then to give others a chance and to give himself unreservedly to that public from which his opportunity for accomplishment has come. Only thus does a man stand as a foursquare citizen.

To that man, seeing clearly and forgetting self, Life holds out an experience that no words can describe, and no amount of writing can explain. To such a man, the gospel of the brotherhood of man becomes something more than a note in an after-dinner speech; idealism becomes a reality, as the soul creates the ideal and the mind takes the *l* out of it, and it becomes an idea, firm and established in the minds and lives of the people. He realizes, as he cannot in business, that the dreamer precedes the doer. Every day it is freshly brought home to his mind that practical idealism is the truest current that can sway and swing great movements. He comes closer to the American public, and his pride and confidence in that public increase and deepen. And while he con-

structs the thing in hand, he constructs, broadens and deepens himself; until, after a year's effort, the walls of his own mind have stretched to an extent which he would not have believed possible, and which years spent in business would not have brought about. He realizes that wonderful sense which

comes to some men,—and fortunate are they to whom the realization comes,—that we are divinely selected agencies, through which a given piece of work is sought to be accomplished, and that he has been chosen.

And greater or deeper satisfaction can come to no man.

THE AMERICAN MIND IN THE ORIENT

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

THERE is a state of mind quite general, even if not universal, in Americans across the Pacific — cool toward the Filipinos, sympathetic with the Chinese, unfriendly toward the government and people of Japan. It is held against the Filipinos that they are ungrateful and misguided; that, with all our service to them, they wish independence; and yet that they do not really wish it, but suffer a mere surface-agitation, stirred in a children-people who are unfit to rule themselves. Regarding the Chinese and the Japanese, it is hardly necessary to repeat the reasons given for believing in the sterling character of the one and in the want of integrity of the other — enough, if true, to warrant our friendship and aversion.

I

In seeking to penetrate this state of mind, one feels how partial is its testimony. For the Americans in the Philippines, in saying that the natives are as children, do not usually add that, unlike most children, they eagerly go to school. Indeed, in the last few years,

which our residents review so ruefully, the years begun by that coming of Governor Harrison, who is reputed to have been all that a representative of our government should not be, the task has been, not to keep open the schools that the Americans established, but to provide sites and buildings and teachers for the ever-increasing number who seek admittance. It is also said — and I believe with truth — that departments of government which have passed from American to Filipino control grave harm has come; that friends and relatives have been appointed to office, with incompetence, if not dishonesty, to the front. But it is less often said that this people has lived but a few years with our administration, and centuries with the Spanish; that the Filipinos whom age and prestige carry into more important office are those whose habits of thought were formed under Spain; that, even under American rule, serious impropriety in office has been known; and that the young Filipino officials, trained in American schools and colleges, are showing a spirit and ability which I have heard

praised in the highest quarter. And is it not greatly to their credit that, with all their aspiration for self-government, they are not unruly, not impatient of us; so that our people can, as I did, pass unarmed and unafraid among former head-hunters of the Luzon highlands?

Nor is the mind of our residents inclined to consider how much the very desire for independence is a result, not of the mere *politico* only, but of American ideals and training. For years the Filipino has observed us glorying in our separation even from a people one with us in blood and tongue and culture; and we have officially declared our purpose to grant him a like independence. Yet, when these ideas begin to bud and leaf, it seems to many the mark of a shallow and ungracious life. We may wisely hold that independence should still be delayed; that our rare experiment in the training of an Oriental and dependent people must not, for their sake and the world's, be imperiled by immense and premature responsibilities; that, indeed, the time has come to give less honor to independence and more to the spirit of community and federation. But the time will, I trust, be late in coming, when America will deny her own great pledge to the Islands; or when to remind us of that pledge will be an offense, and will lessen the patient effort toward its satisfaction.

And if, instead of defending the Chinese, our people in the East disliked them, could they not find ample ground? It will, I hope, not conceal my own renewed wonder at the greatness of China, if I suggest what an unkindly critic might say. For the unvarnished facts certainly awaken doubt of the political fibre of the Chinese: they have long and repeatedly accepted foreign rule, and now, attempting to rule themselves, they have tenfold the dissension which, should it appear among the Filipinos in their freedom, would be

held a sure sign of their incompetence. North, as all know, is against South; monarchist is in arms against republican; the political authority of Peking extends hardly beyond her walls; the dethroned Emperor in the Forbidden City, with his Manchu guard, has within a few months had this guard replaced by soldiers of the national army, lest he be smuggled out and proclaimed again in the North. The turmoil of years past is expected for years to come.

But more than the dissension, its continuance seems partly due to the dishonesty of the Chinese. Disorder continues because official dishonor permits Japan to keep the Chinese waters troubled. Indeed, more than once was I told, by intelligent Chinese themselves, that a chief reason for refusing Japan's repeated offer to confer upon Shantung is that so vital a thing could not be entrusted to their own representatives. Yet, led by a sympathy in which I fully share, our own people speak only of the integrity of the Chinese, illustrating it by the hoary fable of Japanese banks all manned by Chinese tellers. One need not believe that the Chinese at marrow are tradesmen and not statesmen, ready to put private above public good; yet this would be believed and cried aloud, did we seek reasons against this admirable folk.

And if there were good-will toward the Japanese, would not there be found a counterweight to all that is now heaped in but one pan of the scale? Might we not then once more admire the industry, the intelligence, the beauty, the courtesy in Japan? As I journeyed hundreds of miles in Kyushu, I marveled, as have many before me, to see impossible lands bearing rich harvests; marveled still more to see laboring men and women, untired of body and unhungry of heart, joyful even at their toil. Almost everywhere fair nature is respected, and linked with

worship. Their insolence toward Americans has been affirmed; but in our railway-car an American sprawled his legs into the gangway until they became a hurdle for all who went that way; a large American woman put her nailed shoes hard down on a Japanese passenger's new and spotless leather suitcase, and brushing aside the rug with which he had reserved a sleeping-space for himself, she stretched herself well into his sphere of influence, and all of her slumbered and slept. Nor by word or look could one detect in the many Japanese a sign of impatience or displeasure. These are the people who, to the American in the East, almost seek occasion for courtesy toward us.

II

This state of mind, then, is not wholly due to the reasons that are heard. Yet it has its causes, which it would be both interesting and useful to discern.

The instinctive antipathies of race are not its source. The Chinese, toward whom our people warm, are racially as repellent as are the Japanese and the Filipinos for whom we have scant favor. Nor must it seem that I am not deeply sensible of the moral offense in the substance and manner of Japan's extension upon the mainland of Asia, if I suggest that this does not fully explain the American attitude toward her. For many of our people in the East, who see with indignation Japan's delay in fulfilling her promise of Shantung, can look dispassionately on our own indefinite postponement of our promise to the Filipinos. Indeed, American merchants in Manila recently passed a resolution favoring, not delay, but repudiation; favoring definite *annexation* — but with a soothing word added, that the annexation should be 'non-imperialistic,' whatever that may mean.

But while, in spite of lapses on our part, there has indeed been deep offense in the manner of Japan's territorial growth, yet a more potent cause of ill-will lies in a vague and ominous rivalry in the Far East. We have a growing interest in national and private possessions there, in political and commercial prestige in those distant coasts. Japan and America almost suddenly find themselves powerful and face-to-face, the limits of their action all undetermined, their confronting energies without adjustment or accepted bonds. Rivalry without rules and for great possessions can hardly be other than unfriendly. It spawns ill-will, with delusions that innocence is being thwarted by cunning. Japan menaces our movement in a wide region that excites the imagination, and stirs both avarice and ambition. Were an angel from heaven to do us this turn, we should hardly find in him pure virtue. Our people fear Japan and fortify themselves for conflict. One will fight the better if he hates; one will hate the better if his rival seems to be in character detestable. The avenues of reason, when cupidity and ambition are astir, are thus given into the service of passionate desire, and truth finds its own way hindered.

But of China we are not afraid. And the natural sympathy for a nation struggling to shake off an ancient tyranny is strengthened by her hating the object of our own dislike. To this is added the sense of advantage in her friendship, both in itself and as a check upon our rival. Thus our people in the Orient see only the virtue in the Chinese.

As for the Filipino, the judgment of him is affected by the same obscure currents. He will not easily be estimated on his merits. The temptation is to condemn the Filipino's desire of liberty because it is inconvenient, not so much

to him as to us. We need his islands for our own far-flung design. All of the coolness toward him, therefore, need not be of his making: its source may, in part, be in an unacknowledged wish to find him incompetent, to justify the longer possession of his land. So the tangled skein of motives, which brings too exclusive attention to China's excellence and Japan's defect, brings also into clearest notice the shortcoming of our own island ward.

III

Such a state of mind gives promise neither of healing by time alone, nor of remaining unperilous. For, besides the possibilities of accident and drift, there are too many interests, both American and foreign, ready to use a conflict between us and Japan profitably; our paw and claw would draw out chestnuts.

We should face the truth without self-flattery; if Japan appears to us overdesirous of territory, how much more so must we appear to her. And while her political extension has been away from us, we have been sweeping into regions ever toward her: first to the hither coast of the Pacific; then up and down that coast to include both California and Alaska — on the map seeming as an arm almost ready to encircle her on the north; then out upon the Pacific, to Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, as an arm almost ready to encircle her on the south. Our fortifications, camps, and warships, multiplied in the waters ever nearer her, seem — I have quiet and honorable Japanese word for it — a direct threat. Our troops are on the mainland of Asia, behind her. Let us recognize that the tension in Americans of the Orient is not borne in upon them as harmless stay-at-homes, glad to hold only what their fathers had. They are in the van of the great and exciting march of a

restless race. The crisis is not, as many Americans believe, forced upon us by Japan; she is not challenging our place in the sun. Upon our side it is no struggle for existence; it is rather a struggle to make a success already unparalleled still further from equality.

We are, then, not constrained: we are free to will the instrument, the time, the method. It is upon us to examine and control, in the interests of national and world policy, the promptings both of our commerce and of our military strength.

As for our commerce, important as it is for us and others, it must not be allowed to dull America's sense of right. It must not make us tear up the paper on which any national promise to an alien people is written; it must not have a deciding voice against measures that bring us nearer to a well-ordered world. The menace of our age, of which 1914 was an indication, but which did not end with Germany's defeat, lies in the acquisitive instinct, the instinct for possessions. It threatens to play in national life the rôle which, in the individual, the Freudians assign to the sex-impulse. Its energy must be sublimated if we are not to be undone. For never has there been such stimulus to this corporate impulsion; never such a prompting to make government its instrument, both at home and abroad; never such temptation to seek commercial supremacy even at the cost of international friendship, indeed at the cost of war itself.

Nor must we allow the suggestions of military strength in the Pacific to control our policy. There is less security than peril in such a programme. In so doing we follow a course which, appearing as insurance against war, is assurance that war will come. We rightly complain of the militarism of Japan, and yet we take the perfect means to give it strength. Military prudence

will suggest that we revise our standing policy regarding the Philippines, with an eye to their permanent retention, even as Admiral Mahan felt that we should permanently retain Cuba. The suggestions of needed strength at distant outposts are endless. Lord Salisbury, after listening to such appeals, sagely wrote to the Earl of Cromer: 'I would not be too much impressed by what the soldiers tell you about the strategic importance of these places. It is their way. If they were allowed full scope, they would insist on the importance of garrisoning the moon, in order to protect us from Mars.'

Is not this endless progress to be seen in our own history? A strong reason, among others, why we had to have the Hawaiian Islands was that they were the key to the Pacific. We now are tempted to continue in the Philippines as the key to our position in the East. A military writer has just told us that we have utterly failed to see that Guam is the key to the Philippines. Latest of all, the world is startled to discover that, with the little isle of Yap in Japanese hands, our whole structure of safety is insecure; Yap is the key of keys. Thus everything of this nature that we are assured will give strength gives weakness, gives a new point where we are vulnerable. No safety, no peace of mind, lies in that direction.

Our policy must show real safety in the Pacific. No one power, not even ourselves, can well be entrusted with might uncontrolled by the community. The community of nations bordering on the Pacific must be formidable, and not the several nations of themselves.

The key to the Pacific is in Europe; or rather, the keys are in Europe, Asia, and America. With the powers hovering over China, ready to snatch more flesh from her living body, Japan (by all principles of worldly wisdom) can follow little other than her present

course. The only way to keep what she has (again by the worldly wisdom to which we ourselves have subscribed) is to be forever getting more. Japan's danger to us is not that she is strange to our modern world, but that she has revealed as in a glass the very face and features of the Occident. She reveals in an unexpected quarter the intrinsic peril of the historic policies of the West.

We can in honor ask of her nothing that we ourselves will not grant. She and we can be brought to comity only by a communal device for safety, an agreement organized and made institutional, in which we with others take the risk along with the benefit. Japan has shown her willingness to enter such a coöperative device, while we have refused. Japan has been willing to have her aggressive hands prevented, and to give her pledged support against the aggressive hands of others; while we have been unwilling. We haggle over the terms upon which we shall become a member of an organized community; we want no inconvenience of contract, of stated obligation. Japan has been willing to bind herself, even with her chief rival left in all liberty of action. This difference in spirit of accommodation to a new world-order ought to make our residents in the East less confident that we are always right and Japan always wrong.

It is thus within our power to relieve the perilous tension. Japan's chief incentive and excuse would disappear, should America organize the world's will against all political expansion in the Orient. But our first care must be that the organization be of certain doom to the aggressor, not that it leave us our perfect freedom. If we can persuade the nations to create an instrument more effective than the present League, therein lies our course; but we and the Eastern world need nothing less effective.

SPOKEN IN JEST

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON

I

THE ample, blue-tinghamed, somewhat disheveled maid moved with a yielding heaviness about the table, preparing it for breakfast. The misty sunlight of early May shone through the room, infusing its dull insignificance with a delicate warmth, a subdued reflection of the green and gold morning that enveloped the little house. The air from the open window, fresh with the cool smell of leaves, mingled with the fumes of hot charred bacon, the odor of eggs, thickly fried; the vapor from the thick blue platter on the table curved upward, floated back, in faint twisting spirals. Against the brown nondescript paper of the wall, the prints, Watt's figure of Hope, and Sir Galahad, shone with a clear grayness within their reddish frames.

Rose Canby came slowly through the door that led to the kitchen. She was carrying a plate of biscuit — carrying it with a certain professional air, as of a duty customarily performed. She placed it on one of the mats that dotted the varnished golden surface of the table, and then went to the other door.

‘John!’ she called.

A nervous tap of feet sounded on the stairway. The door opened, and John Canby came bustling into the room. He took his seat deliberately, his usual gesture of ineffectual haste subdued by a certain importance, an air of responsibility, borne with an evident sense of enjoyment. He straightened out the newspaper, glanced at it for an instant,

and then looked expectantly at his wife.

‘I have so much to do to-day — I don’t see how I’ll ever get it done!’

He sighed pleasantly, and then peered at her with vague, anxious eyes, as if seeking sympathy. His wrinkled face, habitually perplexed, lined with trifling worries, seemed that of a prematurely old, rather precise, child.

‘You’ve no idea how much work there is in one of these dinners,’ he added. ‘It’s the twenty-fifth anniversary, and we expect the Governor and the Attorney-General both to attend!’ There was a note of personal triumph in his voice.

Rose Canby smiled, a tolerant, understanding smile; it had grown more tolerant, more understanding, and a little sadder, as the years of their married life had increased. Her brown eyes, startlingly clear in the thin face, with its delicate coloring of faded rose-petal, were maternal, protective.

‘It will be fine, won’t it?’ She had said that each day at breakfast for a week.

Canby nodded. ‘They could n’t run the Six-o’-Clock Club without me,’ he said. His spare shoulders straightened, and he brushed back the thin gray hair from his forehead. ‘This is my tenth year as Secretary, Rose — before Mr. Stone died. Remember?’ His smile was pathetically bright and eager. ‘You’ve no idea how much detail there is in getting up a big dinner. They say down at the office’ — his accent linger-

ed with reverence upon the last word — 'that I'm the finest detail man they ever had! Why' — he beamed across at her with open, childlike pride, — 'Mr. Stone said to me the other day, "Canby, if we did n't have you to supervise our accounting, the firm of Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings would have to devote its talents to the unprofitable art of pleading causes!"' He threw out his narrow chest, clutched the lapels of his loose blue coat. 'Mr. Stone is right, too, and the office knows it!'

His wife looked at him with quiet tolerance; there was a hint of wistfulness in her glance, a suggestion of something veiled, affectionately ignored.

'John,' she said, 'when do you think they'll take you into the firm — this year?' Her voice was hopeful, a little blurred, as if quite purposefully she was magnifying a possibility that lay before her.

Canby looked up from his plate. 'Why, Rose! I can't expect that for a long time! I've only been with the firm for twelve years, and I've only been first assistant for three! You don't understand!' He smiled knowingly. 'It takes years to get into a firm like Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings — there's none better in the city! I've always considered it an honor to be associated with them. Why, my dear!' His voice rose triumphantly. 'You forget, if it had n't been for Mr. Stone, I would n't be Secretary of the Six-o'-Clock Club!' His worried little face glowed with pride, and settled into assurance at the conclusiveness of his answer.

'Yes, John,' she said gently. 'You always seem to know distinguished men. But,' she persisted, 'I wish — sometimes — they appreciated you a little more! There's young Mr. Carter —'

'Oh, Carter!' Canby replied. A shadow of disappointment crossed his face. 'They did take him in this year. But,'

he added reassuringly, 'he has very wide connections — he's quite rich himself. And besides, he's an unusually good speaker.' He paused for a moment, and then leaned across the table. 'As a matter of fact, my dear, he's very superficial — no man for detail at all! He comes to me with all his accounts — I'm straightening him out constantly!'

'Yes?' she said, and then reached over and patted his hand.

When he left for the garage she stood at the doorway, waiting for him to back the car up to the circle in front of the house. He did it slowly, precisely, his black derby hat placed very seriously upon his head. The car stopped exactly opposite the door, and he looked up at her with an air of accomplishment. 'I won't be home till late,' he said cheerily. 'Don't wait for me.'

'I won't,' she answered. Then she walked to the car and held up her face to his. 'Kiss me good-bye,' she said.

For a moment she lingered in the doorway, watching the car slip away over the smooth gray road. The little settlement of white, plastered houses, neat, trim, proudly exposed to each other across diminutive strips of well-kept grass, shone with a clear new-washed radiance in the misty gold of the sunlight. In its ordered precision, its careful spacing of slim, symmetrical trees, in the intricate pattern of small circling driveways, the tiny garages all alike, and standing very firm and box-like at the end of white cemented runways, it seemed curiously complete; enveloped in a placid and comfortable self-sufficiency. Her eyes rested on the big sign that flanked the entrance from the pike — the words 'Buckingham Manor' were printed on it, in high black letters. She looked beyond it, to a wide range of rich deep-shadowed wood, a pale expanse of rolling lawns, and the white gleam of pillars hidden behind shrubbery.

II

The elevator stopped at the twelfth floor, and Canby walked briskly across the hallway to the double doors of the office. His heart warmed with a little thrill of pride at the sight of the names: the firm in solid, impersonal severity on one door, a long row of individual names on the other; his own, John Canby, heading the list that lay below a straight black line. Inside, the wide, clear-lighted space, yellow-carpeted, bordered with high mahogany benches, was empty, expectant; the dull glass doors of the partitioned offices were open; at the far end the office boy was sorting the mail. Two of the stenographers, with coats and hats still on, disappeared around the corner that led to the library.

He walked past the offices with quick bustling steps; a feeling of coming activity, of importance, enveloped and stimulated him. He paused for a second before the big office at the end, caught a glimpse of the interior: the smooth surface of the walls, cut with the dark outline of engravings; a patch of scarlet and orange gleaming against a dull gray carpet; the desk, broad, shining, bare of papers; and a tall leather chair. Resting against the back of the chair was a face, motionless behind a lifted sheet of paper. The great coarse features, aggressive, jutting in outline, were in repose; in their suave immobility, their intense, almost ominous concentration, they seemed the embodiment of some subtle, corrosive, and magnificent force.

Canby drew a deep breath, his heart beat a little faster; turning, he walked with firm steps down the corridor to his office.

At his desk was a pile of thick, blue-backed accounts, the sheets of legal cap covered with columns of figures. He took up the first one and read the

items as a musician reads the notes of music; he detected an error — an item of income included in principal; a glow of pride, a sense of efficiency, stirred comfortably beneath his absorption in the figures. This was his contribution to the greatness of Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings. No one could do this work as he could. Even Mr. Stone himself . . .

He looked up, smiled at the office boy, and glanced quickly at the type-written memorandum he dropped on the desk. The chief wanted a brief on the liability of an elevator company. He read the facts carefully — they were complicated, including several parties. He studied the paper hard, driving the facts into his mind. They seemed extraordinarily separate, — it was difficult, somehow, to get them together and to know just what point of law was involved. Abstract questions always confused him this way — gave him a sense of being at sea mentally. He never knew quite where to begin — there were so many possible places. He put down the paper slowly, and his eyes rested upon the account before him, so clear and intelligible in its regular sequence of figures. He sighed; a premonition of long and hopeless floundering in the library beset him. The language of cases was so difficult to understand.

‘Hello, Canby — thinking it out, are you?’

He looked up at young Carter, standing in the doorway. Vaguely, he felt a little frightened, as if the latter had detected his confusion.

‘Yes,’ he said cheerfully, ‘got a question from the chief.’

‘Have you?’ Carter’s eyes brightened. ‘Let’s see it.’ He took the memorandum from Canby’s hand and glanced over it. ‘Ruled by Fernald *vs.* Quillen, in 261 Pa. I should judge,’ he said carelessly; and then put the memo-

random on the desk. 'Six-o'-Clock Club to-night, is n't it? I suppose you're very busy.' There was a gleam of kindly malice in his eyes.

'I am,' nodded Canby. He freshened perceptibly, and looked at Carter with an air of importance. 'I have charge of all the arrangements.'

'I know you have,' said Carter. He jerked his head toward the door. 'The chief's going, he tells me.'

'Really?' A faint flush spread over Canby's face. 'I'll see he's well taken care of. The Governor and the Attorney-General will both be there.'

He looked eagerly at Carter, as if awaiting his enthusiasm.

Carter smiled indulgently, and the look of kindly malice in his eyes deepened. 'It'll be a rough party — a lot of quick talk — you want to watch out they don't kid you!'

Canby laughed uneasily. 'They won't kid me, I'm sure. They never have.'

'They kid everybody, don't they?' said Carter, still smiling at him.

'Pretty nearly. It's rough sometimes — a man has to have a quick comeback.' He looked up timidly. 'I don't believe I could handle it as well as some of them,' he said.

Carter leaned over and patted his shoulder. 'I don't believe they'll try to put anything over on you, Canby. You're not the kind.' His fingers closed persuasively about his arm. 'I wonder if you could help me out with a little question of invested capital — the papers are on my desk.'

Canby rose with alacrity. 'Certainly,' he said.

At three o'clock he carefully arranged the papers on his desk, took his hat from the tree, and went to the stenographers' room. 'I'm going to the Harrington and then to Tom Moran's office. Have the menus come yet?'

One of the girls handed him a paste-

board box. 'I suppose you'll be busy with the dinner the rest of the afternoon?' she asked.

'I'm afraid so. There's always so much to arrange at the last minute.' He paused at the door, the box held closely under his arm. 'You see — they rely on me at the hotel — I have to tell them all just what to do.'

The girl smiled sympathetically. 'I don't believe they could run that dinner without you, Mr. Canby,' she said.

He walked down the pavement, very erect and eager, the box clutched tightly beneath his arm. The moving, restless mass hurried before him, about him: heads swaying in ceaseless varying rhythm; colors — orange, henna, scarlet, flashes of white, the dull gleam of gray and brown and black, all weaving a shifting changing pattern through the dusty sunlight; the thin sharpness of the shadows, the harsh, unceasing noises of the street. He felt very happy, an important significant unit in the urgent life about him. He held his head high, looked quickly at the faces that passed him, nodded with genial curtess at an acquaintance; a sudden vision of the crowded room at the Harrington, of the speeches and the applause, came to him; unconsciously he walked a little faster.

At the corner he hesitated, looked up at the tall figure that was approaching, and waited for recognition. The face was turned from him; he caught only a glimpse of the hard clear profile, the high cheek-bones, the wide sensitive mouth, compressed into a grim and steel-like firmness. He looked again, met the eyes, gray, veiled, a little savage; they shone suddenly with a light of recognition, and the man waved his hand. Canby felt suddenly warmed — the glance was so friendly, so inclusive.

*I'm coming to your office at five

'o'clock,' he shouted after him. The other nodded his head without stopping.

'Big man, Tom Moran,' he thought as he stood at the corner, waiting for the traffic to pass by him. The famous speeches of Moran came to his mind; his extraordinary career, so paradoxical, so completely fitting the man himself. Engineering rotten bills through the legislature; defending a disbarred lawyer without pay; his practice—tinged with a criminal strain; his devoted loyalty to clients, his sudden outbursts of idealistic eloquence. He was President of the Six-o'-Clock Club, and, Canby reflected, almost as deeply interested in it as he himself.

He glanced down the street, at the tall gray bulk of the hotel before him. The Club flag was out, a white square of linen cut by a wooden spoon that crossed a ram's head in the centre.

'Confound them!' he thought. 'Why could n't they hang it straight.'

The revolving doors enclosed him, propelled him into the subdued bustle of the lobby. A boy ran up to take the box, but he shook his head. Passing the big crimson chairs, the crimson sofas, ornate, formally luxurious, the women, waiting apathetically, with hands folded upon stout laps, he reached the elevator. On the crimson board beside the desk he saw the words, in small white letters — 'Six-o'-Clock Club — The Ballroom at Seven To-night.'

The room was littered with greens; the decorators were just finishing their work. He stood for a moment, surveying the table. The main table extended across the room; the five branches reached from it in parallel lines. Vacant, with the light of day shining dully upon the white cloth, it seemed small, easily comprehended, an insignificant setting for a distinguished company. He picked his way to the centre of the main table. The ram's head, mounted on a flat oval of ebony, lay just beyond

the centre plate; beside it lay a gavel and a smooth block of polished wood.

He put down his box and took out his cards. 'The Honorable Thomas Moran.' For a moment he looked at his own round legible writing. And then, very deliberately, with a certain reverent precision, he placed the cards along the centre table. His glance lingered upon the names; he would see them to-morrow in the paper — would read them, very slowly, to Rose at breakfast, look up at her, and wait for her to smile. His hand shook with a little tremor of excitement, of anticipation, — Rose was so proud of him, — she so enjoyed hearing about the dinner!

The headwaiter, white-haired, deliberate, and venerable, approached with soft, flat-footed steps. 'It will be a big company to-night, Mr. Canby,' he said with a quiet, deprecatory lisp. 'The twenty-fifth anniversary?'

'It is,' said Canby, expansively. 'And you've seen them all, have n't you, Jules?'

The old man nodded, paused for a moment, his hand on the back of a chair. 'Yes, all,' he said simply. 'I have been headwaiter now for thirty years.' His dull blue eyes lighted with a reminiscent gleam. 'I remember well the first dinner. It has always been a big affair.' He inclined his head gravely. 'I stay and listen to the speeches. They are so sharp and witty.' He smiled frankly at Canby.

'They are, indeed!' Canby nodded.

'Ah, yes,' the old man sighed. 'There have been some famous men — I have heard them, — back and forth, back and forth,' — he moved his arm with a quick gesture, — 'like lightning, so swift they were with their answers.' He looked keenly at his listener. 'You, Mr. Canby, you sit at the table of honor — maybe some time, to-night, you will make a speech! I should like to hear you throw it back at them!'

'Would you?' Canby beamed upon him. 'I'm afraid I could n't do it as well as the others, Jules.'

The old man bowed gravely. 'I'm sure you could,' he answered.

III

At precisely five o'clock, Canby opened the door that led into the outer office of Thomas Moran. It was a cavernous, dingy, ill-arranged room; the walls were lined with books — they sprawled over the table, about the scattered piles of paper, the legal periodicals, the hats of the waiting men, seated, in anxious immobility, their eyes vaguely turned toward the inner office.

'Mr. Canby, a member of the bar, to see Mr. Moran,' he said firmly, to one of the stenographers.

She surveyed him, and then walked with petulant languor to the door.

'Mr. Canby, member of the bar,' she announced in one word.

Canby heard Moran's voice; the girl nodded, and he entered the inner office.

Moran's foot was on the desk, he was leaning back comfortably in his chair. 'Hello, Canby,' he said easily. He motioned toward a chair. 'Sit down there by Judge Walsh and keep him in order.'

Canby turned, bowed formally to the white-haired, red-faced man who was gently tilting against the wall.

'How are you, Canby?' The judge steadied himself, and extended his hand, his genial face illumined by a facile, swiftly passing smile. 'Have n't seen you in our court for a long time! What's the matter — settling everything?' He laughed, a short satisfied chuckle, as if he had answered the question himself, and then turned to the man seated by him.

'Mr. Yerger, this is Mr. Canby, of Hemphill, Stone, Wilberforce & Jennings. Your offices don't meet as often as they should, I imagine.' He looked up

at Moran. 'How was that — pretty good, eh?' He chuckled again, beamed at Canby and Yerger, and wagged his head knowingly.

Canby leaned forward in his chair, and saluted Yerger with friendly embarrassment. The latter inclined his head; his sharp close-set eyes held a glint of amused tolerance; he looked at Canby as if he expected him to do some absurd, extraordinary thing. His gaze made Canby feel uncomfortable; the elation, the pleasant sense of familiarity left him, and he twisted his hands nervously.

'All ready for the dinner?' Moran asked. There was a touch of mockery in his voice; his eyes were inscrutable, smiling; the corners of his mouth drooped ironically. 'Mr. Canby runs the Six-o'-Clock Club,' he said to Yerger.

'Oh, no,' protested Canby. 'I only look after the details!' The worried lines of his face relaxed. 'I've just come from the hotel, Mr. Moran. Everything is going along very nicely. The flag is out — they hung it crooked, and I told them to straighten it!' He moved his hands in a condescending, disdainful gesture. 'The decorators are all through — they've done a fairly good job of it. I was there for an hour or so, to make certain they had everything right. The ram's head and the gavel are at your place, and I arranged all the cards for the centre table.'

He walked over to the desk, the diagram in his hand.

'This is the order of seating. You see,' — he leaned over and spread out the paper, carefully indicating the small circles with his finger, — 'I put the Governor on your right, the Attorney-General on your left, and,' he looked inquiringly at Moran, 'I thought I'd put Mr. Stone next to the Attorney-General — if you approve.' He moved back and waited.

'That's all right,' said Moran heart-

ily. 'You do a lot of work on this dinner, don't you?'

Canby's strained blue eyes wavered a little; the color crept into his face, and he looked inordinately pleased.

'I take a great interest in the Club,' he said solemnly.

Moran's gaze was quizzical, curious, as if probing the extent of some weakness.

'Let's see, how long have you run the Club?' he said.

'I've been Secretary for ten years.' Canby lifted his chin with dignity. 'I look after all the details myself. I consider it a very important work.'

'Yes,' said Moran, his eyes still fixed on him, 'you've taken quite a load off my shoulders!'

Canby's eyebrows arched significantly. 'That's my job. You see,' he looked candidly at Moran, 'I have a gift for that kind of thing.'

'So I observe,' said the other. 'Do you know, I don't believe we could hold our dinners without you!'

'I don't believe you could,' said Canby emphatically.

There was a significant silence after the door closed behind him. Moran took his foot down from the desk, leaned forward, and stared into space as if at some invisible object.

'Strange, is n't it?' he said meditatively. 'Even a little fellow like that!' His eyes were mournful, very clear, as if suddenly emerged from behind a veiled and inscrutable hardness. 'We all go about wrapped in the illusion of our own greatness. I suppose we could n't live if we did n't. No one is ever quite cruel enough to tell us what we really are.'

The corners of his mouth drooped bitterly, a little sadly; the wistful, hungry look of the frustrated dreamer was on his face.

He glanced suddenly at the judge with a flash of savage, distorted humor.

'No one ever dares to tell you, do they? A benevolent, old stuffed shirt, just dripping with sentimentality, are n't you?'

His smile was engaging, disarming, altogether delightful.

The judge puffed out his lips, wrinkled his forehead, and then decided to laugh.

'Must show respect to the bench, counselor,' he said, throwing back his shoulders, and then collapsing comfortably against the wall. 'Set a bad example to Yerger.' He wagged his head portentously.

Yerger rose. 'You know — that little fellow, Canby — he reminds me of my ten-year-old boy. I got him a tin watch the other day — just to see what he'd do with it. Well, the boy thinks he and that watch are just about the biggest things in the world! I was reminded of that kid all the time Canby was talking.'

He paused before the desk, his eyes dilated, and he looked at Moran as if suddenly seized by an idea.

'Tom, why don't you liven things up a bit to-night?'

'I expect to,' said the other carelessly. 'I'll tell you one way to do it.'

'How?' Moran's eyes gleamed with sudden interest.

'Present Canby with a tin watch,' said Yerger deliberately. 'Make a fine presentation speech, the kind you're good at, and then give him the watch. You'll bring down the house.'

Moran looked away; the wrinkles about his eyes lengthened, and his mouth curved in an unpleasant line.

'It would make a hit, would n't it?' he said thoughtfully.

He turned to Yerger; his smile was bright and bitter; in the sudden baring of teeth there was something ruthless, predatory. He stretched lazily. 'It's a very amusing idea, Yerger. Get the watch, will you?'

IV

It was nearly half-past seven — in a very few minutes, Canby thought, the music would start and they would go in to dinner. His heart was beating with suppressed excitement; a thrilling, intoxicating sense of his own importance pervaded him, enveloping him in sudden delightful waves of agitation; his head was very erect, his face shone with a smooth pallor above the black of his dress coat. Instinctively he moved toward the placid bulk that stood beside him in the receiving line, glanced at the face, broad, serene, lit with a potent merriness. The Governor enjoyed the Six-o'-Clock dinners; always remembered him, called him by his first name. He had placed a large hand, when the line was forming, upon his shoulder, held him, persuasively, at his side. Human sort, and a good man, in spite of what some people said. One of the judges approached, and he bowed excitedly, his face wrinkled into a deferential importance.

The music started, and the receiving line moved forward into the ballroom. Canby looked proudly over the room — at the long, white tables, gleaming beneath long rows of candles, the banked, glossy background of green leaves, the majestic spread of the flag, square and insistent against the transplanted foliage. His work, he thought; a worthy preparation for a night of distinction, of significance.

He glanced at the corner, at the reporters, alert, detached, casually informal. They represented the outside world, quite willing to hear what was said, to know of what was done, at the Six-o'-Clock Club dinners. They recognized him, John Canby, as the moving spirit; he would talk with them very pleasantly after the dinner. He determined to call them 'boys' to-night — he had always wanted to.

He took his seat at the far end of the main table, leaned forward, and looked down the row of faces. There were twelve between him and Moran. Not a man who had not made his mark, who was not what the newspapers called 'prominent.' The Attorney-General, massive, gray-haired, with a curled, combative mouth, was talking with Mr. Stone. His glance wandered vaguely over the assemblage; he twisted the cord of his menu absently — he was thinking of his speech, Canby surmised.

The Governor was placidly eating his clams; as a solid business man he had no reputation to sustain. He would give them a plain talk, poke a lot of fun, and take plenty back. A voice from one of the tables sounded above the murmur, the bustling clatter of the dishes. Someone had taken a shot at the Governor. A slow smile spread over his face as he sought out the speaker; he looked down meditatively, as if preparing a reply.

The noise grew perceptibly as the dinner progressed. Canby listened, watched, with an increasing enjoyment. Men walked from table to table, leaned over, beat each other on the shoulders, laughed uproariously. Little scraps of song floated out, were caught and echoed from distant corners. Pungent remarks — personal, political, their edge sheathed in laughter — flashed across the room; forgotten incidents in the lives of notables, mere allusions, veiled, biting, calling forth a swift and trenchant retort. At times Canby held his breath. A thin cloud of smoke drifted above the heads of the diners; the chairs swayed, tilted back; a steady clatter of dishes, piled and removed, the soft thud of hurrying waiters, sounded in a monotonous undertone through the crackle of conversation.

'They're going now, are n't they?' he said enthusiastically to the man next him.

The other turned a mild amused eye upon him. He was a middle-aged banker, grave, with a reputation for sagacity. 'Politicians like to make fun of each other,' he said impassively.

Moran leaned forward, took up the gavel, and beat vigorously upon the block of wood. Then he rose and looked out across the sea of faces. He seemed perfectly at ease, insolently, charmingly, master of the situation. He stood through the applause, a little smile, half-friendly, half-provocative, on his lips.

The noise subsided, and a low drawing voice from the corner uttered a remark. A burst of laughter followed. Moran drew back; his smile became fixed; he glanced toward the corner, found his man, and then shot his retort, pleasant, inquiring, venomously barbed.

The room rocked with laughter. Canby felt a little thrill of admiration, of fear almost, at its perfect bald brutality. How those fellows could hit each other — it was wonderful! He looked at Mr. Stone — he seemed grimly pleased, as if at an exhibition of some merited chastisement.

Moran continued. His clear, commanding voice, with its low, almost boyish note at the end of each sentence, slowly dominated the room, slowly subdued the restless humor of the listeners by the magic of its virile and sardonic humanity. The jokes became less frequent, ceased, blighted by the inevitable answer.

The men sat without moving, caught into the magnetic silence that envelops an eloquent speech. To Canby it seemed as if, in some mysterious fashion, Moran had laid hold of them, held them by the sheer force of his personality, vividly, overwhelmingly expressed. And yet, such restraint, such poise, such intellectual litheness! Wonderful that a man could hold three hundred men by the sheer force of spoken words — rest-

less, turbulent, keen-witted men, only too anxious to strike when occasion offered.

He wondered vaguely how it was done, what quality was needed that he had not been given. It seemed so easy now, he could almost imagine himself doing it. He looked out over the hardy, capable faces, imagined himself standing up against stinging remarks, hurling back crushing answers. He could do it, if he could only conquer the fear — the paralyzing, nauseating fear that swept over him when he got on his feet. One of the men turned, looked steadily at him, and he dropped his eyes.

'John Canby.' He heard the words; saw Moran look toward him. His heart leaped, then fell with a sickening descent. The blood rushed to his face. Everybody was looking at him; the low rustle of shifting heads sounded in his ears like the audible breath of some monster.

'Our worthy Secretary.' The words came from a distance. He saw the Governor lean forward and smile; the faces before him seemed kindly, amused. Nothing had happened. Their eyes left him; the man at his side nodded in friendly fashion, and then turned away, intent upon Moran.

'John Canby, our worthy Secretary.' The phrase rang in his ears. Moran had said that. He had spoken of him, John Canby, as a factor in the success of the Six-o'-Clock Club, said it definitely, to everyone. A comfortable warmth pervaded him, a feeling of great good-will and thankfulness, a calm sustaining assurance of his own value and place among men. His service was appreciated, it was all that he thought it was. Someone had to attend to the details, and there were very few who could do such work as he could. They knew that at the office — now they knew it here, to-night. He would tell Rose just what Moran had said; she would n't mind

being wakened — it would make her so happy. A feeling of pride, of elation possessed him — a sense of power — a capacity to do great things. He looked out over the assemblage with a steady sweeping gaze, his shoulders very erect, his mouth consciously drawn into a line of deep and restrained repose.

The Attorney-General was quarrelsome, Canby thought. He could n't hold the men as Moran could. The latter had given him a difficult introduction and had received a sharp blow in return. Canby saw him, moody, reflective, twisting bits of bread between his fingers as the Attorney-General pounded through his speech. The remarks had begun again; the majority of the men were opposed to the speaker politically. He grew heated and argumentative; the men sat back in their chairs, staring sombrely at him, turning to each other at some remark, shooting back a question with startling directness. A steady fire of heckling began in the back of the room; it was broad, bitter, and to the point — quite obviously disconcerting. The speaker struggled against it, overcame it for the moment by a sudden eloquent attack, and then sat down abruptly. The applause was tremendous, sarcastic in its exaggerated insistence.

Moran arose and stood, waiting for the applause to subside. To Canby he seemed the physical embodiment of careless indifferent strength, capable of pitiless attack, of indomitable defense. There was something mocking in his smile, a grim and bitter humor, playing above a suppressed ferocity. He was angry, that was apparent, and he was going to take it out on someone, in some way!

Very easily he touched upon the Attorney-General's speech, drove home a dart, received the laughter without moving a muscle. He hesitated, and then turned slowly toward Canby. His

voice lowered, became softer, gentle, almost caressing in tone. He put his hand in his pocket, took out a small object, held it concealed. Canby watched him, fascinated; he felt a faint suffocation, a vague stifling fear of something about to happen. The whole room was silent, caught by a sudden sense of the unusual.

Moran's eyes met Canby's; he leaned forward a little, as if addressing him, and then turned to his audience.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I want to pay a tribute to our friend, John Canby.'

A rustling wave of sound passed over the room, seemed to sweep over, beyond Canby; all eyes were upon him; he felt isolated, exposed, the very centre of the universe. He clutched nervously at his coat, looked at Moran with a white, strained face. There was something foreboding, terrifying, in the undertone of his voice — something he could n't grasp.

The voice continued through the silent room; slowly it recounted the history of the Club, the notable men that had been members, the famous dinners that had been given. It became eloquent, appealing, subtly clothed with the past glories which it made present. The constriction about Canby's heart relaxed, his fears seemed to drift away, to become absorbed in a burning glow of enthusiasm, of loyalty to the visions so marvelously evoked.

It was his Club that Moran meant — the Club of which he was Secretary! All fear had gone — he felt very proud and happy. He heard his name again, heard it carried through anecdote, incident, history, made a part of the very life of the Club — heard Moran speak of him as one who never slept in ceaseless endeavor for its welfare.

He lifted his face, felt the warm splash of tears upon his cheek. He wiped his eyes and smiled tremulously at Moran. Never in his life had he

been quite so happy — he had not dreamed that anything like this could ever happen to him. For an instant he saw the face of Rose — felt the joy he would have in telling her. If she were only here, with him, at this very moment!

The voice stopped; he saw Moran look at him, saw him hesitate as if brought to an unexpected end. His hand went deliberately to his pocket. Then his voice sounded again, lowered,

a little uncertain, as if reaching for the threads of some new thought.

‘Canby,’ he said, ‘we intended to give you a watch to-night. It is n’t here — we had to send for it — we could n’t find anything good enough for you in this city. When it comes, the Governor and I will give it to you ourselves.’

He sat down abruptly. There was a sudden silence. And then the room rocked about Canby in waves of tumultuous applause.

THE PASSING OF THE CHAPERON

BY THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

NANCY and I are middle-aged, and I am a member of a college faculty. We have lived most of our lives in a college town; we have seen a good deal of social life as it flourishes academically in the Mississippi Valley. For twenty years or more, we averaged about two social gatherings a week during the season; and because we liked going out and knew a good many young people and could dance pretty well, we have played the rôle of chaperon not infrequently.

We have ‘kept up’ pretty well, too, with the rapidly changing fashions in dancing and dress; not ‘clear up,’ perhaps, but we have never been very far behind the procession, and we have never been looked upon as back numbers, wedded to the waltz and the schottische and cotton stockings. We have never been extreme, but we have been through the two-step and the tango and the fox-trot, from the Virginia reel to the toddle.

In the early days, — that is, twenty

years ago, — when an organization or a college class or a group of young people asked us to chaperon a dance, and we consented, the young people seemed to consider our acceptance a real event. They even boasted about it. We were their guests; our presence gave them pleasure; and nothing seemed to them too good for us. We were spoken to by everyone, we were hovered over and asked to dance and handed punch and treated as if we were royalty or were being rushed by a sorority.

The cab that was to take us to the party was always waiting at the door at the exact time agreed upon, and someone prominent in the organization or the class called for us and accompanied us to the dance-hall. When the time came for refreshments, everyone stood back until we were ushered into the dining-room, and no one was seated until we had found our places. We were among the first to arrive at

the party and the last to leave it. It was a pleasant state of affairs, which brought us a good many friends and a good deal of pleasure. The young people seemed to like it, and it broadened our interests and widened our acquaintance, while it gave them social poise.

'What thoughtful, carefully trained, polite young people they are!' I often remarked to Nancy, when, after returning from an evening's pleasure, we talked over the details.

Then we were away for a year or two, studying and traveling; and on our return, when we again took up our social activities, things were not quite the same. The particular form of dancing fashionable at the moment was not quite what we had been familiar with; but we took a few lessons, watched our step, and were soon in line again.

There was no denying the fact, however, that the attention we received was not what it had been; the men were a little cruder, the women less thoughtful and not quite so punctilious. We were still treated with a reasonable courtesy, and our dance programmes were always filled; but we noticed that it was frequently the Freshmen at a fraternity dance whose names we found on our programmes, and we suspected that it was not entirely from choice, but rather by direction, that they had singled us out. Not infrequently it was suggested that perhaps we were tired, and might like to leave before the last dance; and I was not always certain that this meant consideration for our comfort. Occasionally, though not often, our presence was entirely ignored by someone present, even when he knew us perfectly well.

'I don't believe you spoke to me the other night at the Beta dance,' I would say to Simons when he dropped in at my office a few days later. 'I felt rather slighted in not getting to meet that young lady you were with.'

'Did n't I speak to you?' he would say, half-apologetically. 'Well, you see I got in rather late, and I just didn't get around to it.' But he did n't seem to worry a great deal over his dereliction or to correct his fault the next time we met him.

Once, a little later, I recall, when we were at a Chi Sigma dance, everybody forgot all about us at supper-time. When refreshments were announced, all the young people made a scramble for the dining-room and we were left, with some of the other guests, sitting in cold isolation in the hall. Fortunately, somebody 'came to' before the first course was wholly dispatched and rushed back, crimson with shame and garrulous with apologies, to look up the lost chaperons.

On rare occasions some organization which had invited us forgot to come for us, and we sat at home during the evening, 'all dressed up and nowhere to go'; and I remember one dance, at which we were seated in a cold dark corner under a sloping roof and left to our own devices during the entire evening. But these experiences were rather rare and did not impress us then as indicative of changing customs. We laughed about them and let it go at that.

'I believe chaperons are going out of style,' I said to Nancy one night, just before the war, after we had returned from a formal dance. 'No one seemed just crazy to see us this evening, and I felt more like an interloper or a man breaking into a dinner-party uninvited, than a guest.'

'Oh, you're tired,' Nancy replied. 'You'll feel better in the morning.'

But I did n't feel any better when I thought it over next day, and I had had a good sleep, too. I felt irritated. It was a big dance, it was true, and it took considerable time for the young people to pass down the reception line; but

that was their social obligation, I argued. They all owed us the scant courtesy of speaking to us, at least. I have a good memory for faces, I am told, and I knew that at least a third of them had shied at the line. Was the chaperon passing?

I recalled then that the cab had been late, and that it was a drafty, ill-smelling open car, with side-curtains flopping loosely in the December breeze. They had given us the worst. No one but the taxi-driver had come for us, so that we had been forced to find our way alone to the dressing-rooms, and from there to the room where the dance was being held. There were a lot of people whom I knew well who had not come near our corner. Hawley had fox-trotted by, with a town girl dressed in rather bizarre fashion. A dozen couples had skidded over in our direction as they danced past the chaperons' booth, as if they were going to stop long enough to speak; but they thought better of it and hurried on. Powers, a fraternity brother of mine, smiled at me and loosed his hold on the girl whose face was pressed against his cheek, long enough to wave me a friendly hand in passing; but that was as far as he went.

Nancy and I had danced together a few times, had found our way with the other chaperons, unattended, to the refreshment room, and when it was time to go home had looked out for our own cab.

As I thought it over, it seemed to me that we were being sent to the sidelines. I thought about it a good deal at intervals, as the months passed; and while I was thinking, the war came on and changed everything.

There were not many formal or conventional social functions during the war, and there was not much demand for the chaperon. Everybody seemed perfectly capable of looking after him-

self, and many of the customs and conventions which we had always considered rock-bound and unchangeable were quickly forgotten. For some of these oblivion is just as well.

I had not thought much about the status of the chaperon until, a few weeks ago, Nancy and I were invited to the annual Sophomore cotillion of the college. It is one of the big functions of the college year, and it seemed rather pleasant to get back into things again. So Nancy got a new gown, and we accepted.

The invitations had been printed — and rather badly printed, too; and down in one corner of the card was the request, 'Please reply.' It irritated me.

We had heard that social conditions were not quite what they once were — that customs were changing, that new styles, such as thin eyebrows and bobbed hair and highly colored complexions were being worn now; and the rumor was correct. We had heard, too, from some of our friends who had suffered, that the chaperon was not the respected citizen she had once been; that she often sat alone in a remote corner of the room, neglected and forgotten.

We had arrived late, partly through the fault of the taxi-driver and partly through our own kindness of heart. The cab had come forty minutes after the time that it should have come; and then to oblige the driver we had made a detour of several miles, consuming another half-hour of time, to pick up another belated couple, middle-aged like ourselves, who had been invited to look after the social amenities of the dance.

Things were in full swing when we arrived; the dance had been going on for an hour. Our absence had not been noticed and our coming attracted no attention. During the evening a half-dozen couples, perhaps, of the three

hundred present, dropped into our booth and shook hands with us perfunctorily. The chairman of the committee in charge of the dance paid his respects to us for five minutes or less, and disappeared for the rest of the evening. If other members of the committee were in attendance, they did not reveal their identity.

I was not especially annoyed; I was not even surprised, except at not being surprised. I realized fully that the chaperon had passed; she was a back-number, she had gone out with the war, she now belonged to another generation, like the horse and the tablecloth and the pickle-caster. I accepted the situation and early in the evening we stole quietly home.

I was going to Peoria on the train the next day, when a pretty young girl sitting in front of me turned round and recognized me. She was a daughter of a classmate of mine — and a very nice girl. She is going to college herself somewhere in New England, I believe.

'Where have you been?' I asked, 'and where are you going?'

'Oh, I was at the Sophomore cotillion last night,' she said. 'It was a beautiful dance. One of the fellows from home asked me down.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I was there, too. In fact, Nancy and I were chaperons.'

'Oh!' she said; but the tone had nothing in it of apology, nothing of regret for any dereliction on her part. It did n't occur to her that she had made a social error in not speaking to us. Her tone was rather one of amazement, of sympathy, of pity that we were so stupid and out of style as to accept the rôle of chaperon. It was as if she had asked, 'How *did* you happen to do it?' I could see that my confession had made her think less of me.

I am not one who thinks that the passing of the chaperon marks a dis-

tinct moral decline. Our young people have less reserve than they once had; they conceal less that is physical and mental than they once did. They lay quite bare, in fact, without batting an eyelash, what they are and think and feel; but I cannot see that this has affected their morality in any way.

Nor do I fear for the safety of the unchaperoned young woman in society. It is not a question of protecting her from evil or from assault. The modern young woman knows the ways of the world. She is self-reliant and resourceful, she still has ideals and principles of her own, in spite of her scanty clothing, her bobbed hair, and her rouged cheeks; and she is quite able to look after her social affairs. If she were not, I still have faith enough in men to think that the days of gallantry are not yet quite passed, and that, if the girl were not wise enough to take care of herself, the average young man would still do it for her.

It is not because the girl is unsafe, or because she is less modest, that I am sorry to see the passing of the chaperon; it is because she is a little less refined. Going to a dance now is like eating at a lunch counter, where the food may be as varied and as savory as at a well-ordered and carefully served dinner, but where there are lacking the little refinements of napery and cutlery, and the little touches and attentions which mean quite as much as the food itself.

The unchaperoned girl gives an impression of strength and independence, it is true, but she seems cruder, less polished. Her laugh is louder than it used to be. She lacks a certain graciousness, an appealing finesse and poise which characterized her older sister. She is not quite a lady, as we were once wont to define the term. She has gained something, perhaps, but at the same time she has lost something. And I am sorry.

APRIL SUNDAYS

BY AMORY HARE

SOMEWHERE this April evening I suppose
There are two beings who are the best of friends
As well as mates; and when the daylight ends
They will go home, insensibly drawn close
By the deep darkness wrapping them about.
It may have been at dawn that they set out
To inspect their world and count their kingdom's wealth;
It may have been at noon, but they have fared
Blithely all day, and all day they have shared,
With that deep faith that, hand in hand with health,
Makes peace of mind and heart. . . . Oh, it were good,
Such weariness of body, after days
Spent sturdily upon the upland ways,
Adventuring together through the wood,
Aimless as children seeking after elves!
Then to discover home and hearth anew!
All the old loyal friendly chairs, a few
Toys on the floor, the worn books on the shelves;
And gleam of copper mirroring the blaze;
The caged bird bought the day the spaniel died
To cheat the tear from eyes too young and wide,
Too new at gazing upon death's amaze.
And so, to slake the thirsty mind with sleep,
Drink of that mystic potion side by side;
No fears save those in dreams; no gift denied;
No pale dawns watched by eyes too grim to weep.

A NAVAL VIEW OF THE CONFERENCE

FLEET AND BASE LIMITATIONS

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

I

THE stated purpose of the Washington Conference was to arrive at such 'a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East' as to permit of a general limitation of armaments by common agreement. It was a call upon the nations concerned 'to do that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone' — to make such sacrifices and to come to such rearrangements as would reduce the likelihood of war in the Far East and thus enable the principal Powers to limit their armaments without undue danger to themselves or to those dependent on them for security.

In effect, the Conference was like an intense drama, the circumstances of which put its participants under such pressure as to make recognizable their real attitudes toward the questions in issue and, incidentally, to bring to light the particular aims characteristic of each. But, with the best of intentions and in spite of unprecedented official publicity, inadvertently it was made particularly difficult for Americans, inexperienced in evaluating the amenities of diplomacy, to appreciate this drama, to see behind it the historical background of the problems with which it dealt, and to recognize the actual purposes of many of its participants. In some measure this was due to lack of matured understanding of

the questions in issue on the part of some of the media of public information. But perhaps the most beclouding factor was the national propensity to consider everything indiscriminately with unbounded optimism — so-called. Optimism does not consist, however, in being willfully blind to all the obstacles of life, in living in a world peopled by the fatuous fancies born of kindly credulity. Real optimism consists in marching undauntedly forward to a higher goal with as full an understanding as possible of every obstacle.

From such impediments to comprehensive public appreciation of the situation, it followed that the effects of many important obstacles to the main purposes of the Conference have not been generally realized. Yet it is not to be supposed, in this day and generation, that even the most ardent advocates of unreserved ratification of every agreement drawn up by the Conference would advocate their ratification without public appreciation. It would seem to be, therefore, not only a duty to the public but the duty of the public to face frankly the undesirable as well as the desirable elements with which the Conference dealt, back of the screen of diplomatic amenities. And, happily for those who believe not merely in a limitation of armaments but in ultimate disarmament, we shall see that the Con-

ference has made possible a situation approaching much more closely to those ideals than the most ardent advocates of them seem to have realized.

II

The general objective of the United States — which was the objective of the Conference as a whole — was (1) to improve policies and consequent conditions in the Far East so as (2) to reduce a specific expectancy of war in the Pacific, and (3) thus permit of a general limitation of armaments.

With this general objective Great Britain was in hearty sympathy — under the very natural proviso that nothing offensive to her close ally, Japan, should transpire in such a way as to endanger the great British interests in the Far East or the security of British India and Australasia. And it was well understood that Great Britain came to the Conference with the particular hope that the aversion of the United States to the Anglo-Japanese alliance might result in expanding that alliance to an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance. For to bring the United States into alliance with herself has been a more or less persistent item of Great Britain's foreign policy, at least since George Canning proposed it in 1823. With respect to this policy — of increasing moment as the United States grew in power — the 'Four Party Treaty' between the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and France is an interesting development.

The particular objectives of France at the Conference were twofold. Her paramount concern was that nothing should be done at Washington that would limit the military power of France on the Continent of Europe *vis-à-vis* Germany; and M. Briand's remarks on this subject summarily deleted the entire subject of the limitation of

land armaments from any further consideration by the Conference. An evident corollary to this desire for military security on the part of France was her desire to strengthen her naval power in the Mediterranean for the purpose, stated by her representatives, of being able, in the event of war in Europe, to draw with assurance on the great manpower of her vast African possessions. This entailed her possible use of a potential naval command of that vital British line of communications with the Far East which passes through the Mediterranean as a makeweight in Continental affairs — useful especially in the event that Great Britain should have trouble in the Near, Middle, or Far East.

But to grasp the full meaning of this phase of French policy, one would have to go back beyond the construction of the Suez Canal by de Lesseps, beyond Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, and even to the famous memorandum wherein Leibnitz recommended Louis XIV to assail the Netherlands by war in Egypt, — in order to reach their Far Eastern trade, — while keeping peace in Europe. Though this cannot be done here, it should be noted that the European-Continental situation and the consolidation of her vast domains in Africa are much more important to France than are Annam and her Polynesian possessions and that, consequently, it is to be expected that her outlook on Far Eastern matters in future will be as it was at the Washington Conference — quite subordinated to French interests in Europe, Africa, and the Near East. In fact, France is and will continue to be in the position of one so intensely concerned with vital matters near home that remote affairs can receive but secondary attention, with the result of scant understanding. This is evidenced by the French Government's having conceived the mistaken

idea that the real purpose of the United States in calling the Washington Conference was to adjust differences with Great Britain, and that, in this fancied juxtaposition of the two English-speaking Powers, France would find her greatest advantage in playing the rôle of peacemaker.

Of Italy it need only be said that her Far Eastern concerns are less even than those of France; and that her Mediterranean interests, though less extensive, are more vital to her because of her position. But that is not to say that they were parallel with those of France. On the contrary, it appears that Italy found her advantage in sympathy with Great Britain and, by securing the right to a fleet equal in size to that of France, quietly secured a potential naval advantage over the latter because the Italian peninsula does not divide Italy's two coasts to the extent that the Iberian peninsula divides the two coasts of France.

The fact that, of late, Japan has been spending very nearly one half of her national revenues on her navy, while the United States has been spending less than a tenth of the Federal revenue on the American navy, led Japan to welcome with enthusiasm the call of the United States to a conference for the limitation of naval armament *per se*. But the fact that the proposed limitation of naval armament was predicated on arriving at 'a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East' led the militarist press of Japan to characterize the invitation to Japan to attend the Conference as 'the greatest calamity that has ever overtaken the Japanese Empire.' To reduce naval competition might save Japan from ruin or from the internal necessity of going to war prematurely in order to justify naval expenditures and prevent internal revolt; but policies in the Far East were matters of

which, in the view of some Japanese, the least said the better. Yet it was realized that, if Japan declined to attend the Conference, she might be diplomatically isolated and could not hope to save herself from the internal dangers of her excessive naval expenditures.

Finding herself forced by internal as much as by external conditions to attend the Washington Conference, it became the duty of the Japanese Government to make such an estimate of the situation and to devise such a plan of procedure as would give the best promise of protecting and, if possible, advancing Japanese policy while relieving Japan of her unparalleled burden of naval expenditure. The fact that relief from such expenditures would be very beneficial to Japan and that the United States had called the Conference as a means to the end that armaments be limited—and consequently would go far to succeed in that end—made it evident that the interest of Japan would be best served by first getting from the United States and other Powers a commitment as to the limitation of armaments; and this while holding back conclusions on vital matters of Far Eastern policy. Then over-insistence by the United States or other Powers on a practical revision of Japan's policy in Asia might be stopped by a threat to ruin the ends of the Conference as to naval limitations by alleging inability to accede to some item thereof. But such a procedure would have been merely defensive of Japan's politico-naval status as it existed at the opening of the Conference.

It was natural for Japan to suppose that, having called the Conference, the United States would be prepared to pay a high price to make it a success and might, therefore, be induced to a commitment that would constitute a positive improvement of Japan's politico-naval situation. The problem was to

determine on an objective of great naval advantage to Japan, such an objective as would render unnecessary further expansion of Japan's navy while protecting her political policy, and such an objective as might be attained by astute diplomacy at the Conference.

From the course pursued by the Japanese from the moment of their arrival at Washington it was evident that they came with such a plan, prepared by the coöperation of statesmen who understood naval strategy with naval strategists who understood statecraft. It was a plan that should have been apparent before the Conference opened to anyone really conversant with the strategy of the Pacific; for it was a plan that was obvious from the outset to all but those who did not understand both statecraft and naval strategy. Yet the Japanese put it through — as will appear hereunder — with results far transcending such a detail as whether the ratio of capital fleets was to be 10-10-6 or 10-10-7, all the talk over this detail being merely a cloud of dust thrown in the air to conceal the real objective. And, as will appear, they thereby gained an unprecedented naval victory, pregnant with political possibilities for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in history.

To the foregoing very brief outline of the particular objectives of some of the Powers at the Washington Conference, it should be added that some of the Chinese seemed to have entertained hopes of territorial restitution — in addition to Shantung — and hopes of political and economic independence which the issue has proved to have been exaggerated. They seem to have recalled the American idealism that inaugurated the Open Door Doctrine, not only to assure the openness of all China to the trade of all the world without discrimination, but also to assure the

territorial integrity and political entity of China; and they seem to have expected that this same idealism would insist on the taking of material steps to correct incursions that had been made during the last twenty years against this doctrine. Furthermore, the Chinese expected that American idealism as to China would receive material support from the fact that, when the Open Door Doctrine was inaugurated, in 1900, the exports of the United States to Asia had amounted to only about \$65,000,000, which was only about 1.4 per cent of the total of American exports for that year; whereas these exports had increased to over \$770,000,000 for 1920 and constituted nearly 10 per cent of the total exports of this country for the last-named year. But, in entertaining such hopes, the Chinese overlooked the fact that the Open Door Doctrine has been merely a talking matter to most Americans, whereas the control of the Open Door is a fighting matter to Japan. And they also overlooked the fact — well understood by the Japanese and other strategists — that the United States would be very seriously handicapped in supporting the Open Door Doctrine, or any other policy in the Far East, against material opposition, because of the naval strategy of the situation.

III

It was not to be expected that public interest would concern itself first with such particular objectives as have been suggested, even though they were important factors underlying the primary problem of putting in effect in the Far East such policies as would ensure fair practices by all and to all in that field; and this to the end that the likelihood of further aggressions there — or of a war of defense against further aggression — would be so reduced that it would be safe for the Powers, and for

those dependent on them for security, to limit armaments.

On the contrary, public interest centred on the tangible objective of limiting armaments. And this natural centring of public interest on this objective was particularly emphasized because the Conference, though dealing with conditions in the Far East, occurred soon after the great war in Europe and, consequently, at the height of such a popular reaction against armaments as usually follows the close of every great war — especially if it has been one of the wars fought to end war.

From this it followed that the greatest popular interest was accorded to the proposal to destroy over half of the aggregate tonnage of American, British, and Japanese capital ships, built or building, to stop forthwith all building of such ships, and to set up the ratio of 10-10-6 as that to be maintained for ten years between the capital fleets of these Powers. But the Japanese insisted on retaining their brand-new *Mutsu* which is the greatest battleship in the world and which was built largely by popular subscription; and in order to do this they contended for a ratio of 10-10-7. This was adjusted by allowing Japan to retain the 33,800-ton *Mutsu* while earmarking her 20,800-ton *Settsu* for the scrap heap. But this increase in Japanese tonnage compelled the United States to undertake to complete the 32,600-ton *Colorado* and *West Virginia* as substitutes for the 20,000-ton *Delaware* and *North Dakota*; and this in turn caused Great Britain to desire to undertake the building of two entirely new ships of not over 35,000 tons each, whereupon the *Thunderer*, *King George V*, *Ajax*, and *Centurion*, aggregating 91,500 tons, would go to the scrap heap. This readjustment caused by the Japanese retention of the *Mutsu* retained virtually the ratio of 10-10-6 or 5-5-3; but it prevented the

putting in practice of the plan to stop forthwith all building of capital ships.

The following tables show the number and tonnage of capital ships to be scrapped and to be retained by the United States, Great Britain, and Japan as though the above detailed replacement had been carried out:—

CAPITAL SHIPS TO BE SCRAPPED
(as after impending replacements)

	Old Ships Number of Tons	Ships Building Number of Tons
U. S.	17 267,740	13 552,800
Gt. Br.	24 500,000	none none
Japan	10 163,312	4 161,958
Totals	51 931,052	17 714,758
Grand Total: —		

68 ships aggregating 1,645,810 tons

CAPITAL SHIPS TO BE RETAINED
(as after impending replacements)

	Number	Tons
U. S.	18	525,850
Gt. Br.	20	558,950
Japan	10	301,320
Totals	48	1,386,120

From the above tables it appears that, allowing for the two 35,000-ton British ships to be built from the keel up, nearly three fifths of the tonnage of capital ships now built or building in the American, British, and Japanese navies are to be destroyed. Such a sweeping destruction of capital tonnage might be considered as a great reduction of the power of the capital fleets. But further examination will show that this would be an incorrect conclusion.

Of the total of 1,645,810 tons to be destroyed, over half is constituted by ships almost all of which are so old, so slow, or are so comparatively weakly armed, that they can no longer be considered fit to fight in an up-to-date battle-fleet. In this connection it is appropriate to recall that, before 1910, — and as a measure of naval efficiency in expectation of war by Germany, —

Admiral Lord Fisher got rid of 160 British naval vessels 'that could neither fight nor run away.' To this it may be added, on personal knowledge of the present writer, that, for several years past, some American naval authorities have been advocating disposing of 15 out of the 17 American battleships to be scrapped; and this not as a measure of reducing the power of the American fleet, but as a way of increasing the efficiency of the American navy by relieving it of practically useless deadwood. As somewhat the same holds true for almost all the British and Japanese ships afloat and to be scrapped, it is difficult to see in this doing away with 51 obsolete or obsolescent battleships any *reduction* in fleet power. On the contrary it may be esteemed as a very material contribution to naval efficiency. But it should be added that doing-away with these 17 American battleships will not relieve, to any material extent, the present shortage of personnel in the American navy; for, all in all, on 15 of them there are many fewer than 1000 men at the present time.

On the other hand, the plan to scrap over 700,000 tons of capital ships now building and not to undertake the construction of about half as much more than was in immediate contemplation is a positive gain. But it should be realized clearly that it is a *limitation* as to further expansion and not a *reduction* of present power. And the corollary to this is that the proposed fleet limitations, *per se*, do not furnish any warrant for reducing expenditures for naval operations. They give promise only of avoiding very large future increases for construction and operation; and this only after the heavy costs of carrying out the scrapping programme shall have been met.

Right here it should be realized that, if the present personnel of the American

navy were to be assigned only to the ships built and to be retained under the limitation plan, and to their auxiliaries, the fleet could not be 80 per cent manned. This and other economies now make for the fact that the actual ratio between the American, British, and Japanese fleets is not 5-5-3, but between 4-5-3 and 3-5-3. The truth of this will be appreciated by those who know the relative training in these three navies, and who realize that ships do not fight each other but that it takes trained men to fight ships.

Besides putting the above-discussed limitation on the future expansion of capital fleets, the naval agreement provided that the United States and Great Britain might build airplane carriers, each to the extent of a total of 135,000 tons, Japan being limited to 81,000 tons in accordance with the 5-5-3 ratio — this in addition to such experimental airplane carriers as are now in each of these navies. As these vessels are likely to cost about \$800 per ton, their construction in the near future will amount to something over \$280,000,000 in all, or to about \$110,000,000 for four or five American airplane carriers.

It will be recalled that the original proposals for naval limitations contemplated limiting the aggregate allowable tonnages for cruisers and for submarines as well as for capital ships and airplane carriers — which latter are coming to be considered as a special type of capital ship. But apart from specifying that no vessel of war exceeding 10,000 tons, other than a capital ship or airplane carrier, shall be acquired or built by the Powers concerned, and that no vessel of war other than a capital ship shall carry a gun of over 8-inch calibre, the limitations agreement is silent as to regular cruisers, destroyers, and submarines — and this in spite of the conflict of opinions and

interests that centred around submarines during the Conference. So France attained her strenuously voiced desire to be permitted to build as large a submarine flotilla as Great Britain.

It may be said, in short, that the naval limitations agreement does not limit the extent to which future competition may be carried in building submarines, destroyers, cruisers, or any other type of combatant naval vessel in any number, except capital ships and airplane carriers. It virtually does not reduce the present effective force of capital fleets in themselves, but merely provides against their further expansion; and it makes specific provision for expansions of the present airplane-carrier forces. As the present effective force of capital fleets in themselves is not virtually reduced, as the expansion only of capital ships and of airplane carriers is limited, and as the expansion in volume of cruiser, destroyer, submarine, and any other naval forces is unlimited, it is difficult to see why some have acclaimed this agreement as a tremendous *reduction* of naval forces. It is merely a *limitation* upon the future expansion of capital forces. And this mere limitation of capital forces — counting airplane carriers as such — was obtained by the United States in consideration, as we shall see, of a further naval agreement which may be expected to have a much greater effect on the future than any question of fleet ratios or limitations.

Because of the circumstances just outlined, the conclusion seems inevitable that we must dismiss any thought of reducing American naval expenditures below the present level of about \$450,000,000 — if the 5-5-3 ratio is to be realized. On the contrary, there will have to be some increase if crews are to be provided for all vital ships, including the new West Virginia and Colorado, so

as to raise the limited fleet to its expected place in the 5-5-3 ratio. Nevertheless there will be saved still further increases because of construction on thirteen new capital ships now to be scrapped and to provide for the operation of these ships had they been completed. Beginning a year or so hence, this saving of increase in expenses may average something under \$150,000,000 a year for some years, or less than 4 per cent of the present gross annual expenditures of the Federal Government of the United States.

Considerable as such a saving would be, it would be surprising if any were to weigh a possible saving two years hence of less than 4 per cent of the Federal expenses against the question of whether or not the naval limitations of all kinds, as agreed on, conduce to peace or court war. Nor is a possible future saving of less than 4 per cent of our Federal expenditures to be considered in the same category as is a question greater than that of peace or war — namely, whether the arrangements arrived at conduce to the spread of righteousness or tend to condone unrighteousness. For, above all, 'it is righteousness and not peace which should bind the conscience of a nation as it should bind the conscience of an individual.'

Such considerations lead us to the conclusion that the most important thing for us to attempt to estimate is whether or not the naval limitations agreed on will tend to spread righteousness in the Far East; and, subsidiary to that, whether or not they will tend to maintain peace in the Pacific. But, in order to make such an estimate, we shall have to consider the functions of naval force in the Pacific as modified by the Washington Conference, political conditions in the Far East, and the very promising results to be expected from some of the non-naval agreements reached at Washington.

IV

It may conduce to a clearer appreciation of the more important naval consequences of the Washington Conference, as they affect the functions of naval force in the Pacific, if first we consider some of the functions and limitations of modern navies. Then we can apply general principles to the specific situation in the Pacific.

The first mission of all armed force, from the policeman to the navy, is to maintain law and order in consonance with the policies of peace; and this by being of such potency that a breach of the peace would not promise desirable results to anyone, whether an individual or a nation, whose ethics alone are inadequate to keep him from peace-breaking. That is what Mahan meant, in part, in saying, 'The function of force is to give moral ideas time to take root.' If armed force is unsuccessful in the maintenance of peace, then individual or international war supervenes, and it becomes the duty of the armed forces to stop the war by doing — if necessary — such violence to the peace-breaker that his will or power to continue his warfare will be broken.

The basic mission of a navy is to defend its country and those for whose defense its country is responsible. The defense of British overseas domains by the British navy and the defense of the Philippines by the American navy are instances wherein a Power, by assuming suzerainty, has incurred the concomitant and unavoidable moral responsibility for the defense of its dependents. Collateral to this primary mission of defense, there rests upon a navy the duty of supporting the external policies of its country. The Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door Doctrine are instances of such policies.

In the main, the function of a navy in war is to secure freedom of movement

by sea for the other armed forces and for the commerce of its nation, while reducing the capacity of the enemy to continue to fight by excluding him from use of the sea as a channel for his combatant and commercial movements. This securing 'the command of sea communications' is accomplished by the use of two different but interdependent naval forces, one of which depends on 'concentration' for its efficacy while the other acts by 'dispersion.'

As the naval objective is to close the sea to enemy movements while keeping it open to friendly movements, it is evident that an extensive amount of 'dispersed' patrol work will have to be done. The enemy's raiders will have to be hunted down, his troop transports will have to be captured and his merchantmen driven from the sea; and the seas will have to be patrolled in order to assure safety to all kinds of friendly movement thereon. These dispersed naval operations are carried out by cruisers of all types and are known as cruiser warfare. And incidentally it may be noted that, strategically speaking, the German submarine campaign was a type of cruiser warfare, its peculiarities being due to the tactical qualities of submarines.

But if the enemy is at liberty to send to sea a number of cruisers, or more powerful vessels, 'concentrated' in a squadron, these superior forces of his will be able to overcome, unit by unit, the 'dispersed' lighter cruisers engaged in blocking his transportations and in protecting the movements of their own navigation — whereupon 'the command of sea communications' will pass to the enemy. Such squadrons must be countered by stronger squadrons; and in these juxtaposed squadrons of 'concentrated' force we find the genesis of battle-fleets, the essential and paramount constituent of which are capital ships, with their tremendous 'concen-

tration' of striking power. This brings us to the phase of naval operations opposite to 'dispersed' cruiser warfare, namely, 'concentrated' battle-fleet warfare.

The first mission of a battle-fleet is to prevent the enemy from putting to sea in such force that he can secure the command of sea communications—as just described. But if he should put to sea in concentrated force, then the mission of the battle-fleet will be to destroy or drive back to port the enemy battle force. The watch maintained by the British Grand Fleet over the German High Sea Fleet during the late war and its driving of the High Sea Fleet back to port in consequence of the Battle of Jutland furnish good example of this. And here it should be realized that, had the British not confined the heavy naval forces of the Germans, the latter would have erupted and, with the aid of lighter German forces, would have destroyed all convoy and anti-submarine operations in Western European waters—whereupon, with the passage of the command of sea communications there to the Germans, the Allied cause could not have survived.

In short, it may be said that the first mission of a battle-fleet is to destroy or confine the battle forces of the enemy so as to enable its own nation's cruiser forces to obtain and maintain dispersed command of all military and commercial movements by sea in the contested area.

When a nation has obtained command of sea communications by its battle-fleet helping its cruiser forces thereto, and when it thus has deprived the enemy of all essential movement by sea, it may be considered as exerting in full the pressure of sea power proper against the enemy in order to bring ruin to his ability to continue the war. But it may be desirable to accelerate the somewhat slow processes of economic

and social disintegration by a military invasion of the enemy's country—or by invading and capturing some of his possessions as a makeweight for peace. In such an event, the battle-fleet may be called on to perform its ultimate mission of enabling the landing of an army of invasion, at an appropriate spot, under the protection of the guns of the battle-fleet; and, collaterally, it might be called on to support the invading army in coastal operations. But all of this only after adequate command of sea communications in the critical area has been secured.

This whole series of interdependent operations rests on the ability of the battle-fleet to take such a position as to control the maritime situation in the contested or critical area, such a position being preferably some strategically commanding and adequate advance-operating base with which a reasonably safe line of communications and support can be maintained from the home base. Before the days of steam, a battle-fleet of sailing vessels could remain at sea for six months without taking on supplies of any kind. It could voyage to any part of the sea and, at the end of its voyage, be thoroughly fit for battle. Its freedom from the need of bulky supplies and elaborate maintenance-repairs enabled it to operate for very long periods at sea and remote from any base. But modern battle-fleets, though vastly more dependable and powerful, have great limitations that are not generally realized: The most pronounced of these is a comparatively short radius of effective operation because of limited fuel supplies; and this effective radius is particularly short where high speed, consuming a disproportionately large amount of fuel, may have to be maintained because of danger from submarines and where, consequently, it would be very dangerous to slow up in

order to take on fuel from an accompanying tanker.

Evidently a battle-fleet must have fuel enough to steam to its war station at whatever speed, within its capacity, may be best — and zigzagging, if necessary, because of submarines; it must be able to steam about its war station at such speed as to guard it from submarines; its ships must always have on board ample supplies of fuel to go through a protracted battle and long chase at the highest possible speed; and their reserves should be adequate to get them back to their base. But the fact is that there is not a battleship to be kept in the American fleet that can steam 10,000 miles at cruising speed with a clean bottom without refueling; and most of them can go little over 6000 miles under such ideal conditions. Not one of them could travel eight days at battle speed with a clean bottom; and on the average their fuel tanks would have to be replenished before they had traveled six days. With foul bottoms — which greatly retard vessels — they could not average to steam for five days at battle speed, and some of them would be exhausted before they had traveled 2000 miles in all.

From the data from which the above statements were deduced the conclusion seems unavoidable that the limit of the effective return radius or range of the American battle-fleet would be about 2000 miles from its base, if it had to pass — as it would — through submarine-infested areas.

This suggests the simile that a battle-fleet is like a tremendous gun that can be moved from base to base and that will be all-overpowering within the radius of its range, from whatever position it is based on. But — like a gun — beyond the limit of its range from its base it will be powerless. In turn, this gun and base combination, or battle-fleet and naval-base combination, sug-

gests that naval bases are the foci from which battle-fleet power can be exerted — to the extent of the power of the fleet and over return radii of different lengths, as may be determined by ship characteristics and by local circumstances. So, instead of having a uniformly colored map of the oceans over which the sailing ships of old might cruise at will, a naval map of the world would now show certain naval bases with special areas of high battle-fleet power emanating from them. Within such areas enemy cruisers could not carry out sustained operations. But outside those areas the battle-fleet power would not extend and be a protection to its own cruisers. This leads us to the conclusion that naval power is not merely a matter of fleet ratios, of which we have heard so much of late, but that it is also a matter of geography; that the locations of operating naval bases determine the areas in which battle-fleets have power — and that beyond those areas their power does not extend.

With this very meagre outline in mind as to some of the major principles of naval operations, we may proceed to examine the naval situation in the Pacific as it has been arranged at the Washington Conference.

V

As naval warfare, like chess, is primarily a question of location and then a matter of the timely movement of forces of different strengths, we must first picture to ourselves the very simple geography of the principal strategic points in the Pacific. Hawaii is 2100 miles west-southwest of San Francisco. With adequate base facilities — which do not yet exist — in both places, the American battle-fleet could be supplied from San Francisco if it were based on Hawaii. And from there it could protect the western coast of the United

States from enemy operations other than of a touch-and-run cruiser nature — except for the fact that Japan is building large submarines of such great cruising radius that they will be able to cross the Pacific, operate off our western coast for a month and then return to Japan without refueling.

Guam is 3330 miles slightly south of west from Hawaii; and Manila is 1523 miles west beyond Guam. As we have seen that a battle-fleet has an effective return radius of only about 2000 miles, it is clear that neither Guam nor the Philippines could be defended by a fleet based on Hawaii. But if a fleet could be sure of finding fuel and other base facilities at Guam, it could easily advance from Hawaii to Guam, for the distance is less than 4000 miles; though from Hawaii a fleet could not reach the Philippines without refueling somewhere, as they are nearly 5000 miles distant; and a fleet of superior power, based in the region of Guam, could defend the Philippines, as they are only 1500 miles from Guam, although both the Philippines and Guam are less than 1400 miles to the southward of the great naval bases in Japan proper. It will be seen from this that Guam occupies a pivotal position in the strategic geography of the Western Pacific, giving to the possessor of an adequate and secure base region, with Guam as a nucleus, what are known as 'interior lines.' For not only would a fleet based in the region of Guam command the northern and eastern approaches to the Philippines, but it would command the lines of communication between Japan and the Marshall, Caroline, and Pelew archipelagoes, which lie to the southward along the line of communications between Hawaii and the Philippines, and in close proximity to this line.

Bearing this geographic disposition in mind — and assuming that the United States had a virtually impregna-

ble fuel-supply base at Guam — let us suppose that a war were to occur between the United States and Japan over any one of a dozen causes; and let us apply to it some of the principles of warfare that have been outlined above for this purpose. The object of each nation would be to force the other to stop fighting in order to then impose its own will in the matter in dispute. With the American battle-fleet able to base on Hawaii and to refuel at Guam, it would be most hazardous for Japanese forces, other than submarines, to venture to the eastern side of the Pacific. But it is not to be expected that Japanese submarines would not operate against commerce at focal points from Seattle to Panama. It would be vain to expect, however, that such operations could be even a seriously contributing cause toward forcing the United States to give up fighting. And as the stronger American battle-fleet, based as far west as Guam, would protect the Philippines, it would seem that in no way would Japan be able to do anything to the United States to force the latter to stop fighting.

On the other hand, it is claimed that Japan could be conclusively invaded if a fleet greater than hers were based on Guam, which is less than 1400 miles from her shores. It is impossible to see how this could be done, because Japan's vital points are either around the Inland Sea, the approaches to which are impregnably defended, or have impregnable defenses of their own. But a preponderant American fleet, based as far west as Guam, would make possible the most intensive kind of cruiser warfare against Japanese commerce at its foci — at least after certain other advance bases had been established. And a continuance of this cruiser warfare would soon come to cost Japan more than it would to yield in the matter over which the war was being fought.

So, because of having an impregnable base nucleus at Guam, the United States and those dependent directly on her for protection, namely, the Philippines, would be secure and Japan, without conclusive invasion, could be forced to stop fighting. It may be added that the above statements have been made with an appreciation of the local limitations of Guam itself, and also of its relations to other not remote archipelagoes.

But if, in the situation just described, we make but one change and suppose that Guam is not impregnable, then the American battle-fleet could not be based further west than Hawaii. In that event, it could not defend or recapture either Guam or the Philippines, to say nothing of conducting operations against Japan; and this for the very simple reason that the battle-fleet range is only about 2000 miles from its base, while both Guam and Japan are over 3300 miles from Hawaii, and the Philippines are nearly 5000 miles distant.

The situation that would arise under these circumstances has been tersely described in his *Sea Power in the Pacific* by the distinguished British naval authority, Mr. Hector C. Bywater, in the following terms: 'The conclusion is that within a fortnight after the beginning of hostilities, the United States would find herself bereft of her insular possessions in the Western Pacific, and consequently without a single base for naval operations in those waters.' If this occurred, the United States could not bring pressure to bear on Japan to make her stop fighting until after a base in the Far Eastern waters had been reconquered, an operation, it may be said, that would take about three years of purely naval warfare. Only thereafter could the cruiser operations begin under the protection of the finally advanced American battle-fleet to force Japan to stop fighting. In other words, failure on the part of the

United States to have a secure nucleus base at Guam would result in adding about three years to the duration of a war with Japan.

Here the very natural thought will spring to many minds that, in the event of trouble between the United States and Japan in the Far East, the British naval forces would support the Americans, and their bases would be at the disposal of the American fleet. Such coöperation, though rendered in the heartiest way, would be of surprisingly little material assistance because of the geography of the situation.

First, the British naval base at Wei-hai-wei is to be abandoned and that at Hongkong, beyond the Philippines, is in a condition somewhat analogous to the American facilities in the Philippines; and the British base at Singapore is over 6000 miles from Hawaii. Furthermore, the line of communications between Hawaii and Singapore would pass through a region that would be infested with Japanese submarines. So Singapore would be inaccessible to the American fleet, except by very long circuits.

Next, Japanese waters are about 3000 miles distant from Singapore and, consequently, a fleet based at that base could not reach Japan any more than could a fleet based at Hawaii.

And last, but not least, the line of communications between England and Singapore is 8000 miles long and might require very heavy guarding at certain points, which two factors, taken together, would result in inability on the part of Great Britain to maintain at Singapore anything like as powerful a force as the United States could maintain at Hawaii. So, while there would be the most natural reasons to expect British-American naval coöperation, it should be realized that the British could not contribute as much effective force in the Pacific as the Americans —

who should look on the task, therefore, as primarily theirs.

From what has been said the conclusion seems inevitable that the single question that has the most influence on the naval situation in the Western Pacific is, whether or not the United States has secure tenure of Guam. If at Guam there are merely adequate naval stores and such defenses that it cannot be taken by a battle-fleet, then, in the event of war, the American battle-fleet could proceed there and, after refueling, cut the lines of communication the Japanese had extended to the Philippines — if the Japanese had been venturesome enough to attempt to take the latter with Guam securely in American hands. During the early stages of the war, Guam and other appropriately placed islands in the Western Pacific could be provided with adequate base facilities and then the war would proceed to a reasonably quick end.

But if Guam is not strongly enough defended to stand off a battle-fleet, then Japan can take also the Philippines and hold all the Far Eastern possessions of the United States, secure in the knowledge that it will take the latter about three years to regain from Hawaii a base in the Far East by a certain series of operations, during which the American people might get tired of an uneventful war in which there would not be over 300,000 men in the army and 400,000 in the navy, with only comparatively few of the latter seeing any fighting. The fact is, that if the popular agitation for a reduction in naval expenditures had not led the House to decline to pass the Naval Bill as passed last spring by the Senate, Guam now would be in defensible shape. But, as a result of that agitation, Guam can be taken by a battle-fleet. This brings us to the pivotal point of the whole series of negotiations that occurred during the Washington Conference.

VI

As already may have been inferred, the pivotal point of both the naval and the political conclusions of the Conference was the question of fortifications and naval bases in the Far East — and most particularly the status of the fortifications and such beginnings of naval bases as the United States has in her insular possessions in the Far East. Article XIX of the Naval Treaty provides that these latter fortifications and so-called naval bases shall remain *in statu quo* as at the time of the signing of the Treaty. That is to say that they shall remain in such a status that the Japanese battle-fleet could take Guam and most of the Philippines within about a fortnight of the outbreak of hostilities, and that thereupon, the American battle-fleet being without a Far Eastern base, would be powerless beyond its range of about 2000 miles west of Hawaii — this irrespective of its size relative to that of the Japanese battle-fleet, and for reasons similar to those that make the biggest gun conceivable literally powerless at a distance about twice as great as it can shoot its projectile. Whatever factors led to this pivotal conclusion may be viewed in two entirely different lights.

It was said early in this article that it was clearly evident to strategists that the Japanese came to the Conference with a definite plan designed (1) to safeguard their present politico-naval status in the Far East, and (2) to use the responsibility of the United States for the popular success of the Conference so as to exact concessions that would improve the politico-naval status of Japan in the Far East. A thorough knowledge of the strategy of the naval situation, which has been merely outlined above, made it extremely easy for strategists to forecast what would be the main element or objective in such a

Japanese plan. One had only to determine on that factor in the strategic situation which would be of the greatest advantage to Japan, and yet be attainable by negotiations carried out under all the circumstances qualifying the Washington Conference. So there was no surprise among those who understood the strategic factors involved when, in the very first week of the Conference, rumors developed to the effect that the Japanese, as well as objecting most positively to the proposed scrapping of their peerless new battleship, the *Mutsu*, were raising questions as to the fortifications and so-called naval bases in the Far Eastern possessions of the United States—and this as a factor of the proposed limitation of naval fleets, and although it had not been mentioned in the original proposals made by Secretary Hughes as to the limitation of fleets.

Here it should be recalled that at first the Japanese insisted that, instead of the originally proposed American-British-Japanese fleet ratio of 10-10-6, this ratio be adjusted in their favor to 10-10-7, whereby it would be permissible for them to preserve the *Mutsu*. And they even went so far as to state categorically that for many years the Japanese public had been educated to believe that the safety of Japan depended on her having a fleet in the exact ratio they desired, namely, 10-10-7; and that, in consequence of this long-established belief on the part of the Japanese public, it would be highly dangerous to the Japanese Government to agree to any fleet ratio other than 10-10-7.

But those who had strategic understanding of the situation kept their eyes on the questions being raised as to fortifications and naval bases. And again it was no surprise to them when, at the end of the first month of the Conference, it became known that

Japan had yielded her desire for a fleet ratio of 10-10-7 and had accepted the ratio of 10-10-6, in spite of what had been said about public opinion in Japan; and that furthermore, it had also been agreed to maintain the status quo, namely, inadequacy of American insular fortifications and naval bases in the Far East. For those who had technical understanding of the situation had held all along that all the talk about a 10-10-7 fleet ratio had been made with a realization that the success of the Conference in the public mind, outside of Japan and France, would depend on establishing the enthusiastically acclaimed 10-10-6 ratio, and that, therefore, holding out against this last-named ratio might furnish sufficient leverage for Japan to obtain from the United States the vital concession as to the establishment of the status quo for insular fortifications and naval bases—and this especially as only naval authorities and some statesmen would realize the full bearing of this concession to Japan.

Finally it should be recalled, as supporting this technically held point of view about the fortifications and naval bases, that, on January 10, Japan held up the whole naval treaty because of it; and it was not until the end of that month that consent as to the final form of the clause dealing with them could be obtained from Tokyo and from the Japanese delegates to the Conference.

On the other hand, there are grounds, very broadly held, for dismissing the line of argument that has just been made as merely a product of the complexities of the technical mind. The more broadly entertained line of thought, as to the reasons why it was agreed not to permit the development of further fortifications and naval facilities by the United States in the Far East, rests on the conception that, in spite of some particularistic motives, the virtually

all-absorbing object of all the Powers at Washington was to bring about such conditions in the Pacific that war between the United States and Japan would be impossible and that, consequently, armaments could be reduced. Statements have been made in official circles to the effect that the capital fleets of the United States and Japan have been so reduced that neither nation is left with sufficient naval power to strike at the other — a conclusion which, as we shall see, is one-sided.

In addition to this there is the conviction held by many to the effect that the American Government was so intensely determined to give a convincing demonstration of the belief attributed to it — to the effect that peaceful concord should take the place of armed potency in the Pacific — that it acquiesced readily to the Japanese suggestion that there be no further development of American insular defenses in the Far East; and that it did this with a full understanding of the strategic consequences of this concession to Japanese desires.

But perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the theorem that there was no ulterior motive or suspicion in the steps taken to reach the agreement that these defenses should remain *in statu quo* is to be found in the fact that the British supported the Japanese suggestions to this effect *vis-à-vis* the United States. For it should be inconceivable that, in this, the British sided with Japan rather than with the United States, unless the entire matter was dealt with in such a harmonious manner and with such reliance on such diplomatic rearrangements as the Four Party Treaty as to preclude the idea that Japan was seeking to deprive the United States of any power in the Far East, and thus to leave all matters there really in Japanese and British hands.

Be all this as it may, the outstanding

fact that cannot be too clearly recognized is that the agreement to maintain the status quo as to the now inadequate defenses of the Far Eastern dependencies of the United States is pregnant with naval and political results much more far-reaching than are the limitation of fleet ratios — and this because the range of power of a battle-fleet is only about 2000 miles from its base in submarine-infested waters. It is as though the United States had a great gun — its fleet — which it could mount on a concrete base at Hawaii; and as though it had the location for a similar base at Guam. Because the gun mounted at Hawaii will reach only 2000 miles, it is impotent either to protect Guam or to attack Japan, both of which are over 3300 miles from Hawaii. And the only way to give the gun potency in the Far East would be to advance it to a base from which its projectile could reach the critical areas. But the first such American-base location is Guam which could be reached by the Japanese fleet, as it is less than 1400 miles from Japan, and which is so lightly armed that it could be taken instantly by the Japanese fleet.

From this the inevitable conclusion is that the establishment of the status quo as to Far Eastern American defenses has in fact made the United States impotent in the Far East in the event of war — provided Japan keeps submarines enough to oblige the American battle-fleet to steam at high speed and, consequently, to burn its fuel so rapidly that it cannot travel far. And the corollary to this impotence of the United States in the Far East is that, as the Japanese fleet can have the Far Eastern waters to itself, it is really all-powerful there.

Here it should be recalled that, as we have seen early in this article, the whole effort toward the limitation of naval armament has not resulted in any con-

siderable reduction of effective fleet power *per se*; nor has it resulted in any limitation whatsoever of the volume of cruiser fleets or destroyer fleets or submarine fleets or fleets of any other kinds of auxiliaries; but it has resulted merely in limiting the further increase only of fleets of capital ships proper and airplane carriers — this without even a prospect of reducing naval expenses, except by not attempting to maintain in practice the 5-5-3 ratio set up in theory with so much acclaim. And in order to bring about this single limitation of moment the Administration of the United States has agreed to a strategic limitation of naval power whereby, in the event of war, the American navy would be without any real power in the Far East, while the Japanese navy would be all-powerful there.

The conclusion seems unavoidable, therefore, that the naval effect of this whole arrangement is not the establishment of a 5-3 ratio of naval power between the United States and Japan with respect to the Far East. On the contrary, it means virtually complete disarmament by the United States in the Far East while Japan — though statistically less heavily armed at home than the United States is at home — is left overwhelmingly armed in the Far East. And about the same thing might be said with respect to Great Britain's power to express naval force in the Far East *vis-à-vis* Japan. Consequently, in the Far Eastern situation, a region of international interest has been delimited in which Japan is omnipotent as far as arms go, and in which the other interests relatively are powerless. So in the Far East we have a region in which virtually the equivalent of disarmament of all Powers, except Japan, is proposed — a region in which, therefore, the only reliance will be in the validity of such diplomatic agreements as those in which the advocates of com-

plete disarmament repose so much confidence. Consequently, this region may be looked upon in the immediate future as a localized experiment in disarmament wherein, in spite of Japan's armaments, the world is trying the experiment of relying merely on agreements.

VII

It is not within the particular purview of this article to indicate the political consequences that are possible from such a naval situation as we have been examining. But we set ourselves the task of attempting 'to estimate whether or not the naval limitations agreed on will tend to spread righteousness in the Far East; and, subsidiary to that, whether or not they will tend to maintain peace in the Pacific.'

The euphemisms of diplomatic and official expression to the contrary notwithstanding, the underlying problem that confronted the Conference was caused by what the Japanese aptly designated as the 'accomplished fact' that, in only the last sixteen years, Japan has extended her control over about 1,500,000 square miles of Eastern Continental Asia in which dwell over 50,000,000 non-Japanese — exclusive of Shantung. And it was further realized that the Philippines were very likely to come within the sphere of her expansion because it was known that, even before these islands passed from Spain to the United States, it was the Japanese who were back of the native uprising against Spain, it was the Japanese who caused the American Intelligence Service the most concern during Aguinaldo's uprising, and it has been the Japanese who have been fostering the independence movements in the Philippines ever since. This should cause no surprise; for the plan of procedure has been patently like that followed by Japan in first making Korea

independent of China, in 1894, then forcing a Japanese protectorate on Korea, and finally absorbing Korea as an integral part of Japan in 1910. Nor was the situation limited to the Philippines; for it has further possibilities that are thoroughly well realized in detail in official Dutch and British circles. Hence the British naval base expansion at Singapore.

We have seen that, in effect, the naval treaty puts up a bar that excludes the United States from naval power in the Far East; and we have seen that, with an adequate American fleet at Hawaii, Japan cannot make an attack in force on the United States. This has led many hastily to the conclusion that neither the United States nor Japan can attack each other, while each can defend its own. As none of Japan's important interests, outposts, or moral obligations lie in American waters, and as the American fleet will be powerless to enter Asiatic waters, Japan is safe from American aggression. But the Philippines lie under the very shadow of Japan, and the United States is responsible for them and for their safety, at least until such time as they can maintain their independence. Furthermore, to Continental Asia, lying immediately back of Japan, the United States is under all the moral obligations implied by the Open Door Doctrine. In our dependents and in our moral obligations Japan can assault us vitally. So any statement that the naval agreement bars aggression in the Pacific would seem to be one-sided.

In the light of all the circumstances just stated, or implied, it would seem difficult to support the contention that the naval agreement, *considered by itself*, tends to spread righteousness in the Far East — unless Japan chooses, without forceful compulsion, to bring to a definite end the general policy she has been pursuing in recent years. And if

she does not so choose, it is difficult to see how peace will be maintained in the Pacific — unless the Powers pharisaically abandon all responsibility for the maintenance of righteousness in the Far East. But it may well be that the entirely new freedom accorded Japan in the Far East will result in an entirely new policy on her part, especially under the stimulus of the purely diplomatic agreements drawn up by the Washington Conference.

The underlying task before the Washington Conference really was to find a diplomatic prospect of solving the problem occasioned by the expansive course Japan has been following during the last sixteen years — and to find this in view of the depleted condition of the European Powers, and in view of the popularity of the movement for disarmament in the United States. Of first importance in this respect is the Four Power Treaty which supersedes the Anglo-Japanese alliance and which binds the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan to each respect the insular possessions of the others in the Pacific. Alongside of this is the treaty regarding China, wherein Japan joins the other Powers that participated in the Conference in categorical promises to respect the Open Door Doctrine, this latter being elaborated in such great detail that an evasion of it would seem difficult — otherwise than by a patent breach.

In the light of these treaties it would seem that the great accomplishment of the Washington Conference has been to reach something of 'a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East' — in principle. The value of the entire accomplishment will depend on the spirit with which each and all concerned put these principles into practice. Only as, in the course of years, it becomes manifest that principle is or is not being put into practice,

will it be possible to decide whether America and Britain have been wise in virtually withdrawing their great naval police power from the Far East and in giving to Japan an unchecked opportunity to choose her course.

But as year by year the real results of the Washington Conference become manifest, we should view them not in a contemporary light only — for our duty runs not to our contemporaries only. Actually we who now control the United States are the beneficiary legatees of all the accumulated product of all of the struggles and of all of the sacrifices of all of our forbears. Back through the first century of our national life, back through our colonial era, back through the rise of England and of the countries that have contributed to our minority population, goes the chain of those painfully accumulated legacies that in us have culminated, making us heirs to all that is implied by American citizenship. If we but pause for a moment to realize that upon us rests the responsibility of administering the accumulated product of the scores of generations that have labored successively to build up our civilization, we cannot fail to recognize our connection with the past and our debt to it; and we cannot but weigh with a new reverence our present decisions as to what we will do with this civilization we call our own.

Just as what we are and have to-day is the fruit of the decisions and of the struggles of Washington and his contemporaries, of the mediæval English and early Teutons, of the French and Italians back to ancient Rome and Greece and Judæa, so the results of what we do to-day will go on down the river of the centuries. Yet there are two great differences. First, we can look back with some degree of finiteness and appraise the past, at least since the dawn of definite history. But who could

set up a standard whereby to measure the effect of our present doings upon the immeasurable future? Again, the past from which has come our inheritance was comparatively small and restricted in its influence on the whole world of its day. In Elizabethan England there were but about five million people; and their influence outside their island was slight. To-day there are over one hundred million Anglo-Saxons whose collective influence throughout the whole world is greater than that of any other single race. So, though our debt to a long past is great, our duty to a future, greater in every sense, transcends it beyond any measurable ratio.

In the light of such considerations we should see ourselves, not as a generation unique in history, apart from the past and lords of the present. Rather are we but the very transient trustees of the heritage of all for which the past has lived, charged with the duty of administering it for a few years that are of comparatively little moment in themselves; but above all, surcharged with the responsibility of administering to-day our trust for the future of our successors and of the world in such manner that they will not look back on us as false trustees, who took our present ease instead of performing our perhaps more painful duty as a sound link in the chain of generations — a link in nowise extraordinary in itself, but one on which rested unusual responsibilities for the foreordaining of the world-conditions of life in the immediate and more remote future.

Geography has ordained that the United States, with young Canada on her right and younger Australasia on her left, should constitute the front rank of the whole civilization of Europe facing the newer civilization of awakening Asia. Americans should realize not only the prominence, but more particularly the responsibility, of their posi-

tion. And Europeans, in spite of their present travails, should realize that the future of white civilization as a whole may require that America take not her eyes off the Pacific, however much she may desire to look helpfully across the Atlantic. And furthermore, Americans should realize the many, many times repeated lesson of history to the effect that, when the people of a civilization become so individualistic and so ease-loving that they care not if their remote dependents are subjugated by a more virile race, that selfish shirking of responsibility, and consequent recession

of empire, invariably foretell the downfall of the civilization as a whole — unless an Aurelian and a Diocletian save it from disintegration and destruction as they saved Rome.

Great as may seem the promise to-day from the agreements arrived at by the Washington Conference, the actual accomplishment of its underlying purposes will be in the hands of those responsible for the maintenance of our civilization as a whole, and by force if need be, until such time as moral ideals shall have taken root and borne adequate fruit throughout the world.

THE MONEY COST OF PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

THE fight for prohibition is over. It is far from my purpose to awaken the old and bitter controversy. Rather, it is because prohibition is now our adopted and definitive policy, that it seems worth while to find out approximately what its cost is in dollars and cents.

There can be no doubt that economic considerations had a great deal to do with the adoption of national prohibition. Although the earlier reformers had stressed the moral side of their propaganda to the exclusion of all else, the later generation, which succeeded in bringing about the Constitutional Amendment, gave much more emphasis to the economic side. An indication of the extent of this emphasis is found in the utterance of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip before the Economic Club of New York, in February, 1920. He said: —

With a clear insight and common sense we have amended our Constitution and have provided the greatest single economic factor looking toward material prosperity ever created by legislative enactment. I believe that the economic value of prohibition will eventually be an influence for the prosperity of society, the like of which will amaze ourselves and the world.

This forecast of Mr. Vanderlip's has been put forward with approval by leading prohibitionists. Presumably, it is not an overstatement of their anticipations.

Time must pass before it will be practicable to undertake an assessment of the moral advantages and disadvantages derived from prohibition. To-day there is a vast and widening difference of opinion on this subject. It is true, however, that many reliable sources of information exist as to the

economic effects. Fortunately, it is possible to discuss these effects from the standpoint of fact rather than from that of opinion; and it is with such an aim that the preparation of this paper has been undertaken. It is not unlikely that, as the passing months focus intelligent opinion upon the effects and effectiveness of national prohibition, increasing attention will be directed toward such topics as its relation to governmental revenues, enforcement costs, and the various direct and indirect economic results that may properly be attributed to it. The subject of taxation is of particular importance at this time, when the Congress is searching so anxiously for suitable objects of taxation that will somewhat relieve the pressure on individual and corporation incomes.

I

The liquor industry has for many years been a tested and profitable source of Federal, state, and municipal income. Taxes on intoxicating beverages were generally viewed with favor by the public before prohibition was adopted, in so far as it can truthfully be said that any tax is acceptable. The Federal government has collected many hundreds of millions from the industry since the Civil War; and until the adoption of the income-tax law it was the chief source of internal revenue. The years of the war, with their great fiscal burdens, found the government at Washington turning with larger and larger exactions toward the liquor industry. Collections in 1917 amounted to \$284,000,000. In 1918, these taxes increased to \$443,000,000,¹ and in 1919, to the peak point of internal revenue from liquor — \$483,000,000.² This is

¹ Including \$26,300,000 assessed against non-beverage spirits.

² This figure includes \$63,900,000 assessed against non-beverage spirits.

the first point at which we can definitely ascertain the loss of Federal revenue due to prohibition. Collections in the fiscal year 1920 (which saw several months of so-called war-time prohibition, followed by national prohibition on January 16) dropped from \$483,000,000 to \$139,800,000. In 1921 collections dropped to \$82,000,000. The figures for 1920 and 1921 also include the revenue from non-beverage spirits. Thus in less than two years of national prohibition, the Federal government was deprived of the larger part of a billion dollars of revenue as a result of national prohibition.

The government's loss of revenue, however, does not stop here. At the same time that these enormous internal taxes were being collected upon intoxicants, the breweries and distilleries were operating as successful businesses. That they were prolific sources of Federal income-tax revenues, is demonstrated by the Treasury Department's analysis of income-tax payments for the calendar year 1918. In that year a total of 657 establishments of this nature paid income and excess-profits taxes amounting to more than \$15,000,000.

It is important to refer, in this connection, to the success attained by many of the corporations engaged in the manufacture of intoxicants, in transforming their plants to legitimate uses with the advent of prohibition. The story is one of remarkable resourcefulness. The brewers developed numerous non-intoxicating beverages which were manufactured at a profit. Distilleries increased their production of industrial alcohol. Many of these establishments are to-day manufacturing glucose, or other food-products, and many others are serving as cold-storage plants. As a class, they have done much toward vindicating the predictions of the prohibitionists that the capital invested in the liquor industry would not

be lost as a result of prohibition; no doubt they pay a considerable volume of income taxes.

It is not in regard to this phase of prohibition's effect upon the liquor industry, however, that we must make our assessment. Rather, we must turn to its effect on tax-evasion. No industry in the country was more closely scrutinized by the Federal government than was the liquor industry. This scrutiny had a decided moral effect. We can safely say that the manufacturers of intoxicants, as a class, paid their full quota of income taxes, as we can safely assume that the companies that have been transformed to legitimate uses continue to contribute importantly to the Federal Treasury. The fact remains, however, that the liquor industry has not been destroyed by prohibition: it has changed hands. The 987 manufacturers who made income-tax returns in 1918 have been replaced by bootlegging manufacturers. The 71,000 payers of direct and occupational taxes in 1918 have been replaced by an army of smugglers and illicit venders of intoxicants. Thus we have extensive and profitable returns to men engaged in an outlawed occupation. Tax-evasion is not the exception, but the rule, among them, for it is dictated by the necessity of concealing the source of their income.

The losses of the Federal government have been extensive also in the field of customs revenues. In the years 1916, 1917, and 1918, the government collected a total of more than \$33,000,000 in import duties on wines and distilled spirits — an annual average of more than \$11,000,000. In 1919 and 1920, the average has been a little greater than \$1,000,000; and, presumably, when the time comes that prohibition is rigidly enforced, there will be an even greater curtailment.

Forecasting an increased consump-

tion of soft, or non-alcoholic, beverages as a result of prohibition, the Federal government prepared to levy larger taxes upon the manufacture and sale of these products. The government succeeded in 1920 in collecting \$57,000,000 from this source, this being presumably as heavy an exaction as the traffic would bear. It is clear, therefore, that the soft-drink industry has proved an inadequate substitute for the liquor industry as a source of Federal revenue.

The taxation problem of the states growing out of prohibition is likewise a considerable one. Despite the expansion of state-wide prohibition prior to the year 1919, many of the larger states were collecting large annual revenues from liquors. New York collected nearly \$5,000,000 in 1919; Missouri, \$2,000,000; Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, more than \$1,000,000 each; and state revenues from this source throughout the Union amounted to \$14,000,000. This was a very substantial proportion of the total of state revenues — \$527,000,000. In addition, certain departments of states concerned with the regulation of the liquor traffic collected \$74,000 in the form of fees. The cities have traditionally relied upon the liquor business for a considerable proportion of their revenues. The 69 leading cities collected \$35,000,000 from this source in 1918, and \$32,000,000 in 1919. New York and Chicago collected \$8,000,000 and \$4,000,000, respectively, in the latter year.

II

We come now to the expenditure of the Federal, state, and municipal governments for the enforcement of prohibition. It will be recalled that the Eighteenth Amendment makes prohibition enforcement a concurrent obligation of the states and of the Federal government.

Recognizing the traditionally close relationship between the Bureau of Internal Revenue at Washington and the liquor business, the Federal government decided to place the duties of Federal enforcement in the hands of this Bureau. The first six months of enforcing national prohibition, which fell in the fiscal year 1920, cost the Federal government \$2,000,000. Expenditures in the fiscal year 1921 (including a comparatively small sum for enforcing the Harrison Narcotic Act and the Child-Labor Act) reached \$7,100,000. The appropriation for 1922 (likewise including the enforcement of the Harrison Narcotic Act and the Child-Labor Act) was \$7,500,000. Thus the total enforcement expenditure on the part of the Federal government will be slightly in excess of \$16,000,000 at the end of the present fiscal year. There are partial offsets to these expenditures, however, in the form of receipts under the national prohibition act, and of fines, forfeitures, and so forth, obtained by the Department of Justice, which already have exceeded \$5,000,000.

It is relevant in this connection to make a proper note of the mounting costs of administration of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Upon this Bureau devolve the two major tasks — prohibition enforcement and income-tax administration. The total cost of administration of the Bureau was approximately \$20,000,000 in 1919. This total increased to \$29,000,000 in 1920, and to \$40,000,000 in 1921; and the appropriation for the present fiscal year is \$42,000,000. While the reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue ascribe only a fraction of these increases to the cost of prohibition enforcement, it is clear, beyond question, that a considerable additional part of the increased cost of administration represents the indirect toll levied by prohibition upon the Federal Treasury. This

indirect toll is in the form of the higher costs of collecting the taxes which have been substituted for the liquor taxes. It is a notorious fact that the income tax is costly of collection as compared with the internal-revenue taxes on liquor.

The states have not all been of one mind in assuming the duties of prohibition enforcement. Some of them have been slow, indeed, in taking adequate measures to supplement the activities of the Federal government. In the fiscal year 1919, prior to the effective date of national prohibition, — we must remember that many states had prohibition laws before national prohibition went into effect, — the states spent \$1,664,000 for the support of their police organizations, and \$373,000 for the regulation of the liquor traffic. Just how much prohibition enforcement has added to state budgets, their bookkeeping systems do not permit us to say. The State of North Carolina, for instance, does not segregate prohibition expenditures, but includes them in general appropriations for law and order. The State of Ohio created a Prohibition Department under the Crabbe Act and the Miller Act, and appropriates \$106,000 annually for its maintenance, \$56,000 of which goes for salaries, \$30,000 for traveling expenses, and \$10,000 for the purchase of drinks in securing evidence. Each state must evolve its own statutory method of enforcement, and must decide how much enforcement should cost. The total of state expenditures to date is probably well under \$5,000,000.

Considerable offsets to enforcement expenditures have been found in the fines and penalties assessed for violation of the state laws. A lively activity in obtaining these offsets is indicated in the following letter from the State Prohibition Commissioner of Ohio: —

There has already been paid into the State of Ohio approximately \$300,000, as the

state's share of fines in liquor cases, and an equal amount into the city, township, or county where the cases were filed. Many cities have ordinances under which they do their prosecuting and which keep all the fines in their own treasuries. There are also a great many thousands of dollars collected that have not as yet been turned into the State Treasurer but which will be turned in at proper settlement times. We have also placed the liquor tax, and a penalty of \$200 in each, against about one hundred and sixty (160) liquor-law violators; so that you will see that in Ohio the collections have already amounted to probably more than five times the expense. This department has been in existence since the first day of March, 1921, and the Crabbe Act since November 4, 1920. We believe that, as soon as we secure proper coöperation from all local officials, our liquor laws should produce a revenue of \$1,000,000 or more per year; and while this law is principally to enforce the Constitutional Amendment, it at the same time is one of the best revenue-producing laws we have. In seven months, this department has made considerable change in the liquor situation in Ohio. The lines are gradually being tightened, and it is not as easy to purchase liquor here as it was the first of March. Dealers are not now selling openly or to strangers, and we feel that, as soon as the Federal government gets control of the output of alcohol and liquor from bonded warehouses, and sees that such liquor goes only to legitimate trade, we will be able to bring the liquor-law violations in Ohio down to the level of other misdemeanors. It is only a question of local authorities, state authorities, and Federal authorities properly using the tools given them by the legislature.

The most important battles of prohibition enforcement are being won and lost in the cities. The cities were the last strongholds to repel the prohibition advocates, and it is among their population that violations of the law most abound. Police departmental appropriations reflect municipal-enforcement costs. The total of such appropriations in the 69 leading cities, in 1918, was

\$75,000,000. In 1919, this total increased approximately \$6,000,000, or less than 10 per cent. At the same time, the total governmental costs of these 69 cities increased from \$690,000,000 to \$753,000,000; so it will be seen that the increased appropriations for police departments no more than kept pace with the mounting costs of municipal government.

The figures for the two years preceding national prohibition are given here, to provide a proper indication of the tendency of departmental costs. While the totals for the 69 cities are not yet available for the fiscal years 1920 and 1921, it is possible to obtain from such leading cities as New York, a trustworthy basis of opinion as to the effect of attempted enforcement upon municipal expense. The police appropriation in the City of New York was \$17,900,000 in 1918. It increased to \$18,100,000 in 1919. In 1920,—the first year of national prohibition,—the New York police appropriation increased to \$24,500,000. This appropriation reached \$30,000,000 in 1921, and stands at \$30,372,000 in the proposed municipal budget of 1922. Thus it will be seen that a sharp and continuing rise in police appropriations has taken place in New York City, concurrently with the city's efforts with reference to prohibition. The jump from 1919 to 1922 has been more than \$12,000,000, an increase of approximately 66 per cent. If this rate proves to have been maintained in the 69 leading cities, we shall find an increase of municipal policing-costs already exceeding \$50,000,000—a sum greater than the enforcement expenditure of the Federal government thus far.

It is held that the cost of municipal enforcement, at least so far as New York City is concerned, has made itself evident, not only in increased police appropriations, but in the sacrifice of ef-

fective service in other phases of police activity. A presentment handed up to Supreme Court Justice O'Malley by the Grand Jury of Bronx County, New York, in September, 1921, attributed startling effects to the New York State prohibition law.

The members of this Grand Jury [said the presentment] are unable to understand why the Federal government, which inaugurated prohibition, has practically ceased to enforce it. The special squads employed by the Federal government to do this work only have abandoned their duties in the City of New York. By doing so, they have turned over to an already overworked police department this unpleasant and unpopular duty. Instead of spending its energy in the prevention and detection of crimes, in the regulation of traffic, and the enforcement of other laws, which mean so much for the life and welfare of our five million people, great numbers of the uniformed force have been taken away from important and much needed police activities, and have been assigned to the work of visiting saloons and searching for citizens carrying liquor upon their persons. We deplore the necessity for the assignment of trained police officers to this wasteful work.

There are, no doubt, considerable offsets to municipal enforcement-expenditures in many cities, due to fines and penalties. It would be mere guesswork to attempt an estimate of them at this time.

We find the cost of prohibition enforcement reflected, not only in actual appropriations by the Federal, state, and municipal governments, but in the condition of the courts. Congestion of the Federal courts reached such a point in the spring and summer of 1921, that the Attorney-General appointed a special commission to investigate and suggest a remedy. That commission in its report attributed no small part of the congestion to the attempted enforcement of national prohibition. Said the commission: —

The congestion existing in the United States District Courts, due, not only to our country's normal growth in population and business, but also to the increase of business caused by the war, the subsequent depression and readjustment, the increased activities of the Federal government, as evidenced by statutes enacted under the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce, the recent internal-revenue laws, including the income-tax and excess-profits laws, and especially to the national prohibition act, presents an exigency which demands immediate relief. . . . The facts now before us warrant the assertion that the pending cases at the close of the past month (June, 1921) exceed 140,000. Although the increase over the preceding year is mainly due to cases arising under the bankruptcy and prohibition acts, it is noteworthy that there has also been a decided gain in civil jury and equity cases, cases whose disposal requires relatively more time and exacts greater consideration than cases of any other kind. If their disposal is to be prompt and speedy, criminal cases must be held in abeyance. If, as is usually done, criminal cases are given precedence, civil cases, to the great injury of the business world, will remain untried.

The numerical extent of the congestion of the Federal courts is revealed by the following statement in the report of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921: —

The period covered by this report is the first complete fiscal year in which the national prohibition act has been in effect. The year has seen a tremendous growth in cases coming to the courts, the greatest increase probably being caused by violations of the liquor laws, and the inability of the courts to handle cases promptly is materially interfering with adequate law-enforcement. One of the most serious results of delay in the disposition of pending suits is the burden imposed upon the United States marshals in protecting liquors and property seized as evidence, or held pending its trial under the Volstead Act. The cost of storage alone has grown in some districts to figures which

cause much concern. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, there were 29,114 criminal and 1898 civil prosecutions commenced under the national prohibition act in the various district courts. Twenty-one thousand, two hundred and ninety-seven criminal cases and 622 civil cases have been terminated during that period. In the criminal cases, 17,962 convictions were secured, and there were 765 acquittals. Three hundred and ninety-one cases were dismissed on motion or demurrer, and 2179 were discontinued. The aggregate amount of fines and penalties imposed was \$3,360,298. In civil cases the aggregate amount of judgments obtained by the United States was \$64,735. There are 10,365 criminal prosecutions pending at the close of the year.

A great many cases that logically involve similar violations have been brought under the internal-revenue laws and the customs statutes, the defendants being charged usually with violations of the revenue or customs laws and the national prohibition act, in the same indictment or information. The figures set out above cover national prohibition act cases only.

The total number of criminal prosecutions under the Internal Revenue Bureau, including illicit distilling cases not included in the above summary, was 6024. There have been 4153 convictions and \$1,012,000 of fines and forfeitures collected.

In commenting upon this situation, Attorney-General Daugherty observes:—

It is no uncommon thing for a district court docket to be from six months to two years in arrears. This, of course, means loss of evidence, death of witnesses, defeat of justice, and expense to the taxpayers. Many criminal cases can never be tried. *Large business interests lose heavily through delay.*

The point of view of the Department of Justice, in recommending the creation of additional district judgeships to relieve the congestion, was upheld by Chief Justice Taft, who appeared before the Senate Committee on the Judiciary to urge favorable action on a bill estab-

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lishing eighteen new judgeships. The Chief Justice predicted that prohibition-law violations will increase before they begin to abate; and believes that prohibition violations have increased the business of the Federal courts about 8 per cent. A similar increase in the business of the states and of the 69 leading cities, reflected in a proportionate increase of their judiciary budgets, would mean an increased expenditure of more than \$3,000,000.

III

Pursuing the economic aspects of prohibition, we encounter a number of topics, in addition to taxation and government expenditures associated, like them, with most urgent public problems. We have seen that Mr. Vanderlip did not hesitate to characterize prohibition as a great factor in material prosperity. The Anti-Saloon League *Year Book* for 1920, taking up conditions in New York State as influenced by prohibition, gave prominence to the following assertion: 'Business and industrial conditions are better, and real-estate prices, both sale and rental, were never higher.' As was natural, prohibitionists were prepared to take credit to themselves for prosperity, if the country had maintained a prosperous condition in the first few years of prohibition. However, regardless of the prohibitionists, who may have been willing to accept credit for prosperity, it would be an obvious fallacy to put prohibition forward as a major cause of the business depression which has recently visited the United States. The common-sense conclusion is that prohibition is at most but a contributing cause to either prosperity or depression.

Prohibition and unemployment is another economic topic which we should be drawn into if we sought to follow out the lines of thought developed in the

prohibition propaganda. Recently, the unemployment commission of the City of St. Louis considered a resolution introduced by a representative of the Building Trades Council, urging repeal of the prohibition law as a source of relief for the unemployment situation.

There is at hand [said the resolution] a simple, effective, permanent and popular remedy to relieve the present unfortunate conditions, and bring prosperity and contentment to the workers, farmers, and therefore the citizens generally. The re-opening of the breweries in St. Louis would mean the immediate employment in this community of no less than 10,000 persons in the brewery and allied industries. The employment of these men, through the exchange of their earnings, would stimulate business generally, so that, in the aggregate, the restoration of beers and light wines in St. Louis would support at least 50,000 properly cared-for and satisfied men, women, and children. The men in the brewery and allied industries have suffered much. They had no opportunity of earning war-time wages. Many lost their positions shortly after the enactment of the prohibition law, thus at this time aggravating the crisis by swelling the present number of unemployed.

One economic fact concerning prohibition stands out in relief: that is the continued exportation of capital for intoxicants. In days when the debate concerning the country's policy was at its height, much was said about the large expenditures for liquors of foreign manufacture; prohibition would divert these funds to the enrichment of domestic manufacturers of legitimate luxuries and necessities of life. But, despite prohibition, this exportation of capital goes on at a great rate. We imported \$5,000,000 of liquors through our own customs houses in the last fiscal year.

Smuggling operations across the Canadian border are large, indeed. 'We are as a people,' says the *Globe* of Toron-

to, Canada, 'smuggling, or conniving at smuggling, a million gallons a year or more of whiskey, on which Canada collects duty before it finds its way into our neighbor's backyard.' Canada's own imports of distilled and fermented liquors, according to the same authority, have increased from less than \$2,000,000 in 1919, to more than \$34,000,000 in 1921.

In seeking to summarize the data included in this article, we naturally reject any thought of including such items as state-enforcement expenditures, state and city collections from fines, forfeitures, and levies, on which complete information is not available. We do realize, however, that in 1921, the Federal, state, and city governments were deprived of approximately \$472,000,000 of revenue derived from liquor levies; and that an expenditure hardly less than \$25,000,000, but possibly much larger, was made for inadequate enforcement. If we deduct \$65,000,000, to cover soft-drink taxes and Federal fines and seizures, and still refuse to consider debatable and uncertain items which might unfairly augment our total, we have a minimum prohibition cost exceeding \$400,000,000 to put alongside the economic gains which may be attributed to the movement — a sum greater perhaps than the taxpayers will be saved in a year by the Hughes limitation-of-armaments proposal.

One reason why generalizing is more restrained than it otherwise would be is the fact that the statutes bearing on the Constitutional Amendment have not been enforced. What will be the course of opinion if, and when, prohibition is really enforced? There can be no question that the expense involved will be infinitely heavier than now.

In the meantime, we are making large expenditures and enduring even larger sacrifices of revenues, as well as the depressing effect of substitute taxes. Of that there is no possible doubt.

THE PORTENT OF STINNES

BY JOHN MEZ

THE transition from monarchy to democracy in Germany has been marked by a phenomenon peculiar to the birth of most democracies: the rise into power of a financial aristocracy which gradually replaces the old hereditary nobility. This new feudalism is of particular import, because it ascends while the people as a whole believe that *they* have assumed control of their destiny; whereas, in fact, they merely retain nominal power, while the real power gradually passes into the hands of a small number of financiers. The nobility of the past had always remained subservient to the State, or to the dynasty which was above it and whose interests it served primarily. But plutocracy has nobody above it; it controls and uses the State for the furtherance of its own interests; the State is merely its instrument, the playground for its growth and development. It is perhaps one of the greatest tragedies of the war that the masses of defeated Germany, after having freed themselves politically, should now have come under the economic control of a few men like Stinnes. Nor could a stranger paradox be conceived than this — one man emerging from a vanquished country as the world's greatest war profiteer and thus named 'the man for whom the war has been fought.'

'Never have such power, capital, boldness and enterprise been concentrated in one German. To the Socialist he is a Satan who desires to "Stinnesize" the whole nation; to the Pan-German he is a Messiah, sent to avenge and

save Germany.' This is what Maximilian Harden wrote of Stinnes. A French paper called him the 'new Rockefeller of Germany'; others describe him as the 'Bismarck of the new régime'; 'Germany's new business Kaiser'; the 'man who grabs everything in sight'; the 'wealthiest, most influential, best-known, and at the same time least-known, man in Germany,' or 'the man who controls Germany's destiny.'

Hermann Brinckmeyer, in his admirable little study, *Hugo Stinnes*,¹ describes Stinnes as follows: 'He has the appearance of a worker and could go about in the clothes of a foreman or a miner without attracting attention. His thick head is set upon a stocky trunk; his black hair is cut close; the face is pale and expansive; the beard is black as coal; the nose is curved, and the eyes are heavily underlined. His external appearance is devoid of pose; he seems heavy and solid. Clothes, habits, and bearing denote a man of simple tastes.'

Stinnes was fifty-two years old in February last: he was born at Mülheim on the Ruhr on February 22, 1870. His black beard and curved nose give him a Semitic appearance although he is of pure Protestant stock: his mother, born Coupienne, was a descendant of the French Huguenots. He owes all his wealth and power to his untiring work and unceasing energy — an irresistible impulse to do creative work. He is very distinct from the usual type of Euro-

¹ Published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York, 1921.

pean war-profiteers who may be found idling around luxurious resorts with heavy fur coats and diamond rings, or in elegant automobiles. Stinnes is an unassuming business man; he is never idle. I saw him early in November, on the night-express from Berlin to Cologne, when he went to London. He looked tired and worn out. The vast number of enterprises which he controls, from coal-mines to steamship companies, steel-mills, electrical factories, hotels, newspapers, banks, and airship lines absorb all his energy. So universal is his influence in the economic life of Germany that it would be hardly possible to spend a single day in that country without paying him tribute indirectly: either by picking up a newspaper, or by booking a room in a hotel, or by using a street-car, or by lighting an electric lamp, or by cashing a check—somewhere Stinnes will be found behind the transaction.

The Growth of Stinnes

Unlike other trust magnates, Hugo Stinnes is not altogether a self-made man. At the age of twenty he inherited from his father what was considered at that time a substantial fortune, with large interests in the coal-mining and shipping industry of the Rhine. The Stinnes family had been engaged in the coal and shipping trade for nearly a century. Its history goes back to the year 1808, when old Mathias Stinnes made himself independent as a coal dealer in the Ruhr district. It was Mathias Stinnes who made the Rhine navigable. In 1810 he bought the first coal barge on the Rhine, and in 1817 he opened the first shipping-line from Cologne to Rotterdam with a regular service of nine ships. Throughout the century the famous Stinnes boats carried coal up the Rhine and brought back grain, wine, vegetables, and iron ores.

In 1843 the first steamer, Mathias Stinnes I, plied up the Rhine; in 1845 old Stinnes died, leaving his transportation enterprises to his sons who developed the firm until the present Hugo Stinnes inherited the business. In 1848 Mathias Stinnes, Jr., founded the Mathias Stinnes Trading Corporation at Mülheim on the Ruhr, comprising a fleet of sixty barges and warehouses in Coblenz, Mainz, Mannheim, together with four iron mines and the majority stock-control of thirty-eight other mines.

The first step toward consolidation of the coal business was the foundation of the famous Rhine-Westphalia Coal Syndicate by Hugo Stinnes in 1893. This controlled a large portion of the distribution of the coal of the Ruhr district. In 1903 the Rhine Coal and Shipping Company, commonly known as the 'Coal Bureau,' was founded to regulate the prices and the distribution of the precious fuel. Simultaneously, Stinnes developed interests in the steel and iron trade, in mining and foundry companies to which he added electrical combines and power, gas, and water utilities of the Ruhr basin. Later, he acquired cellulose factories and paper mills; a whole chain of hotels and amusement resorts in Berlin, Hamburg, and on the Baltic; a big automobile factory; the bulk of stock of the Nord-Deutscher-Lloyd steamship company, Bremen; various steamship-lines and warehouses in Hamburg; air-route lines in Germany and Scandinavia; the Danube navigation in Hungary and Rumania. He is financially interested in the Austrian Daimler factory and the famous Skoda Works and owns the Elbe-Mühle paper mills.

In Austria, Stinnes has recently acquired the richest ore deposits of the European continent; he has branch houses in many European ports; he owns a fleet of ocean-going vessels and

has recently entered the field of South America. In Argentine he founded the Sociedad Anonima Hugo Stinnes which controls oil, farmlands, lumber-cutting enterprises, warehouses, and an import organization connected with the Stinnes steamship lines. It is rumored that he plans to inaugurate local steamship lines along the Parana River for the development of the Chaco region, a new and undeveloped virgin country. His interest in South America is partly explained through the fact that his wife was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, as was his first daughter.

Thus the Stinnes Trust is easily the biggest and most universal commercial enterprise of Germany, if not of the world. That Stinnes also plays a leading rôle in German politics is almost inevitable, as we shall see; but there is serious danger that he may use his influence to promote his own interests. Thus the Social-Democratic *Vorwärts* recently launched a fierce personal attack on Stinnes, saying: 'When Stinnes returned from London, he had nothing to say either about the purpose or the success of his trip. To-day it is known from an absolutely reliable source that Stinnes's task in London was to put over the denationalization of the German state railroads and their barter to an English banking syndicate, in return for a gold loan in connection with the revision of reparations. His London trip was a failure in both respects. The English Government showed Stinnes the cold shoulder and the Anglo-Russian Asiatic Company in which Stinnes sought to obtain an interest, would have nothing to do with him. Instead, the business which Stinnes wanted was done by Krupp in connection with the Berlin banking house of Mendelsohn, who secured a large block of stock of the Anglo-Russian Asiatic Company.'

A report from the London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*,

published on February 1, confirms the above story. It appears that Stinnes took the British Government by surprise with his proposals: pleading patriotic motives and referring to the financial troubles of Germany, he asked for a loan of 500 million gold marks which he would offer to the German Government. By securing this credit, he hoped to get under his control the German State Railroads and administration, which he proposed to mortgage to the British Government, without however possessing the slightest official authorization to do this. Simultaneously he submitted some gigantic schemes for the reconstruction and development of Eastern and Southeastern Europe. The British Government received these proposals ironically and with indignation and found it opportune to make an official declaration that it had not invited Stinnes to come to London. Naturally, this disclosure of Stinnes's unscrupulous willingness to exploit Germany's sad condition created an immense sensation!

It is very likely, however, that Stinnes is held in high esteem by Lloyd George and other personages of the English financial and industrial world, and that there exists a secret understanding between the English Government and Stinnes concerning Russia, which led the Independent Socialist leader, Herr Dittman, to demand an investigation of Stinnes's activities in this connection by the Reichstag. Before the war, the German state railroads were estimated to be worth twenty-five billion gold marks. Should Stinnes succeed with his offer to the German Government to make a gold loan for reparations, and have the whole railroad system mortgaged to him, this would be a financial *coup* of tremendous consequences to the German nation. Thus far, the unions of the railroad workers seem to have suc-

ceeded in preventing Stinnes from carrying out his intended seizure of the German nation's last and most valuable asset.

The Vertical Trust

The word Stinnes is more than a name — it embodies an idea, it stands for a new principle, a 'concept of marvelous strength like an edifice of steel,' the culmination of capitalist concentration and a symbol of the modern power of organization. The 'Vertical Trust' of Stinnes is a new and unique phenomenon in the industrial world of the twentieth century. It is a 'monster trust of trusts.' Stinnes belongs to more than fifty different boards of directors; he controls 700,000 workers; his combines swallow up one enterprise after another. The development of the Stinnes Trust is an immense capitalist drama; it has been compared to a vast spider which spins its web wider and wider 'over the utmost stretches of fields, forests, mountains, and valleys of Germany.'

A trust is generally defined as a 'corporation engaged in manufacturing, possessing sufficient power to fix prices for its products, in part at least, on the principle of monopoly.' American trusts, like the Standard Oil or Harvester Trust, chiefly sought to unite different branches of the *same* line of production and thus to monopolize one particular field of industry by the elimination of competition and the crushing of the smaller dealer and consumer. Brinckmeyer describes a vertical trust as a complete and self-contained consolidation of all the successive stages of manufacture, from the production of raw material to the final distribution of the finished article. It is an industrial cycle, completely protected at both ends, with every source of supply and every stage of production in the same hands. If the Standard Oil Company

acquired coal- and iron-mines to manufacture its own supply of oil machinery, tanks, and pipes, controlled its own railroads to handle its tank-cars, and built its own tankers in its own shipyards, besides controlling the automobile industry in order to find a market for its gasoline, it would approximate the German idea of a vertical trust. But, fortunately, there is a law in the United States which forbids at least the formation of such trusts as these.

The Vertical Trust is not chiefly concerned with creating a monopoly through exclusion or absorption of other industries. On the contrary, it welcomes competition. Its chief aim is to organize and cheapen production on a rational basis by eliminating waste and utilizing by-products as far as possible; it merely implies the economic sequence of all phases of production, from raw materials to semi-manufactured and finished products, including the transport and distribution of the latter under one single management.

Thus the basis of the Vertical Trust is the possession of its own raw materials like coal, iron-ore, limestone, lumber and so forth, and the building-up of the industry around the sources of raw material. Once fuel is assured, the entire process of manufacture can be built up on this foundation. Expenses are greatly reduced, middlemen are avoided, and unnecessary transportation is eliminated.

The complete chain of the basic or 'key' industries enables the Trust to manufacture such intermediary products as iron and steel of every grade, railroad material, wires, tin, tubing, forgings, rails, coke, lime, gas, machines, screws, bridge materials, cranes, cables, passenger-, freight-, and street-cars, locomotives, buildings, wharves, and steamships. The specialized products include electrical machinery, porcelain, glass, paper. The possession of

paper mills led Stinnes to the acquisition of numerous newspapers, publishing and printing firms, which, again, have enabled him to control a large part of his own advertising, to exercise a strong political influence and particularly to control public opinion and labor successfully. The possession of ships owned by the Trust led to the development of a huge transportation and export business and the establishment of branch houses in foreign countries, as Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, South America, Dutch East Indies, Russia, Hungary, and Rumania.

The characteristics of the Vertical Trust are: decentralization of production, the independence of the individual enterprises, and a complete adaptation of the single stages of production to each other. Another important and interesting feature of the Vertical Trust is explained by the highly specialized character of German industry which necessitates the rigid control of patent rights, inventions, and technical processes; these are guarded within the Trust as the most cherished secrets upon which its preponderance in a given line largely depends.

It would be too exhaustive to give a complete history of the Stinnes Trust. For it would have to include, for example, all the individual enterprises, like the German Luxembourg Mining and Smelting Company, the Gelsenkirchen Mining Company, the Rhine-Elbe Union, and the Siemens-Schukert Electrical Company, all of which have entered the Trust.

The charter of the Hugo Stinnes Transportation and Overseas Trading Company in the commercial register of Hamburg shows how tremendous has become the scope of Stinnes's business enterprises. The company is licensed to engage in the following activities: "Transportation of every kind; to build and manufacture all shipping acces-

sories, whether at home or abroad; to deal in the products of the mining, smelting, and metal industries, the chemical and electrical industry, and agriculture; to market articles of every stage of manufacture, also raw materials of all kinds, especially provisions and cattle products, mineral, animal, and vegetable oils, cotton and other textiles in the unfinished state, hides, jute, wood, cellulose, paper, and all products of the intermediate industries; to engage in the reshipping and storage of all these products, especially during their transmission from or to foreign countries. The company is also licensed to undertake the extraction, manufacture, and construction of every form of raw materials and manufactured articles in its own establishments."

This list shows what Stinnes stands for in the economic life of Germany, and yet it comprises only a branch of his business. Two factors should be mentioned which have helped Stinnes to increase his power so immensely in the recent past. One is the depreciation of the German currency. This enables the employer to pay out continuously low wages to his workers on a fixed wage-scale which does not respond quickly to the changed money-value; while the prices of the finished products adapt themselves more readily to the world-markets. This allows a large margin of profit to all industrials, and accounts to a considerable extent for the paper-money prosperity in the industries of Germany. The other factor is of a legal nature. There is a provision in German law according to which the holders of certain classes of preferred stocks may exercise a multiplied voting power. This enables industrial leaders to maintain a complete control of certain industrial enterprises, even though they may own but a small amount of stock.

It is interesting to note that Stinnes

never tries to own his industrial enterprises all by himself; he always aims to get others to share in the responsibility. In order to secure an intimate relationship between producer and consumer, he has established joint ownership among cities, communities, and private capital. In and around the city of Essen he already controls nearly all the iron, steel, gas, electricity, and water utilities; there the Vertical Trust is a reality.

Stinnes's Control of Newspapers

During the revolutionary uprisings which took place in Germany following the Armistice in 1918, one of the most significant facts was that the wrath of the populace did not turn against banks, the wealthy people, or militarists, but chiefly against the press. Both in Berlin and Munich, the big newspaper buildings were the first to be stormed and occupied by the masses, who destroyed the printing machines and the types; for they felt instinctively that the press was the chief agency which had misled them during the war, and, at the same time, was the stronghold of the big interests which control public opinion, politics, and the destiny of the nation. The people failed, however, to gain permanent control over their press; again it was Stinnes who stepped in and bought a large number of newspapers, not only in Germany, but also in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary.

He first acquired the well-known semi-official *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a government paper of high standing but small circulation, which, since the Armistice, would have ceased to exist but for his financial support. To this he added the following Berlin papers: *Die Post*, *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, *Deutsche Zeitung*, and the famous conservative daily, *Tägliche Rundschau*, edited by Count Reventlow. In Bava-

ria, Stinnes is said to own the influential Munich daily, *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, the *München-Augsburger Abendzeitung*, humorous weeklies like the *Simplizissimus* and *Jugend*, and hosts of other papers.

His influence in Bavaria is evinced by the fact that this country, which before the war was quite democratic, has now become the stronghold of monarchism and reaction. The illustrated comic weeklies which formerly attacked reaction, clericalism, and militarism, now ridicule Germany's democratic Constitution, the Wirth Government, or Socialism, in addition to carrying on the nationalist propaganda of hatred and revenge, in common with all Stinnes papers. In the Hungarian capital, Budapest, he owns nearly all morning and evening papers. In Vienna he owns the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and *Der Neue Tag*, two dailies with a big circulation.

In addition to the sixty or more papers owned by him, Stinnes also influences scores of others by supplying them with news from his recently acquired telegraph agencies, the Rammert Agency and the Telegrafen Union. He also owns extensive forests in Eastern Prussia which supply his paper- and pulp-factories with wood and cellulose for the manufacture of printing paper. The Hugo Stinnes Book and Cellulose Company has been formed by the amalgamation of the large Büchsenstein Printing Company and the North-German Book-Binding and Publishing Company.

Whether this extensive acquisition of newspapers in Central Europe was originally intended chiefly as a money-making proposition and merely an incidental part of his gigantic trust scheme, or whether Stinnes desired to exercise political control and to create a public opinion favorable to his aims, is a matter of conjecture. The fact remains, of course, that the Stinnes press is a most

influential political instrument in the hands of its owner. All its weight is thrown into the support of the parties of the Right, the monarchist and nationalist elements, the interests of high finance, industry, and aristocracy as against the masses and the workers. The Stinnes papers are widely read by the intellectual classes, the middle-class bourgeoisie, college students, and millions of others whom tradition or thoughtlessness makes indifferent to what they read.

In October 1921, for example, in the last municipal elections in Berlin, it was chiefly the Stinnes press that caused the Socialists and Democrats to lose 100,000 votes to the parties of the Right. Similarly, the Stinnes papers are fiercely opposed to the Republican form of government and to such men as the Chancellor, Dr. Wirth, the Foreign Minister, Dr. Rathenau, and others who represent the new spirit of a democratic and peaceful Germany. Through his dominating influence over public opinion Stinnes will unquestionably become one of the most important figures in the future political life of Europe. His unique position affords him immense potentialities.

Like Lord Northcliffe, or W. R. Hearst, Stinnes has already used his control of the press to promote his personal political ambitions. He has become a member of the Reichstag, and in one way or another takes part in most of the important political decisions of the German Government.

Stinnes in Politics

It was early in the war that Stinnes entered the political field. During the occupation of Belgium and Northern France, he was frequently called to the General Headquarters as an economic adviser. His advice was in support of the policy of stripping Belgium of her

factories, machinery, and raw materials. Stinnes was responsible also for the deportation of Belgian workers to be used to increase the output of munitions in Germany. And it was the hand of Stinnes that demolished the factories and the coal-mines of Northern France.

After the Armistice, when France had imposed tremendous demands of coal-delivery on Germany, Stinnes was again called upon for his advice, and summoned to Spa to testify as an expert. He insisted on the impossibility of an annual delivery of forty million tons of coal by Germany, and worked for a refusal of the Allies' demand. In its place, he suggested a coöperation between France and Germany, and pointed out the advantages of such a course. His speech attracted wide attention; but he failed to impress politicians like Briand and Lloyd George with his proposal for a practical solution; for, so far as the French delegate was concerned, the coal-question was 'no longer an economic issue, but a political one.' Germany was finally compelled to accept France's demands.

Stinnes's failure at Spa was sharply assailed by the German press on the ground that he had tried chiefly to safeguard his own interests and profits; that he would even have betrayed his country and welcomed the French occupation of the Ruhr district in order to prevent the socialization of German industry which was imminent at that time. His attempt to establish a community of interest with French coal-and iron-magnates was considered as aimed against the interests of German labor. Stinnes answered his critics cleverly, pointing out that he had merely tried to save the mining unions 'from having to do a great amount of overtime work' and to 'prevent unemployment in other industries.'

After the Revolution, Stinnes became a member of the State Economic

Council (*Reichswirtschaftsrat*) in which capacity he was instrumental in defeating the socialization of German industries and mines — an idea which was very popular in Germany, and is made a provision in the democratic Constitution.

To a man like Stinnes the proposed socialization of industry offered no insurmountable obstacle. To him, socialization simply meant participation and joint responsibility of labor. In the memorandum worked out at Essen, he suggested vertical consolidations of industry as a substitute for, or complement of, socialization, because, as he alleged, the great economic concentration and the cheapening of production within the Trust would comply with the principal demands of the Socialists. To Stinnes, trusts and socialization 'run parallel and need not intersect each other.' 'As regards the forms of collectivism, you must always adapt yourself to previous experiences; under no circumstances must you underestimate the importance of the individual.' It was with such phrases as these that Stinnes succeeded in sabotaging and sidetracking the proposed schemes of socialization. In fact, he once openly stated: If I have adopted advanced social theories, I have not forgotten myself in doing so.

So successful has Stinnes been in his dealings with Labor that there are even many Socialists who support the system which he has created. The French Socialist paper, *Le Peuple*, claims that he has cheapened production and set an example to French industry. The German Socialistic *Vorwärts* thinks that Stinnes is accomplishing the 'inevitable Marxian process of concentration of capital which will make industry ripe to be taken over by the community'; and there are quite a few Socialists who view Stinnes 'as a necessary product of evolution and a

pathfinder for the State of the future (the *Zukunftstaat*)' who converts capitalism 'into the cocoon stage from which the finished butterfly of socialistic collectivism will some day emerge'!

At present, Stinnes is the acknowledged leader of the Deutsche Volkspartei which he finances. He does not appear in public in person, but he is unquestionably the most powerful influence behind the screen. It is an impressive thing to note how, to-day, economic leaders shape the politics of a country, whereas, in the past, economic life was largely shaped by the politicians. It is true that Stinnes has not been able so far to substitute monarchism for democracy in Germany, but he certainly uses his influence in the direction of undermining the faith in the democratic Constitution and in discrediting the democratic government.

A typical illustration of Stinnes's hostile attitude toward democracy is the fact that he has given three of his ocean-going ships the names of Hindenburg, Tirpitz, and Ludendorff, which constitutes, and is probably meant to be, a provocation to the democratic elements of Germany. His refusal to fly the black-red-golden emblem of the German Republic on his ships, which still fly the black-white-red flags of the monarchy in violation of the German Constitution, is another instance of his defiant attitude. In spite of his tremendous political influence, he does not really believe that the affairs of the world should be solved by the politicians and diplomats of the old type, nor does he place any reliance on the political power of the State. He wants economic and practical considerations to be the decisive factors in politics. He stated his views in an interview given to a foreign correspondent in which he said: —

We are merely losing time through the chatter of politicians who are wound up

like automatons by Parliament and the newspapers. What we need is a conference of business men who can talk to each other without hate. There must be no more conferences at which everybody lays down his revolver at his side. This sick world can be saved only by a consultation of a few physicians behind closed doors. It would be insane on the part of Germany to declare its willingness to pay even the interest on a loan of 50,000,000,000 marks. If the Allies are figuring on any such sums, they are going to have another disappointment. France could have had material and labor for construction two years ago, and no German would have refused to deliver them. At the present moment, there are only two kinds of countries in the world — those which can buy raw materials because of the state of exchange, and those which cannot do this. Both are bound to perish unless some form of co-operation can be agreed upon. Money is to be found, but only by giving the world an example of perfect co-operation. Every business man knows that money is to be had; only the politicians do not seem to know it. I am trying to save my country from destruction, and at the same time save other countries.

Stinnes and Russia

It is not surprising that Stinnes has turned his eyes on the immense supplies of raw materials and the trade opportunities of Russia. Preparatory to his invasion of Soviet Russia, he is conducting a comprehensive economic survey of that country through a number of German experts, according to a recent report. A delegation which left Berlin for Moscow comprised financial, economic, commercial, transportation, hotel and agricultural experts who will make a minute study of general conditions in Russia with a view to determining the nature of his operations in

the Soviet Republic. 'The delegation is reported to be headed by Dr. Fehrmann, Stinnes's Russian adviser, and to include Jacques Kraemer, a widely known hotel proprietor who will supervise the organization of a chain of hotels, in anticipation of an early influx of trade representatives and tourists into Petrograd and Moscow.'

In the meantime, Stinnes has already made contracts with the Soviets for the delivery of his products, like machinery and so forth; in exchange for which, as the *New York Times* reports, the Russian crown jewels have been pawned to him for 60 per cent of their value; among them the famous Orloff diamond, estimated to be worth £240,000, and the black-pearl necklace, valued at £80,000.

It is generally thought that he sought to induce the British Government to co-operate in the resumption of trade with Soviet Russia. Subsequent events have shown that he has apparently succeeded in convincing responsible members of the British Government that the time has come to resume business with Russia. The Genoa Conference which was called on the initiative of Mr. Lloyd George is to include Germany and Russia; and surely Lloyd George means to go ahead, together with German industrials, in restoring commercial relations with the Soviets without waiting for France and the United States to join. In this sphere of Stinnes's activities we may look forward to an interesting test: which of the two chief exponents of two diametrically opposed systems in Europe, the Communism of the Soviets or the 'Vertical Trust' of Stinnes, will ultimately survive?

CHANGES IN LANDOWNERSHIP IN ENGLAND

BY HAROLD COX

I

A GREAT change is taking place in the ownership of English land, mainly as the result of heavy taxation. During the war, while the incomes of many classes were rising rapidly, landowners were debarred by legislation from raising their rents, though their taxes and all their expenses were increasing. Simultaneously, most farmers were able to make very large profits, owing to the increased prices of agricultural produce. Thus, when the war ended, large numbers of owners of land, suffering from or threatened by serious poverty, eagerly jumped at the chance of selling many of the farms they owned to the tenant farmers. The tenants, with large balances at their banks as the result of war-profits, were temporarily bitten with the idea of becoming free-holders, and often paid high prices, which many of them have since repented. In addition, many people who had made money as manufacturers or merchants during the war were fired with the desire to establish themselves and their families as landed gentry, and sometimes bought whole estates when they were offered for sale; or, alternatively, bought the mansion house and pleasure-grounds, leaving the tenant farmer to buy the purely agricultural land.

The landowners who sold at this period did extremely well for themselves from a pecuniary point of view. More recently, owing to the depression of trade and the fall in agricultural

prices, there have been fewer willing buyers of land, and sales have been more difficult to effect.

Nevertheless, a good many properties were sold even in the year 1921, because the owners found that it was impossible for them to meet the heavy taxes imposed upon landed property after paying the increased charges necessary for the upkeep of their estates.

Some idea of the extent to which changes in landownership have been taking place may be gathered from the fact that, in the last five years, one firm of auctioneers and land-agents has effected sales aggregating nearly two million acres; the total area of England and Wales and Scotland is fifty-six million acres. Thus, this one firm alone has, within the brief period of five years, dealt with changes of ownership covering roughly four per cent of the total area of Great Britain.

Before considering what effect these extensive changes in landownership are likely to have upon the face of England, it is worth while to give one or two figures to indicate the financial position of English landowners.

In the first place the figures published by the Inland Revenue Department emphasize very forcibly the statement just made that, while the incomes of most classes in the community were greatly increased during the war, those of landowners remained stationary.

GROSS INCOME BROUGHT UNDER REVIEW IN THE UNITED KINGDOM FOR INCOME-TAX ASSESSMENT

	<i>Schedule A</i>
<i>Total</i>	<i>Lands</i>
1913-14.....	£1,167,000,000
1918-19.....	2,446,000,000
	£52,284,000
	51,980,000

Thus, while the total gross income of persons liable to income tax was more than doubled in five years, the portion of that total derived from the ownership of land was slightly reduced.

The figures, it will be noticed, relate to the whole of the United Kingdom; but Irish landowners do not play an important part in the picture. During the past thirty or forty years the Government of the United Kingdom has persistently encouraged and assisted Irish farmers to become the owners of the land they cultivate. This has been done partly by lending money out of the public Treasury at a low rate of interest; partly by an actual subsidy in cash to induce the Irish landowner to sell, and the Irish tenant to buy. In effect, Irish tenants have received the freehold of their farms in return for a terminable annuity considerably less in amount than the rent they were previously paying; Irish landowners have at the same time received a much better price than they could possibly have obtained in a free market. The cost of this transaction has been met out of the exchequer of the United Kingdom, and has fallen in the main upon English taxpayers. Whether any readjustment will be made, now that the Irish Free State has been set up, is more than doubtful. From the point of view of this article, the matter is of importance only because the cost of Irish land-purchase represents one of the many additional burdens that have been placed in recent years on the shoulders of English taxpayers, quite apart from the terrific burden of war taxation.

And it is on landed property that taxation falls most heavily. This is the

result partly of old traditions, partly of modern politics. In past centuries, when land was the principal as well as the most visible source of wealth, it was natural that the rulers of the country should treat land as the main basis for taxation. Even when attempts were made to tax movable as well as fixed property, they were not very successful, because of the greater facilities for evasion. The history of taxation in England is full of examples of acts of Parliament establishing the general taxation of all property, and even specifying that land should be taxed only after other forms of property; but in practice the burden remained upon the land, because the land could not be moved and could not escape observation. It is only when we reach the nineteenth century that the enormous growth of industrial wealth, and the concurrent improvement in administrative methods, rendered possible the raising of a large revenue from incomes other than those derived from land-ownership.

But the landowner still continues to pay on the average more than his fair share, because it is less easy for him to conceal his income. For the purpose of income tax, the annual value of the land is officially assessed on the approximate basis of the rent paid, and the tenant is required to pay the tax and deduct the amount from his next payment of rent to his landlord. Thus the landowner cannot escape payment of the full amount. On the other hand, the revenue authorities, in making assessments of incomes derived from business profits or professional earnings, are to a considerable extent at the mercy of the taxpayer who — if he is dishonest — can often successfully represent his income as being much less than it really is.

The effect of these considerations has been intensified by the political cam-

paign of recent years against land-ownership in particular and capitalism in general. As a result of this campaign, — inspired partly by land nationalizers, partly by Socialists, — there has been a constant tendency to increase the relative burden of taxation falling on large properties. Up to a point this movement may have been justified. The primary principle of taxation, that men should be taxed according to their ability to pay, requires that the rich man should pay at a relatively higher rate than the poor man. Unfortunately, in England the principle has been carried so far that, while the majority of voters pay no income tax at all, a small minority of rich persons are taxed at a rate which is both unjust to them and injurious to the nation. In the case of persons engaged in industry or commerce, the present enormous scale of taxation in England handicaps industrial development by preventing the accumulation of the necessary capital; in the case of the owners of land, the high taxes are one of the main causes of that break-up of estates with which we are here concerned.

It should be added that the burden of taxation does not end with the national income tax and super-tax. Local taxation has risen almost as rapidly as national taxation, and falls with special weight upon the owners of real property.

II

To see how these cumulative burdens affect the financial position of the land-owner, it is desirable to examine a few actual figures. Interesting particulars were published in the London *Times* of August 4, 1921, of one of the typical great English estates — the Duke of Bedford's, of 16,000 acres, situated in the counties of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. The year dealt with is 1920. In that year the owner received a

gross rental of £23,437. Out of that he had to pay for the upkeep of the estate no less than £18,648. This figure includes, not merely management charges and necessary repairs and renewals, but also such expenditure upon improvements as every conscientious landowner feels bound to make, in order to keep his estate up to date. In addition, there was a sum of £3684 which had to be paid, mainly for local taxes. The residue left to the owner was only £1105. Yet the income tax on land is so assessed that, though this was all that was left to the owner to spend on himself, when he had done his duty by his estate, he was called upon to pay no less than £3623 for income tax and super-tax. In addition, social custom and local traditions required him to pay various sums, amounting to over £2000, in the shape of pensions to employees and donations to the clergy and to local institutions. The final result, as certified by the duke's accountants, is that this agricultural estate cost him in the year 1920 a net sum of £5190, which he had to meet out of his other sources of income, for example, his London house-property.

But there are many owners of agricultural estates in England who have no other sources of income, and for them the present burden of taxation is absolutely crushing. Some of them try to stave off the calamity of absolute collapse by cutting down their expenditure on the upkeep of their estates. Thus, on a number of estates brought under review by an organization of Scottish landowners, it is noticeable that the cost of upkeep in 1920-21 was, in some cases, actually less than it was ten years previously. When it is remembered that the price of labor and of all materials had risen enormously in that period of ten years, it will be seen that the reduction in expense can only mean a lower standard of upkeep. The money that would have been voluntarily

spent by the owner for the maintenance and improvement of his estate was forcibly taken from him by the Government, partly to meet the cost of the war, but partly also to pay for an enormously expensive civil administration.

Particulars of one large estate in Scotland were given by Mr. Pretyman, a well-known English landowner, in a debate in the House of Commons on June 16, 1921. The actual income of the property in 1920 was £42,490. Nearly half that sum was spent on the upkeep of the estate; and the word 'estate' here, as in the previous cases quoted, refers only to the agricultural portion of the property, not to the owner's private mansion and park. Nearly all the rest of the gross income was absorbed by local taxes and other compulsory local charges, and by the national charge for income tax and super-tax, leaving the owner for his private use the sum of £467. These figures were admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, himself a Scotchman, in the course of the same debate, to be entirely accurate. To quote his words:—

'With these figures and property I am perfectly well acquainted, and I know that there is no exaggeration in the statement made concerning what appears to be a rent-roll of endless dimensions; but when the whole thing is boiled down to its ultimate result, this landed proprietor, who is regarded as the child of smiling fortune, receives £467 in the year.'

The above case may be an extreme one, but it is beyond question that English and also Scotch landowners, though some of them may still possess apparently enormous rent-rolls, are in reality in a condition of real poverty, unless they have some other source of revenue than the land. Observers from outside see the stately mansion; they learn that the broad acres in the sur-

rounding country all belong to the occupant of the mansion; and they assume that he must be a 'child of smiling fortune.' They forget the enormous burdens which social custom and an hereditary sense of duty impose upon the landowner. Not only must he keep in good repair all the farm-buildings on his estate, and provide the capital for improvements, but he is also expected to subscribe largely to all local charities and to be ready with money when any local need arises.

Custom also requires the landowner to provide cottages for the people employed on his estate; and the rents charged for the cottages represent a very inadequate return upon the capital expended. Often, indeed, when the cost of keeping the cottage in repair has been met, and the local tax levied upon it has been paid, there is nothing left for the owner; there may even be an appreciable loss.

Thus a very large portion of the income that a rural landowner nominally receives from his estate goes back to the estate again. Even the portion that remains for his private use he cannot expend entirely as he will. He is expected to keep up the amenities of his mansion and park, and to maintain generous traditions of hospitality. In practice, also, most rural landowners, from an hereditary sense of duty, give a great deal of their time, without remuneration, to local administrative services of one type or another. In a word, the ownership of land in rural England involves obligations which place the landowner in a much worse position financially than that of a man drawing a corresponding income from stocks and shares. He cannot, therefore, face the same rate of taxation; yet, in practice, as above indicated, he is more heavily taxed. The inevitable consequence is that many landowners can no longer maintain their position. They

are compelled to abandon their responsibilities in order to live.

In not a few cases the owner of the estate, unwilling to leave the locality endeared to him by long family traditions, takes refuge in one of the smaller houses or cottages on the property, where he can just afford to live on the narrow income remaining to him. A well-known land-agent recently gave to the present writer a description of such a removal witnessed by himself. He had gone down to a country estate, to arrange with the owner for the sale of his property. As he arrived at the mansion, he found the owner, an old man of seventy-eight, at that very moment engaged in leaving his ancestral home, to take up his quarters in a little cottage on the estate. His wife, almost as old as himself, had collected some of her specially beloved possessions in a little hand-barrow, which she was herself wheeling to the new home.

III

Such a picture may leave unmoved the political demagogue, who has won his position by appealing to the passion of envy; but from the human point of view, it is a personal tragedy, and from the social point of view, it probably involves a serious injury to the community. Doubtless many English landowners have lived more or less idle lives, and have devoted more of their time to hunting and shooting than to giving service to the community. Nevertheless, taken as a body, they have been one of the most valuable elements in the nation. The very conditions under which they have lived have given them qualities which are of the highest national value — a sense of duty, the spirit of sportsmanship, the spirit of comradeship. The squire and his family, until quite recent years, were the hereditary leaders of village life;

there was a personal as well as a pecuniary relationship, and this personal relationship between squire and cottager has been reproduced in the relationship between officer and private in the supreme test of the battlefield. This relationship, which may best be described as personal friendliness combined with mutual recognition of difference of rank, is, of course, altogether distasteful to the modern democrat, who objects to any social inequalities, whether real or artificial, because he has filled his mind with the false belief that there are no inequalities in nature. Doubtless, also, in many cases inequality of social position does produce unjustifiable arrogance on the one side and a lack of independence on the other. Whether we shall ever be able to escape entirely from these admitted evils of inequality is perhaps doubtful; but it is quite certain that, if we attempt to remove these evils by trying to abolish all inequalities, our loss will be greater than our gain. The pursuit of the false ideal of universal equality can, in the long run, result only in universal degradation.

This consideration carries us beyond the question of English landownership, but it affects that question intimately. The ruin of the rural landowner only brings him down, at worst, to the standard of comfort that the laborers on his estate have long been compelled to accept. From the point of view of universal social equality, no injustice is done; but from the point of view of the amenities of life in rural England, the harm is immense. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the land of England to-day owes its value, not to its inherent natural qualities, but to the work done upon it by man. The thing called a farm, with its buildings, its roads and fences and drains, is the product of human labor and enterprise. It represents a capital investment made

by generations of landowners, who, instead of spending on themselves all the rents they received, or might have exacted, have progressively added to the value of the land by continuous expenditure upon improvements. The disappearance of the hereditary landowner will mean the loss of this convenient method for securing land-improvement.

No doubt, the tenant farmers who have become the owners of their farms will have an equally keen interest in improving the property they have acquired; but they will not as a rule have the necessary funds. A tenant farmer's capital is generally all required for the current working of his farm. Many farmers have depleted their capital by buying their farms at high prices; and in the present state of dropping prices for agricultural produce, they will not as a rule be likely to obtain very lavish advances from their bankers. Therefore rarely will they be able to spend money on those improvements which the landowner used to finance.

The landowner, it must be added, seldom expected to obtain much direct return for the money he spent on improvements; often he was content if, by thus laying out part of his revenue, he retained a good tenant. On the other hand, the tenant farmer has always expected to secure a high-rate of interest for his capital, as part payment for his manual and mental labor. In this respect, the farmer's attitude will not be altered now that he has become an owner. He will still expect that any money he spends shall bring him a large return; otherwise he will not spend it. Therefore it is fairly certain that a good deal less will be spent on improvements.

Moreover, the improvements which the farmer will undertake will be purely of a utilitarian character. In particular, the trees are likely to suffer. Many farmers regard trees with dislike, purely for agricultural reasons. 'We puts the

muck on the land, and they sucks the muck from the grass.' Beyond that is the consideration of the price which the farmer can get from the sale of the timber. Together, these two factors will certainly lead to a very extensive destruction of those broad spreading oaks and lofty elms which are such a marked feature of many parts of rural England. The farmer, intent—and excusably so—on securing the best return he can on the money he has invested in the purchase of his farm, will seldom pause to consider for a moment what effect his operations may have on the beauty of the countryside.

Yet, from the wider national outlook, the beauty of the English countryside is one of the most precious possessions of England. Even in France, with a civilization older than that of England, this peculiar charm is rarely to be found. No doubt it is possible in many parts of England to increase the yield of the soil without destroying the beauty of the land. Indeed, in some cases, purely utilitarian improvements, such as better drainage and the judicious trimming of woods, now left untouched as a breeding-ground for game, would actually increase the amenities of the country. But, on the whole, the withdrawal of the influence and of the wealth of hereditary landowners is not likely to contribute to the improvement of English land, either in productive yield or in beauty of feature.

One special problem has already arisen in acute form. So many landowners are selling their homes, as well as their estates, that there are not enough purchasers for these country mansions. In some cases it has been possible to convert these private houses into public, or semi-public, institutions. For example, a few have been turned into convalescent hospitals, some into boarding-schools, and some into holiday resorts for town workers. Possibly more

may still be done in these directions, but the prospect is not altogether hopeful; and in any event, the change involves partial destruction. In order to fit the house for its new use, it is generally desirable — or at any rate profitable — to strip off many of its most typical beauties. In advertisements of country houses for conversion to institutional uses, it is frequently stated that there is much valuable carving and paneling that can be removed before the house is converted.

Worse still occurs when no occupant at all can be found for the house. In that event, all that can be done is to pull it down and sell the material for what it will fetch. Already this is happening. In the case of a house of historic interest or architectural dignity, this is a tragedy strictly analogous to the disappearance of the hereditary landowner. A distinctive feature of the countryside disappears entirely.

One asks also, with anxiety, what will happen to the park that is generally attached to the mansion. The parks of England are part of her pride. When they are owned by an old family, they are generally left entirely open for the enjoyment of residents in the neighborhood and of visitors. All that the owner does is to keep the park in good order; and he probably gets less actual enjoyment out of it than many of his neighbors, who walk in it as freely as if it were their own. Yet, if the owner

cannot afford to keep his mansion, he cannot afford to keep his park. Some newly rich man may purchase it, and to emphasize his pride of possession, may wall it round and treat it as a private close.

Worse still, it may be sold in bits, to be added to the adjoining farms or cut up for laborers' allotments. Those who are familiar with such glorious parks as Arundel in Sussex and Penshurst in Kent will tremble to think of the loss that England and all her visitors may suffer, if these beautiful pleasure-grounds, which the hereditary landowning class has so long maintained, should presently be converted into potato fields. Yet, if the landowning class is destroyed by unbearable taxation, the rural treasures which it has created or preserved may easily perish with it. Seldom is it possible to retain the benefits of any institution while destroying the institution itself.

These are the dangers which threaten the English countryside to-day. They are partly the result of the enormous price that England had to pay in the Great War for the defense of her life and of the liberty of Europe. Even more are they due to the enormous increase in civil expenditure, which is directly traceable to the Socialist delusion that, by robbing a limited number of Peters, it is possible to find money enough to pay an unlimited number of Pauls.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AN ANECDOTE FOR AUTHORS

GENTLE reader, I once wrote a book. Among the mingled pains and pleasures attendant upon its appearance was a friendly note from a distant city, speaking of it, not effusively, but with a kind word for a weary author; commanding it especially for its high idealism — idealism, a word to conjure with. Doubtless it was because of this word that the letter, after a line of thanks to the sender, was dropped into the little pile of notes to be saved, instead of being tossed into the glowing coals of the oak logs on the hearth. I know that it was not too good a book; but perhaps idealism might not unthinkably produce some result of which it would be pleasant to be reminded.

It is curious — the distinction between the letters regarding one's books that one saves, and those that one destroys. The unfriendly ones go into the fire, making friendly heat and flame; the intelligently critical, one takes to heart, trying to profit by wholesome advice; it is those other warm and gentle missives that one saves for possible moments of a golden old age, when the striving and the shaping are over, when one is beyond retrogression and improvement.

This is the hour that just life sends
To make amends;
This closet space where Grief is not;
The World forgot;
And far behind the once-trodden ways,
Enwrapped in haze.

It was a year later that, one evening, a stranger was ushered into our living-room — a tall, slender, elderly man, half shy, wholly friendly. He had a few

minutes in my town, and, recalling a note of thanks I had written in answer to a letter about my book, had ventured to stop for a minute, trusting that I would send him away if I were too busy.

I was not too busy. He dropped into an easy-chair, and we fell to talking of books and men, of recent articles in the *Atlantic*, of literary folk whom we had both — proudly — met, Miss Repplier among them. We discussed both free verse and poetry, and the latest sophisticated treatises: he had under his arm Newbolt's *New Study of Poetry*, which he took pains to show me. Had I happened to see any of the reviews that he had written of my books? No? He was sorry.

This was a great pleasure, he said, on a most unfortunate evening. He and his sister had missed friends they had intended to call on as they waited over a train, had missed connections everywhere; the sister's husband was to meet them here, but had evidently by mistake gone on to Albany. The sister had wished to come with him for this brief call, as she knew certain friends of mine; but found herself too tired, and was waiting at the station with her two little boys.

Then we plunged back into the immensities and eternities of books; he seemed to be a well-read man, with something of insight and with a sense of humor. That was a curious gesture he had of putting his long slender hand upright over his mouth when he laughed; but of course the mannerisms of literary folk are many.

Suddenly, the hand went to his watch pocket: it was nearly train-

time; he must be going. Then, as he rose, bashfully, almost blushing through his wrinkles, he said that it was painful to ask, but he and his sister, having missed everybody, found that they had not quite enough money to take them on. It was hard on her and the little boys; whimsically he added that it was a bit hard on him to travel with the little boys, they were so restless, but he must see them all safely home. His sister had been digging down to the bottom of her bag; he had in vain emptied every pocket; they had almost enough, but would I —?

Of course I would. I remembered little boys, sleepy little boys and tired, for I, too, have nephews. Especially vivid in memory was the time I took little Tom home from the hospital, after the hurt to his hand had been cured. So sympathetic was I with the mother of these two, that I forgot to ask the names of those friends of mine with whom she was acquainted. Almost apologetically, as we never keep large sums of money in the house, I hastily secured and pressed into my caller's hand all I had. (Reader, it was about the price of a good pair of shoes.)

The relief and gratitude in his face made me see how much more serious his dilemma had been than I had realized. There was, of course, no suggestion of repayment: a 'gentlemen's agreement' in these matters is a silent one; but I knew from his look, his bearing, the whole implication of his being, that he would mail his check for the amount as soon as he reached his study and his pen.

He left hastily, saying, as he slipped through the door, that he had had a very pleasant half-hour. I feared that I had made him late for his train; his step was over-lively for his years, as he went down the walk and vanished in the darkness.

As I went back to my chair by the

fire, I began to wonder that a man of his age should have such little nephews: surely he was my senior, yet my nephews are over six feet tall, and some of them are taking care of their restless little boys. That odd gesture with the hand could not have been intended to hide the distinct peculiarities of the teeth, which I had tried not to notice? I went upstairs and unearthed that note of a year ago from the bottom of the friendly pile: it seemed unmistakably a gentleman's letter, brief, courteous, and,—propitious name!—headed Oxford Street. Now, was this address fact, or art?

Reader, what could one have done otherwise? One would rather be the victim of a confidence man than fail to give help where help is needed. As the days passed and no check came I began to wonder what his real profession was. Was he an ex-actor, or, as he had seemed, a literary man of sorts, ex-professor, as he claimed, of the university in his own town? I began to realize that the tale he had told me had been too complete, too well-presented, too concrete. Doubtless he was a not wholly prosperous literary man, and I represented one of his few successes in fiction. My pride was hurt; how often, in feminine fashion had I derided (yet with secret admiration for the trust in humankind that underlies it) the easy gullibility of men, their over-readiness to be imposed upon by their fellows! To be sure, the days are decades past since I prided myself, as in the time of youth, upon a keenness of insight into human nature. Growing older, I am aware that human nature is no such easy matter.

Knowing that literary folk are the last people on earth who should be fleeced, I write my word of warning that a new Game of Authors has been devised, played for stakes. It is a clever game: your confidence man in-

troduces himself long beforehand, perfectly and convincingly, by letter. He plays cunningly upon human nature in its more superficial as well as its deeper aspects, from vanity to a longing for sympathy, and a deep desire to show sympathy. I would not have my fellows of the *Atlantic*, who follow the gentle craft, become victims of this most ungentle craft, and so I tell my tale.

Yet misgiving comes. Remembering that among the literary progeny of Sherlock Holmes was Raffles, shall I, in warning my fellow author, but be giving points to other elderly confidence men, bashful, friendly — but no! Surely these are unthinkable among readers of the *Atlantic*.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

LONG ago, in college years, I was standing one day at the window with a friend, when a particularly irritating classmate walked by. There was nothing the matter with her; she was a nice girl and a conscientious student; but she was — irritating. As she passed, my friend nodded her head decisively. 'She's on the other side of the fence,' she said.

'She's on the what?' I questioned dully.

'On the other side of the fence,' my friend repeated. 'My world is divided into two parts, separated by a fence — a bright-green wooden fence! On my side are the people who like what I like, or like the opposite agreeably. Tom's there, because he skates well, and Bess because she likes Ibsen, and my Airedale because he's so preciously homely, and — and — Charles Lamb, and Roosevelt, and you!' she finished generously. She shook her head at the retreating figure. 'She's not!' she said.

The comfort of her scheme was irre-

sistible. I began my fence at once, and built it high and strong — not of wooden bars painted bright green, like hers, but of tall brick piers, connected by strong wrought-iron sections, with a sharp dagger design at the top. You can build such barriers easily when you're young; and if you build them with your own zealous hands, they will last a lifetime. I merely commanded mine to rise, and it stood ready for use. Through its several gates I drove the people I 'simply could n't stand,' and shot the bars behind them.

In those days I was strong — very strong. I could play tennis all day, and dance all night, without fatigue. I could carry my college work and run my Italian club at the settlement without loss of zest. The hectic girls who 'never had time' to do interesting things, and went to the Infirmary after exams, bored me — or would have, if I had not remembered that they were safely stowed on the other side of the fence. I used to watch them sometimes and silently, incredulously, ask, 'Are you tired?'

But the time came when I took a job, a steady job, as teacher in a boarding-school; a most interesting job, combining the rôles of hostess, big sister, mother confessor, and teacher. The output of sympathy was large, and the drain on my strength too heavy to be resisted without recreation. My new enthusiasms supplanted my old athletic habits, and I forgot to take exercise. Then, one day, as I lurched to my seat in the crowded five o'clock car, which I had run to catch, I looked at the tell-tale faces of my fellow passengers, and found myself saying tenderly, 'You're tired, are n't you?'

There was a crash! At first I was startled. Then I looked through a wide breach in my fence, and gayly waved an invitation to all the tired people there to come through it into my garden.

A sense of adventure once sent me for a three years' term in the Philippines. As it drew to an end, and I bought my passage for America, I suddenly began to wonder whether the friends at home would find me changed. I knew well that the climate of the Islands does not enhance the freshness of one's complexion; and I remembered how utterly dowdy returning missionaries had always seemed to me. Indeed, I had with difficulty refrained from telling them that I held it a vice, not a virtue, to come home dressed in a way 'to make God's little green earth hideous.'

But then — they were on the other side of the fence. On my side people were 'well but simply dressed'; so I borrowed a fashion magazine of a fastidious friend, bought some charming dark-blue material, and presented myself before the finest dressmaker in Manila. I selected a style of extreme simplicity, whose distinction lay in its lines, and gave my orders. I confess to some misgivings as I left the establishment. It was a single great room, against the four walls of which sat fifty girls, cross-legged on the floor, sewing. The modiste, wearing a short loose blouse, which failed to meet a skirt very short in front and trailing richly behind, paced barefooted up and down, with the bearing of a queen. My misgivings were justified — how could it be otherwise? I presented myself to my family, looking 'just like a missionary.'

Crack! Rumble! Crash! A large section of my fence is down, and across it I see an interesting group of people doing interesting things. I apologetically, but eagerly, invite into my garden — not a set of oddly dressed missionaries, but people of distinction who, as another recently said of them, 'have moved off Main Street.'

One especially strong stretch of fence, against which I had gone so far as to

plant thistles, kept out people who are slaves to their housekeeping and know but one topic of conversation — the servant problem. Unless a person is a wit, who can make an elegy out of the breaking of a dish, or an epic out of experiences at an intelligence office, she should eschew household gossip. But it so happened that I returned from a *Wanderjahr* to find a trained nurse on duty in my home, and all the able-bodied members of the family holding jobs. The kitchen was unoccupied, except by little black Phœbe, who was quick, but refused to cook. 'I don't want to learn to cook,' she drawled. 'I want to git married!'

I fell upon the new task of cooking with zest, and gave the family delectable dishes such as they had never before tasted. But there were pots and pans to wash, sweeping to do, laundry to supervise, telephone calls to answer, and family correspondence to attend to. Moreover, Phœbe gave herself a holiday once or twice a week, and in time my nerves were apparent to the nurse.

'You must get out more,' she said. So I went to a tea, and chatted gayly for an hour with everyone I knew. It was not until I was leaving that the refrain of all I had said fell on my own ears: 'I'll do anything in the world for you, if you'll put us on the trail of a competent cook!' I looked at my group, and we simultaneously burst into peals of laughter so loud and merry that I scarcely heard the falling of another stretch of my garden barricade.

Twenty years have passed since I jubilantly erected my ornate fence. Now, as I look back along the line, I find it down in a thousand places, its ruins buried in honeysuckle and hearts-ease. Only here and there does it remain — over against the pessimists and the blasé, and the futurists who

think they have arrived. Some day, when these parts too shall have fallen, I shall build a little rest house on the spot where the fence stood highest and most fiercely spiked, and over the door I shall paint, in beautiful, illuminated characters, the slowly valued legend —

Put yourself in his place.

THE OPENING DOOR

HAVE you ever paused, on the way to school, to snuggle your bare toes into the soft warm dust at the side of the lane, or slipped under a forbidden gate to shake down a Northern Spy from a forbidden apple tree? Have you ever wound your long woolen tippet about your throat, buckled on your red-lined overshoes, pulled down your cap, drawn on your red mittens, and ploughed through the fresh-crusted drifts between your house and the schoolhouse, or beaten your way, half-blinded, against a driving snowstorm down an unbroken road? Have you ever, on a winter night, drawn your special chair close to the sitting-room table and absent-mindedly helped yourself to popcorn from a big blue bowl, while you studied your geography by the light of a student lamp and the warmth of a large coal-stove? Did your father have his own sleepy-hollow armchair, and your mother her black walnut rocker and overflowing mending-basket; and did she look up and smile at you above your little brother's stocking the way ours did? Did you go to a country school in the pioneer days of the Middle West, and were your schools as primitive and your teachers as varied as ours?

Ed Bieger — no one ever called him anything else — was the first teacher that John and Sherman remember. He taught the Corners School — the first school in Brierly — in the days when Brierly was just a cluster of brown and

white houses that slept through the summer sunshine at the edge of the river, or huddled together for shelter against the winter winds that swept our Illinois prairie.

The Corners School stood near the bridge, where two roads met. It was a one-story frame building, furnished with rough pine benches and tables, and heated by a 'volcano' stove. Mother had some doubts about it from the first; but father, who was circuit judge of the county at that time, held out strongly for the democratic institutions of these United States. A compromise was finally reached by Tryphena's being taught at home, while John and Sherman were entrusted to the tender care of Ed Bieger.

Ed was a large, blue-eyed, gentle-mannered man, of the type usually described in Brierly as 'fleshy.' He taught the Corners School for thirty-five dollars a month 'and board himself,' performing the triple offices of teacher, janitor, and fireman, though he received some assistance in the last two lines of activity from John and Sherman — each in his own fashion. John swept out the school building, daily, for twenty-five cents a week. Sherman once climbed the hickory tree that stood in the playground, dropped to the roof of the school, and stuffed his coat down the chimney, in the fair hope that a holiday would be declared.

His disillusionment was sudden and complete. He found that getting up was easier than getting down; and while he straddled the ridgepole in indecision of spirit, the schoolhouse filled with smoke. Ed quickly sought the purer air of out-of-doors, and the children came after him, to act as an interested audience during the little scene that followed.

There was no graduation from the Corners School. Ed's pupils attended until they were needed at home. They

used any textbook that happened to be in the family, 'went through' it, and began another. There was no attempt to divide the school by grades. And yet, in spite of these haphazard methods, Ed had the real teacher's gift. He opened doors for those boys and girls, and they looked through them beyond the Brierly horizon. Geography, as he taught it, was no dusty succession of flat, pale-colored maps and uninteresting paragraphs, but a wonder-tale of snow-capped mountains, green valleys, and burning deserts, of great winds and tossing waves, of white-winged ships and slowly winding caravans.

In winter, when he was stimulated by the presence of the older boys and the biting northeasters, the atmosphere of that school was satisfactory even to mother. But in summer, things were different. The school dwindled to a mere handful of younger children. The sun beat down on the frame schoolhouse. The river slipped past its door, talking softly to itself. The big hickory tree rustled in the south wind. Bees droned past the windows, and the air was full of the smell of clover.

I have mentioned that Ed was portly, good-natured, and — usually — mild. Such temperaments require a maximum of repose in warm weather. At the morning recess, it was his custom to go out with the children, lie down on the bank of the stream under the hickory tree, and fall asleep with a red cotton handkerchief over his face. The children gently withdrew, and played quietly at some distance. John and Sherman slipped away in the direction of the swimming-hole. The recess prolonged itself from fifteen minutes to half an hour — an hour — sometimes two. Ed frequently slept until noon.

It seemed to the children a singularly happy arrangement; and by common, though unspoken, agreement they refrained from mentioning it at home.

But a day of reckoning arrived — a perfect summer day, when Toby Schwartz, a black-haired former pupil of Ed's, with a devil of mischief in his eye, came rowing down the river and rested on his oars beside the Corners School, to watch the *maestro* peacefully slumbering while his disciples played.

The previous winter Toby had been whipped, before the school, for answering, 'Ham and eggs!' when Ed said, 'Order, please!' No doubt a memory of that day lingered in Toby's mind, as he climbed the bank and gently but strongly tied the painter of his boat around Ed's left ankle. A strong pull at the oars, and the horrified children saw Ed sitting up suddenly, — clutching grotesquely at the red cotton handkerchief, — sliding, slipping, and landing in the river with a tremendous splash.

Ed's career as a teacher in Brierly ended here. Indignantly he shook the dust of our village and the water of its river from his heels, and left us for parts unknown. This seemed an auspicious moment for a change in the educational environment of Sherman and John. Tryphena had been taught at home for two years, and Frances and I were now ready for some regular instruction. Mother enrolled all five of us, that autumn, in Miss Fowles's private school.

The opening of this institution of learning — held, by the way, in the second story of Miss Fowles's home — marked the beginnings of a social system in Brierly; and, from that time on, the cleavage was sharp and distinct. All the 'nicer people' sent their children to Miss Fowles — a typical maiden lady of great refinement and quiet dignity. Tryphena took to her at once, although Sherman and John, inured to the bracing atmosphere of the Corners School, adapted themselves with difficulty to some of her frills. There was a 'calisthenics class for young ladies'

which was felt to be a distinct innovation and was perhaps the first systematized physical culture for girls in this part of the state. The knickerbocker girl of to-day would dissolve in derisive mirth at the sight of that ring of young ladies bending, balancing, and swaying on their heels and toes, carefully lifting their skirts a few inches each time they raised a foot, while Miss Fowles primly enunciated '*One, tue. One, tue.*'

We also studied elocution. I remember hearing father tell mother, after visiting the elocution class, that when he had heard twelve children recite, in pleading tones, 'Give me three grains of corn, Mother! Only three grains of corn! 'T will keep the little life I have till the coming of the morn!' he felt himself transported to the famine districts of India. Another great favorite was, 'Woodman, spare that tree!' — and here we used 'chest tones.'

But not all our time was devoted to these gentler arts. John and Sherman studied Latin with Miss Fowles, and Tryphena began French, much to mother's quiet satisfaction, for she always encouraged us to learn new languages. 'It opens another door,' she used to say.

We went for three years to Miss Fowles's school. Then, to the amazement of all of us, this demure little lady, who seemed divinely suited to a life of single blessedness and the gentle bending of small intellectual twigs, married a burly German farmer from Bloomingdale and rode smilingly away with him in his two-horse wagon. Mr. Skinner, from Indiana, took her place.

He was the tallest, narrowest, and chilliest man I ever knew. He had gray hair, gray eyes, and a gray army shawl which he folded diagonally and wrapped about his shoulders in almost all weathers. He went on with the boys' Latin, but Tryphena's French had to be abandoned, to mother's disappoint-

ment. I shall always remember that Mr. Skinner opened the door of English history to me — a country of hitherto unknown delights, where I was instantly at home. Tryphena might have her irregular verbs and the boys their Gallic Wars — I was always three or four chapters ahead of the history class and impatient of their slowness, although God's own fool when it came to fractions and decimals.

Arthur, Edward, and Caroline began school during Mr. Skinner's dynasty. They were his primer class, and he was very lenient with them — merely saying, when he caught them eating apples behind their table-desk, 'Children, kindly throw your chankings out of the window.'

There were seven of us now to do lessons at night around the sitting-room table, and lessons presently took on a new significance, for Mr. Skinner developed a chronic cough and went back to Indiana, and that fall the 'Academy' opened.

It was the first graded school in Brierly — a square, two-story stone building, west of the town, with plastered walls, cinder playgrounds, and a stove in every room. There was a primary department for Gerald and Charley, a high-school division for Sherman, John, and Tryphena. There was Greek as well as Latin, and German in addition to French, and, best of all, there was Mr. Addington, — tall, clean-shaven, romantically good to look at, — the nicest thing in teachers that had ever happened to Brierly.

Richard Addington was one of those rare teachers who are called to their work as men are called to the ministry. He was full of infectious enthusiasm. The boys admired him, the girls adored him, and the whole school took his word for law. He had charge of the high-school work, but he superintended the reading of the whole school. Eng-

lish literature was his hobby. He taught all Brierly to read, and to read well. Under his care even Arthur, the sensitive, shy dreamer, bloomed into a public speaker and recited 'Sheridan's Ride' at a Friday-afternoon entertainment, with such vigor and abandon that I heard, from behind me, the awe-struck whispered comment of a little Dutch boy: 'My, did n't he holler, though!'

One by one, Tryphena, John, and Sherman attained the high-school department, passed beyond it, and out through the Academy gates: Sherman to college, Tryphena to teach, and John to read law in father's office. The rest of us rose steadily toward those heights, and mother's contentment about us knew no bounds. Her dreams for our education were being realized, and our occasional lapses never worried her.

There were dark days and bright ones — but one of the brightest was the day that Caroline came home, at the mature age of twelve, and announced that Mr. Addington had said she might study Greek. The Greek class was Richard Addington's special pride, and the goal toward which every masculine heart in the Academy was set. Caroline's joy and pride were difficult to describe; as was the blackness of her disappointment when John, who had somewhat unnecessarily taken upon himself much of the responsibility for the proper bringing up of his younger brothers and sisters, set his foot down determinedly. Greek, he said, was no language for a girl. Let Caroline learn French, as Tryphena had done, or study German with Frances.

There was a stormy interview in which father rather inclined to John's view, mother maintained a judicial calm, and Caroline argued and wept. John departed at length, feeling that he had won his point; father had long since left for the court-house; and Caroline turned to mother. 'I thought you'd be

pleased,' she sobbed, 'and you never said a word! Don't *you* want me to study Greek?'

'Of course I do,' comforted mother; 'and so you shall.' And she gave Caroline the money to buy a Greek grammar, but enjoined her to silence.

'Study and wait,' she said, smiling, 'and don't talk about it. John has some very-young-man's thoughts just now about the things that are proper for women-folks to do. Besides, he's quick-tempered. Have n't I told you you must "Speak him canny, speak him fair, stroke him gentle, with the hair"?"'

'He might stroke *me* gentle, sometimes,' murmured Caroline. But she went her way in secret, though burdened with such a sense of guilt, that she always studied her Greek on the top flight of steps leading up to the attic.

It was here that John almost fell over her as he raced up the attic stairs to get something from an old trunk, one afternoon when, by all precedent, he should have been at the law office. And it was here that she faced him, and translated a difficult passage so well, that his wrath was changed to admiration and he sat down on the attic steps with an arm across her shoulder, and went on with the next page — and the next.

From that evening on, when we drew up to the sitting-room table with our books and papers, John's chair was next to Caroline's — his brown head and her taffy-colored one bent close together in the lamplight, while he helped her with her Greek; and mother smiled at them across her mending basket.

PARASOLS

FROM my high porch, I looked down on Oneida Street, and saw the enameled cars flash past. Ladies, too wealthy and too idle, leaned back upon their cushions. They rode very fast, and

looked quite hard and bright. Despite the elegance of the thoroughfare, 'garish' was the word that persisted in my mind; and the letters in the name of the street kept juggling themselves stubbornly inside my eyes, until they spelled the 'Street of One-idea.'

I turned to my book for other ideas.

When I looked up again, a gray cloud was over all the sky that the city had, and thick drops hit smartly on the asphalt, to leap back up again like tiny dancing men.

And out of a near-by cross-street, came airily floating — a purple parasol.

Time was when an umbrella was a dank, rheumatic thing, smelling of wet black dye, and suggestive of soaked feet and cold-in-the-head. Its canopy was of funeral black cloth, and its rusty wires drooped gloomily under the downpour of the rain. Hidden in mouldy closets under the stairs, it became a necessity in time of storm, an embarrassment when the sun shone again. You never wanted to buy one.

To be sure, there have been lovely parasols in years gone by: ruffled confectiōns of lace; but they were furniture that belonged with seventeen-year-olds and rosebudded Leghorn hats and garden parties. One spat of these big drops could send them scurrying.

But this brave canopy is of crisp silk and strong. Its hue is richest when wettest, a royal color. Surely the age-lost secret of the Tyrian mollusks has been brought up again, dripping from the purple seas. And here are no such ribs as yielded dispiritedly and brokenly to the onslaught of the flood. This parasol has saucily put up its back, and there underneath is a level-ceilinged space, with only a concession of a narrow width of purple eaves.

Even as that purple splendor moves away, down the double avenue of trees, on some princess errand to the heart of the city, a scarlet one, jauntily alive, is

'blown out like a thin red bubble of blood,' bright as any inverted tulip, on the sidewalk. All its points are tipped with ivory in that exquisite fashion of the waxwing's coral decorations. How different from the horn and bone monstrosities that we remember is the ivory ring of the handle, all delicately chased! Such a parasol cannot but add to the tripping spirit of the gray silk ankles which visibly own it.

Next, a green, all softly bright, walks with a brown, the beautiful brown of wet dead leaves. Crimson and King's blue and henna — how new an idea and how fine, to carry the prettiest and brightest into dullness and deluge. I lean out to watch, until the 'minute drops from off the eaves' slide down my neck, and I like it. For when I lean so, the scent of the rain on lawns and thick leafage, and the liquid noises of runnels at the curb, come up, and immediately that misanthrope of a word, 'garish,' is washed clean out of my consciousness, and the misty street smells — bosky!

What a word to use on our street! And with that fresh and woodsy word, many parasol shapes come sweetly before me: the half-opened parasols of the earliest buckeye leaves; the filmy circlet of the lace of Queen Anne; the great green lily pad, to shelter the great green frog. Vividly there appear the coveys of mandrake or May-apple umbrellas, which used to rise on sunny glades of the woods, or even under the orchard trees. We carried them solemnly aslant, as shelter from the sun. Little more shelter did they give than shadow for a child's pink ear. I see the waxen beauty of the flower-lady, whose shy face was discovered only when you boldly up-tipped her parasol, as you would never dare to tip-tilt this green one just passed, to gaze enough into the flower-face hidden there.

The umbrella *motif* leads us far — to the flat and pungent circles of the nas-

turtium leaf. Fit shelter is that for a selfish elf. The handle is set too cunningly to one side, so that, while the owner goes dry, any wayfarer, taken in by offer of asylum, can take the drip on the far and narrow side.

Yet what an intriguing touch of style did a nasturtium parasol add to the costume of a dolly made of a very young ear of corn, filched from the garden rows!

But, best of all, to live once more through an early August morning, in a hillside pasture, where overnight mists from the great Ohio have risen, to veil the miracle of the springing of the meadow mushrooms through the sweet-smelling mould.

Not many birds are singing thus early in the morning, and thus late in the summer. Only one warbler is close at hand, very lively over the gleaning of his breakfast. His song is snappy-sweet, like a line of happy children cracking the whip, so that the last gay child is whipped off laughing into the daisies. His last gay note is whipped off so, into space.

All the gorgeous midsummer flowers become pastel-tinted under the dew — joe-pye weed and ironweed, self-heal

and mullein and ox-eyed daisies. The hyssop, as always, is a strange, quiet little plant, ever subdued, since with its wisp of flowers the blood was sprinkled on the lintels of those doors in Egypt which the Angel of Death passed by. The patterned cobwebs hang jeweled on every bush; and not too commonly, but here and there, the sod has opened to the pushing tips of the fat umbrellas we seek. Incredible as it may seem, sometimes the plumpest of the little fellows pop so impetuously that they fly out of the hands of whatever burrowing creature is hoisting them, and fall ownerless upon the earth. Oh, the melting, fluted pink of the lining, and the milky loose skin above, so ready to curl back and off. So firm of flesh, so delicate, so eatable! To be gathered toward the daintiest breakfast ever enjoyed since manna fell straight from the harvest-fields of Paradise, and was garnered in the dawn.

How wistful we grow, remembering them, and how we come back to tea-time in Oneida Street with a hollow hunger for meadow mushrooms that are not, stewed gently in country cream that cannot be.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Carl W. Ackerman has served as a foreign correspondent for the United Press Associations, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and the *New York Times*. His first book, *Germany, The Next Republic?* was published in May, 1917. During the past two years he has been directing the foreign news service for a syndicate of American newspapers. While living in London he was in daily association with Sir Basil Thomson, the famous Director of Intelligence in Scotland Yard. The article in this number of the *Atlantic* is the first of a series of three relating to the secret negotiations which led to the peace conference between England and Ireland. The paper by **Ethel Puffer Howes** comes to grips with its subject in a manner that reveals the trained psychologist. Chairman of the Committee on Training of the Women's Land Army during the war, Mrs. Puffer has since that time occupied herself with a score of knotty problems, among which the 'Woman's Antinomy' is most recent but not the least. Professor G. Elliot Smith, a distinguished anthropologist of the University of London, has made a special study of the extraordinarily interesting and valuable discovery which at the *Atlantic's* request he describes in this lucid paper.

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B. Seebohm Rowntree, noted economist and writer, who has recently returned to Great Britain after a visit to the United States, has had ample opportunity to observe the American factory system with a non-provincial eye. His paper forms a commentary that will especially appeal to those whose interest in the social side of factory management has been stirred by Arthur Pound's studies of the *Iron Man*. **Adeline Adams**, wife of the distinguished sculptor, Herbert Adams, makes with this diverting tale her first essay in story-telling. A volume of kindred stories on which she is at work will shortly be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Meditating informally upon the topic of education, **Miss Repplier** once remarked, 'People are becoming almost excited upon the subject of education. They are sure it means knowing things, and they rather think it means knowing things about which they are likely to be questioned.' At all seasons of the year, **Margaret Prescott Montague** has delighted the *Atlantic* household with her prose. Now, for the April number, she sends from West Virginia these Easter hymns. **Annie W. Noel**, who leaves the suburbs for this excursion into larger life, has a way of making us glance back always over her pages for a second reading of passages well worth the double consideration.

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Edward Bok, who rests from his labors with one eye open and the other only partly closed, makes but a moderate claim for this pendant to his autobiography. 'It may,' he writes, 'answer what is in the mind of many men who would like to jump and yet lack confidence in themselves. If the *Atlantic* can give these men a push it will be doing a good work, because the longer I am in my retired state the more I realize how much the world needs men who will give to its problems their whole time and effort.' Do our readers, we wonder, recall the beautiful paper by President Tucker on the possibilities before men who retire a decade or so later than Mr. Bok suggests? **George M. Stratton**, Professor of Psychology in the University of California, has found much to interest him in the American state of mind as he saw it in the Philippines, in China, and in Japan. As a practising member of the Philadelphia bar, **T. Walter Gilkyson** knows the ways of the legal brotherhood from the inside. He will not have to appeal the case for his hero after the verdict of the *Atlantic* court. For more than twenty years Dean of Men at the University of Illinois, **Dr. Thomas Arkle Clark** says that he 'was the first of the species to break into an American faculty, though since that time Deans have become as numerous as Fords.'

Amory Hare Cook sends us her April poetry from her 'Little House' in Pennsylvania. Roderick Peattie of the department of Geology in the Ohio State University went 'hunting oil' as the culmination of a geographic training at Chicago and Harvard. In Oklahoma, however, he was in the field not for geography but for geology. For two summers, since his return from the fighting zone, he has carried on field investigations in petroleum for a corporation in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He is the son of Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, essayist and critic of the *Chicago Tribune*.

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William Howard Gardiner reminds the editors that 'naval matters cannot be considered in a water-tight compartment by themselves, but are interwoven with and dependent on foreign relations; and that, consequently, it is impossible to arrive at any worth-while naval conclusions except on the basis of reasonably definite conditions in international politics.' In turn we would remind the reader that Mr. Gardiner is a very serious and painstaking student of these questions. We cannot assert, but we may suspect, that the definite view he expresses in his article is representative of the consensus of naval opinion in the United States. L. Ames Brown, long a Washington correspondent and of late years the member of an advertising agency, has contributed to the *Atlantic* some half-dozen papers including one entitled 'The New Era of Good Feeling.' Dr. John Mez, correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has followed the successive stages in Herr Stinnes's career with critical attention. His own position is in accord with the well-known views of his paper. Harold Cox, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, enjoys a second reputation as an economist of distinction.

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From one camp of commentators on the prison question, we select a spokesman.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

The difference of view between Mr. Tannenbaum and those who expressed themselves in the Contributors' Column of the last issue of the *Atlantic* is, it appears to me, not extreme as regards methods to be adopted, but most profound as regards the theory which determines the final end to be attained.

Yet, ultimately, is not the determination of method dependent upon one's conviction as to whether human beings do wrong willfully or unintentionally? Is Mr. Tannenbaum right when he says, speaking of the criminal, 'The difference between us and them is mainly relative and accidental; and, where real, it is a difference which may be rooted in ill health, in broken spirit, in a deformed temper, in a neglected childhood, in bad habits, in lack of education.' If so, the case is closed. There can be no more justification for a stern disciplinarian in a prison than for a Sairy Gamp in a sick room. Then Mr. Connor's ironical reference to making a prison a sort of country club is not ridiculous at all. It is a proper ideal to seek. Society ought to be bowed in sackcloth and ashes every time a thug commits burglary and perhaps, incidentally, murder. He is not to blame. He is just unfortunate. We should not let him suffer for what he has done if by any means we can help it.

But suppose we are convinced that there is such a thing as moral responsibility for evil, and therefore moral guilt; suppose we do not feel justified in dissolving free will in a mixture of hopeless fatalism and mushy sentimentalism; suppose we continue to believe that men do wrong not because they were not fed on the right consistency of soup but because they deliberately choose to follow the beast in them rather than the promptings of intelligence and love; well, 'that is something else again.' We shall still welcome criticism of prison methods to-day and change those that are bad. But we shall bear in mind that the prison deals (excluding those clearly proved by scientific examination to be mentally diseased and who should go to an insane asylum) with a group of people who prefer crooked and vicious ways of living to respectable but tame ones.

Society punishes not to be revenged, not even most fundamentally to reform, but to resist evil. Wrong is a reality; not a synonym for bad luck. Righteousness is due to a real choice; not a resultant of birth and environment. The difference between Jerry McAuley, the river thief, and Jerry McAuley, the founder of the mission, is actual; not a matter of soap.

Yes, Mr. Editor, I submit that the issue ultimately turns on the truth or falsity of the question, do we sin because the 'peepul' fail in their duty to us, or because, as an ancient authority has it, 'we love darkness rather than light.'

FERD. Q. BLANCHARD.

* * *

Two small boys were once conversing on their way to the trout-stream. 'You know Jimmie Ellis's neck?' asked the first. 'Yes,' said the second. 'Well,' said the first, 'he fell into the river up to it.'

With a similar delicate procedure in leading up to our subject we should like to inquire of our readers, 'You know that last article about the spinster?' and if they said, 'Yes,' we might go on to say that we had fallen in up to our eyes in correspondence about it — so much correspondence, in fact, that we find ourselves able to print only a few fragments, several in prose, one other in verse, with every apology to Mr. Kipling.

February 5, 1922.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have been asked by a class of college freshmen to thank you for giving utter respectability and literary value to a discussion of a subject in which we are intensely interested, but which we have hitherto found only in magazines not accepted for parallel reading in any course in English I. We have enjoyed accumulating college credit by stating our reactions to the views of the writers of 'Courtship after Marriage,' 'The Abandoned Spinster,' and 'No Courtship at All.'

We feel an irrepressible urge to give you our reactions to the last article of the series: 'No Courtship at All.' The question is: Would the writer of that article be happy if married?

She insists, in a literary style which of itself has repaid our study, that she does not demand the 'tinsel and the tulle of love': she asks *only* 'unselfish, brave, and tender companionship.' In other words, she is willing to skip the episode of the honeymoon and begin, 'When passion's trance is overpast.' But has she pondered on the rarity of the very qualities with which she is willing to be content? Suppose that her husband is not 'unselfish and brave and tender'? Not a Lancelot and a Galahad? Suppose that he is neither unselfish *nor* brave *nor* tender? Neither a Lancelot *nor* a Galahad? Many husbands are not. Suppose that he refuses to provide her kitchen with 'lustrous aluminum and cool enamel ware,' but insists that she use the iron pots his mother left him? (The hypothesis is not absurd. Such a case was reported in class.) Would the dissatisfied teacher be a satisfied wife? Would she not be moved to discourse on the 'agony of beating against the stone wall' of a man's indifference, selfishness and stubbornness? Of the terror of divorce which restrains a woman longing for freedom? Would there not always remain the 'residuum, the burning core' — not to be satisfied by any ordinary man?

LAURA S. COPENHAVER.

Another spinster who, we hazard, has fought more than one sharp engagement in her time, fires this long stern shot.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Years ago when my friends were all marrying and the exultant husbands often twitted me for not having 'landed anything,' I could nearly always succeed in silencing them by saying, 'If I had been as easily satisfied as your wife was, I would have been married long ago.' Truth is ever effective, but sometimes it requires bravery to utter it.

Striking a deeper note, one contributor reminds us of the *Autocrat* in his tenderest mood.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I should like to be assured that the writer of 'No Courtship at All' is familiar with that beautiful passage from Holmes's *Autocrat* that begins, 'The great mystery of God's providence is the permitted crushing-out of the flowering instincts. . . . Somewhere, somewhere, love is in store for them. The universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly.'

FRANCIS M. MASSIE.

The last word is to the poet.

NO COURTSHIP AT ALL

'Pleasant the snaffle of courtship improving the manners and carriage,
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thornbit of marriage.'
'T is Kipling who says so, but Kipling, they tell us, loves little the ladies
And a man cannot fathom the female heart, its Heaven and Hades.
O starry romance of the dishes! O worshipful rites of the kitchen!
O lustrous aluminum pots, and — rolling pins ready to pitch him!
Yet — 'Pleasant the snaffle of courtship improving the manners and carriage.'
And Ho! ye colts who are wise! Come shoulder the halter of marriage!

D. C. L.

* * *

A busy life is the laboratory of realities.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This is decidedly not incense, nor roses; juniper, perhaps, winter juniper from those high slopes on the Medicine Bow Mountains.

When I was very young and important, *Atlantic* seemed to connect neither with my dreams nor with my realities, and I must confess to condemning it as 'high-brow.' But here am I, middle-aged, unimportant though the mother of four boys, and as busy as a juggler with seven balls in

the air; any one of them ready to mash his nose at the first false move. I am a dairy farmer's wife, do all my own work, and deliver milk three days in the week.

But I fell heir to some 1920-21 *Atlantics*, and I've come awake. Every number has tempted me to dispute or appreciate. Your writers all think true and dream true — biology, politics, education, human nature, poetry. And you had better believe, we busy people are good judges of truth.

I catch myself in the act of really knowing things and being of interest to myself and others. I am an essential part of life. The salt which had lost its savor has become salted. So the drudgery is easier, and the boys are happier. It's as if the juggler had found another pair of hands and could now keep a dozen balls going.

So please accept a farm mother's gratitude.

MARGUERITE KNOFF PERYAM.

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It's not every girl that wears a sailor hat who owns a yacht, nor every bookstall clerk who professes literature.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A clerk and I were searching through a counter of books of *Selected Poems* in a well-known department store. One of the special holiday floor-walkers appeared and asked what I wished. I replied, 'We are looking for *Paul Revere's Ride*.' She promptly told us with a condescending air, 'If it's one of his latest, it won't be in.'

MINNIE H. CHURCHILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A customer stepped into a London bookshop and asked for Omar Khayyam. The man shook his intelligent head. 'No,' he said. 'His *Iliad* we 'ave and his *Odyssey*, but not his *Khayyam*.'

LOUIE C. BOYD.

* * *

Sometimes, on very cold nights, we have dreamed it — the nightmarish tramp, tramp, tramp of unnumbered poets, as they prepared to storm the editor's Bastille. Here's matter worth considering.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your magazine has many pseudo-enemies. They are the writers of the poems which you have sent back, 'with regrets.'

This vast army of disappointed poets have an unanswered question rankling in their hearts: 'Why did the *Atlantic Monthly* return MY poem, and print another not half as good?'

There must be some reason I have never dreamt of, for my poem was from-my-heart sincere.

I know this — that, were you to publish a brief article on some such subject as: 'A Specimen Rejected Poem,' giving the reason for its

non-acceptance, many, many hundreds of would-be, 'rejection-slip' poets would buy your magazine instantly.

May I send you two of my returned poems for the basis of such an article?

And sometimes they come with the very best credentials, too.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The enclosed is offered you at your regular rates. My poems, though not without imperfection, have been recognized by *twenty-four* of the most famous and distinguished men in the world, including three kings, the former Emperor of Russia, and three presidents of the United States.

* * *

The only time when the *Atlantic* really feels its age is the moment when it has occasion to hunt through its three generations of 'rejection files.' Here is a poem from one of the generation now extant.

OPENING DIRGE
FOR THE
CONVENTION OF DESCENDANTS
OF NEW ENGLAND
WHO HAVE NEVER HAD ANYTHING AT ALL
ACCEPTED
BY
THE ATLANTIC

OUR forbears sailed from Salem,
From Gloucester or Niantic;
Like them — we trust our argosies
With hope, to the *Atlantic*.

Some dream of Carcassonne,
Of glamorous names romantic;
But we — we dream of 'Contents,' with
Our names on the *Atlantic*.

Whene'er, at urgent pleadings,
Our Ouija boards grow frantic,
Our grandsires' ghosts spell only this —
'Send it to the *Atlantic*!'

We notice other magazines,
We are not too pedantic;
But 'Oh!' we cry, 'Excelsior!
We may make the *Atlantic*!'

Alas, alas! — The postman
Still brings his load gigantic
Of all the essays, poems, tales,
That braved the great *Atlantic*!

M. E. CROCKER.

